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SELECTIONS

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CHIEFLY FROM THE

HOLY SCRIPTURES

FOR THE USES OF

Common Worship.

BIGLOW & MAIN,
New York and Chicago.
1890

1889 — See after p. 64.

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PREFACE.

THESE selections are gathered for the convenience of congregations desiring to make the concerted reading of Scripture portions a part of public worship.

The Psalms are by their liturgical form and history first in fitness for such use: but not to the exclusion of much besides, including many stately and resonant passages from the New Testament.

The Revision of 1881-1885 has been followed, with the incorporation of some of the marginal readings, and also of some of the preferences of the American company. Their decision for the direct transfer into our use of the name JEHOVAH is gladly accepted, in the persuasion that the change is of

SELECTIONS FROM HOLY SCRIPTURE.

FOR RESPONSIVE OR UNITED READING IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Selection 1.

PSALM 1.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked, *Nor standeth in the way of sinners, Nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers.*

2 But his delight is in the law of Jehovah; *And in His law doth he meditate day and night.*

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, *That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,* Whose leaf also doth not wither; *And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.*

4 The wicked are not so; *But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.*

5 Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment, *Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.*

6 For Jehovah knoweth the way of the righteous: *But the way of the wicked shall perish.*

PSALM 2.

WHY do the nations rage, *And the peoples meditate a vain thing?*

2 The kings of the Earth set themselves, *And the rulers take counsel together, Against Jehovah, and against His Anointed, saying,*

3 "Let us break Their bonds asunder, *And cast away Their cords from us.*"

4 He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh: *The Lord shall have them in derision.*

5 Then shall He speak unto them in His wrath, *And vex them in His sore displeasure:*

6 "Yet I have set My king *Upon My holy hill of Zion.*

7 I will tell of the decree: *Jehovah said unto Me, Thou art my Son; This day have I begotten Thee.*

8 Ask of Me, and I will give the nations for Thine inheritance, *And the uttermost parts of the Earth for Thy possession.*

9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; *Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.*"

10 Now therefore be wise, O ye kings; *Be instructed, ye judges of the Earth.*

11 Serve Jehovah with fear, *And rejoice with trembling.*

12 Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish in the way; *For His wrath will soon be kindled.* BLESSED ARE ALL THEY THAT TAKE REFUGE IN HIM.

PSALM 4.

ANSWER me when I call, O God of my righteousness; *Thou hast set me at large when I was in distress; Have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.*

2 O ye sons of men, how long shall my glory be turned into dishonor? *How long will ye love vanity, and seek after falsehood?*

3 But know that Jehovah hath set apart him that is godly for Himself: *Jehovah will hear when I call unto Him.*

4 Stand in awe and sin not: *Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.*

5 Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, *And put your trust in Jehovah.*

6 Many there are that say, Who will show us any good? *Jehovah, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us!*

7 Thou hast put gladness in my heart, *More than they have when their grain and their new wine are increased.*

8 In peace will I both lay me down and sleep; *For Thou, Jehovah, alone makest me dwell in safety.*

Selection 2.

PSALM 8.

O JEHOVAH, our Lord, How excellent is Thy name in all the Earth! *Who hast set Thy glory upon the heavens.*

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou established strength, Because of Thine adversaries, *That Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.*

3 When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, *The moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained;*

4 What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? *And the son of man, that Thou visitest him?*

5 For Thou hast made him but little lower than God, *And crownest him with glory and honour.*

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; *Thou hast put all things under his feet:*

7 All sheep and oxen, *Yea, and the beasts of the field;*

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, *Whatsoever passeth thro the paths of the seas.*

9 O Jehovah, our Lord, *How excellent is Thy name in all the Earth!*

PSALM 15.

JEHOVAH, who shall sojourn in Thy tabernacle? *Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?*

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, *And speaketh truth in his heart.*

3 He that slandereth not with his tongue, Nor doeth evil to his friend, *Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.*

4 In whose eyes a reprobate is despised: But he honoureth them that fear Jehovah. *He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.*

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, *Nor taketh reward against the innocent.* HE THAT DOETH THESE THINGS SHALL NEVER BE MOVED.

PSALM 16.

PRESERVE me, O God: *For in Thee do I take refuge.*

2 O my soul, thou hast said unto Jehovah, Thou art my Lord: *I have no good beyond Thee.*

3 As for the saints that are in the Earth, *They are the excellent in whom is all my delight.*

4 Their sorrows shall be multiplied that give gifts for another god. *Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, Nor take their names upon my lips.*

5 Jehovah is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: *Thou maintainest my lot.*

6 The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; *Yea, I have a goodly heritage.*

7 I will bless Jehovah, who hath given me counsel: *Yea, my reins instruct me in the night seasons.*

8 I have set Jehovah always before me: *Because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.*

9 Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: *My flesh also shall dwell in safety.*

10 For Thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol; *Neither wilt Thou suffer Thy holy one to see corruption.*

11 Thou wilt show me the path of life: *In Thy presence is fulness of joy;* IN THY RIGHT HAND THERE ARE PLEASURES FOR EVERMORE.

PSALM 19.

THE heavens declare the glory of God; *And the firmament showeth His handywork.*

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, *And night unto night showeth knowledge.*

3 There is no speech nor language; *Their voice cannot be heard.*

4 Their line is gone out thro all the Earth, And their words to the end of the world. *In them hath He set a tabernacle for the Sun,*

5 Who is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, *And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.*

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, And his circuit unto the ends of it; *And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.*

7 The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul: *The testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple.*

8 The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart; *The commandment of Jehovah is pure, enlightening the eyes.*

9 The fear of Jehovah is clean, enduring for ever: *The judgments of Jehovah are true, and righteous altogether.*

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: *Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.*

11 Moreover by them is Thy servant warned: *In keeping of them there is great reward.*

12 Who can discern his errors? *Clear Thou me from hidden faults.*

13 Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins; *Let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be perfect, And I shall be clear from great transgression.*

14 Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in

Thy sight, O JEHOVAH, MY ROCK, AND MY REDEEMER.

Selection 3.

PSALM 20.

JEHOVAH answer thee in the day of trouble; *The name of the God of Jacob set thee up on high;*

2 Send thee help from the sanctuary, *And strengthen thee out of Zion;*

3 Remember all thy offerings, *And accept thy burnt sacrifice;*

4 Grant thee thy heart's desire, *And fulfil all thy counsel.*

5 We will triumph in Thy salvation, *And in the name of our God we will set up our banners: Jehovah fulfil all thy petitions.*

6 Now know I that Jehovah saveth His anointed; *He will answer him from His holy heaven With the saving strength of His right hand.*

7 Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: *But we will make mention of the name of Jehovah our God.*

8 They are bowed down and fallen: *But we are risen, and stand upright.*

9 Save, Jehovah: *Let the King answer us when we call.*

PSALM 23.

JEHOVAH is my shepherd; *I shall not want.*

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: *He leadeth me beside the still waters.*

3 He restoreth my soul: *He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.*

4 Yea, tho I walk thro the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; *for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.*

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: *Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.*

6 Surely goodness and lovingkindness shall follow me all the days of my life: *And I will dwell in the house of Jehovah for ever.*

PSALM 24.

THE Earth is Jehovah's, and the fulness thereof; *The world, and they that dwell therein.*

2 For He hath founded it upon the seas, *And established it upon the floods.*

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah? *And who shall stand in His holy place?*

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; *Who hath not lifeth up his soul unto vanity, And hath not sworn deceitfully.*

5 He shall receive a blessing from Jehovah, *And righteousness from the God of his salvation.*

6 This is the generation of them that seek after Him, *That seek Thy face, even Jacob.*

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; *And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: And the King of glory shall come in.*

8 Who is the King of glory? *Jehovah strong and mighty, Jehovah mighty in battle.*

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; *Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors: And the King of glory shall come in.*

10 Who is this King of glory? *Jehovah of hosts, He is the King of glory.*

Selection 4.

PSALM 25.

UNTO Thee, O Jehovah, do I lift up my soul.

2 O my God, in Thee have I trusted, *Let me not be put to shame; Let not mine enemies triumph over me.*

3 Yea, none that wait for Thee shall be put to shame: *They shall be put to shame that deal treacherously without cause.*

4 Show me Thy ways, O Jehovah: *Teach me Thy paths.*

5 Guide me in Thy truth, and teach me; *For Thou art the God of my salvation; For Thee do I wait all the day.*

6 Remember, O Jehovah, Thy tender mercies and Thy lovingkindnesses: *For they have been ever of old.*

7 Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: *According to Thy lovingkindness remember Thou me, for Thy goodness' sake, O Jehovah.*

8 Good and upright is Jehovah: *Therefore will He instruct sinners in the way.*

9 The meek will He guide in judgment: *And the meek will He teach His way.*

10 All the paths of Jehovah are lovingkindness and truth *Unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies.*

11 For Thy name's sake, O Jehovah, *Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.*

12 What man is he that feareth Jehovah? *Him shall He instruct in the way that He shall choose.*

13 His soul shall dwell at ease; *And his seed shall inherit the land.*

14 The secret of Jehovah is with them that fear Him; *And He will show them His covenant.*

15 Mine eyes are ever toward Jehovah; *For He shall pluck my feet out of the net.*

16 Turn Thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; *For I am desolate and afflicted.*

17 The troubles of my heart are enlarged: *O bring Thou me out of my distresses.*

18 Consider mine affliction and my travail; *And forgive all my sins.*

19 Consider mine enemies, for they are many; *And they hate me with cruel hatred.*

20 O keep my soul, and deliver me: *Let me not be put to shame, for I take refuge in Thee.*

21 Let integrity and uprightness preserve me, *For I wait for Thee.*

22 REDEEM ISRAEL, O GOD, OUT OF ALL HIS TROUBLES.

PSALM 27.

JEHOVAH is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? *Jehovah is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?*

2 When evil-doers came upon me to

eat up my flesh, *Even mine adversaries and my foes, they stumbled and fell.*

3 Tho a host should encamp against me, *My heart shall not fear:* Tho war should rise against me, *Even then will I be confident.*

4 One thing have I asked of Jehovah, that will I seek after; *That I may dwell in the house of Jehovah all the days of my life, To behold the beauty of Jehovah, and to inquire in His temple.*

5 For in the day of trouble He shall keep me secretly in His pavilion: *In the covert of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall lift me up upon a rock.*

6 And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; *And I will offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto Jehovah.*

7 Hear, O Jehovah, when I cry with my voice: *Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.*

8 When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face; my heart said unto Thee, *Thy face, Jehovah, will I seek.*

9 Hide not Thy face from me; *Put not Thy servant away in anger:* Thou hast been my help; *Cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.*

10 For my father and my mother have forsaken me: *But Jehovah will take me up.*

11 Teach me Thy way, O Jehovah; *And lead me in a plain path, Because of mine enemies.*

12 Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries: *For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.*

13 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of Jehovah *In the land of the living.*

14 Wait for Jehovah: *Be strong, and let thy heart take courage;* YEA, WAIT THOU FOR JEHOVAH.

Selection 5.

PSALM 32.

BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, *whose sin is covered.*

2 Blessed is the man unto whom Jehovah imputeth not iniquity, *And in whose spirit there is no guile.*

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old *Thro my roaring all the day long.*

4 For day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me: *My moisture was changed as with the drought of summer.*

5 I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid: *I said, I will confess my transgressions unto Jehovah; And Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.*

6 For this let every one that is godly pray unto Thee in a time when Thou mayest be found: *Surely when the great waters overflow they shall not reach unto him.*

7 Thou art my hiding place; Thou wilt preserve me from trouble; *Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.*

8 I will instruct thee and teach thee

in the way which thou shalt go: *I will counsel thee with Mine eye upon thee.*

9 Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: *Whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in, Else they will not come near unto thee.*

10 Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: *But he that trusteth in Jehovah, lovingkindness shall compass him about.*

11 Be glad in Jehovah; and rejoice, ye righteous: *And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.*

PSALM 34.

I WILL bless Jehovah at all times: *His praise shall continually be in my mouth.*

2 My soul shall make her boast in Jehovah: *The meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.*

3 O magnify Jehovah with me, *And let us exalt His name together.*

4 I sought Jehovah, and He answered me, *And delivered me from all my fears.*

5 They looked unto Him, and were lightened: *And their faces shall never be confounded.*

6 This poor man cried, and Jehovah heard him, *And saved him out of all his troubles.*

7 The angel of Jehovah encampeth round about them that fear Him, *And delivereth them.*

8 O taste and see that Jehovah is good: *Blessed is the man that taketh refuge in Him.*

9 O fear Jehovah, ye His saints: *For there is no want to them that fear Him.*

10 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: *But they that seek Jehovah shall not want any good thing.*

11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me: *I will teach you the fear of Jehovah.*

12 What man is he that desireth life, *And loveth many days, that he may see good?*

13 Keep thy tongue from evil, *And thy lips from speaking guile.*

14 Depart from evil, and do good; *Seek peace, and pursue it.*

15 The eyes of Jehovah are toward the righteous, *And His ears are open unto their cry.*

16 The face of Jehovah is against them that do evil, *To cut off the remembrance of them from the Earth.*

17 The righteous cried, and Jehovah heard, *And delivered them out of all their troubles.*

18 Jehovah is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, *And saveth such as are of a contrite spirit.*

19 Many are the afflictions of the righteous: *But Jehovah delivereth him out of them all.*

20 He keepeth all his bones: *Not one of them is broken.*

21 Evil shall slay the wicked: *And they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.*

22 Jehovah redeemeth the soul of His servants: *And none of them that take refuge in Him shall be condemned.*

Selection 6.

PSALM 40.

I WAITED patiently for Jehovah; *And He inclined unto me, and heard my cry.*

2 He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay; *And He set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.*

3 And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: *Many shall see it, and fear, And shall trust in Jehovah.*

4 Blessed is the man that maketh Jehovah his trust, *And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.*

5 Many, O Jehovah my God, are the wonderful works which Thou hast done, *And Thy thoughts which are to us-ward:* They cannot be set in order unto Thee; *If I would declare and speak of them, They are more than can be numbered.*

6 Sacrifice and offering Thou hast no delight in; Mine ears hast Thou opened: *Burnt offering and sin offering hast Thou not required.*

7 Then said I, Lo, I am come; *In the roll of the book it is written of me:*

8 I delight to do Thy will, O my God; *Yea, Thy law is within my heart.*

9 I have published righteousness in the great congregation; *Lo, I will not refrain my lips, O Jehovah, Thou knowest.*

10 I have not hid Thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared Thy faithfulness and Thy salvation: *I have not concealed Thy lovingkindness and Thy truth from the great congregation.*

11 Withhold not Thou Thy tender mercies from me, O Jehovah: *Let Thy lovingkindness and Thy truth continually preserve me.*

12 For innumerable evils have compassed me about, *Mine iniquities have overtaken me, so that I am not able to look up; They are more than the hairs of my head, and my heart hath failed me.*

13 Be pleased, O Jehovah, to deliver me: *Make haste to help me, O Jehovah.*

14 Let them be put to shame and confounded together *That seek after my soul to destroy it:* Let them be turned backward and brought to dishonour *That delight in my hurt.*

15 Let them be desolate by reason of their shame *That say unto me, Aha, Aha.*

16 Let all those that seek Thee rejoice and be glad in Thee: *Let such as love Thy salvation say continually, Jehovah be magnified.*

17 But I am poor and needy; *Yet the Lord thinketh upon me:* THOU ART MY HELP AND MY DELIVERER; MAKE NO TARRYING, O MY GOD.

PSALM 42.

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, *So panteth my soul after Thee, O God.*

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: *When shall I come and appear before God?*

3 My tears have been my food day and night, *While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?*

4 These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me, *How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God, With the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holy-day.*

5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? *And why art thou disquieted within me?* Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him *For the help of His countenance.*

6 O my God, my soul is cast down within me: *Therefore do I remember Thee from the land of Jordan, And the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.*

7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy waterspouts: *All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.*

8 Yet Jehovah will command His lovingkindness in the day-time, *And in the night His song shall be with me, Even a prayer unto the God of my life.*

9 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast Thou forgotten me? *Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?*

10 As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me; *While they continually say unto me, "Where is thy God?"*

11 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? *And why art thou disquieted within me?* Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, *Who is the help of my countenance, and my God.*

Selection 7.

PSALM 44:1—8.

WE have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, *What work Thou didst in their days, in the days of old.*

2 Thou didst drive out the nations with Thy hand, but them Thou didst plant; *Thou didst afflict the peoples, but them Thou didst spread abroad.*

3 For they gat not the land in possession by their own sword, Neither did their own arms save them: *But Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, Because Thou hadst a favour unto them.*

4 Thou art my King, O God: *Command deliverance for Jacob.*

5 Thro Thee will we push down our adversaries: *Thro Thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us.*

6 For I will not trust in my bow, *Neither shall my sword save me.*

7 But Thou hast saved us from our adversaries, *And hast put them to shame that hate us.*

8 In God have we made our boast all the day long, *And we will give thanks unto Thy name for ever.*

PSALM 46.

GOD is our refuge and strength, *A very present help in trouble.*

2 Therefore will we not fear, tho the Earth do change, *And tho the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas;*

3 Tho the waters thereof roar and

be troubled, *Tho the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.*

4 There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, *The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.*

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: *God shall help her, and that right early.*

6 The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved: *He uttered His voice, the Earth melted.*

7 Jehovah of hosts is with us; *The God of Jacob is our refuge.*

8 Come, behold the works of Jehovah, *What desolations He hath made in the Earth.*

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the Earth; *He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariots in the fire.*

10 Be still, and know that I am God: *I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the Earth.*

11 Jehovah of hosts is with us; *The God of Jacob is our refuge.*

Selection 8.

PSALM 51.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy lovingkindness: *According to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.*

2 Wash me thoroly from mine iniquity, *And cleanse me from my sin.*

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: *And my sin is ever before me.*

4 Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, *And done that which is evil in Thy sight:* That Thou mayest be justified when Thou speakest, *And be clear when Thou judgest.*

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; *And in sin did my mother conceive me.*

6 Behold, Thou desirest truth in the inward parts: *And in the hidden part Thou shalt make me to know wisdom.*

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: *Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; *That the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.*

9 Hide Thy face from my sins, *And blot out all mine iniquities.*

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; *And renew a right spirit within me.*

11 Cast me not away from Thy presence; *And take not Thy holy Spirit from me.*

12 Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation: *And uphold me with a willing spirit.*

13 Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways; *And sinners shall be converted unto Thee.*

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation; *And my tongue shall sing aloud of Thy righteousness.*

15 O Lord, open Thou my lips; *And my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.*

16 For Thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it: *Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.*

17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: *A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.*

18 Do good in Thy good pleasure unto Zion. *Build Thou the walls of Jerusalem.*

19 Then shalt Thou delight in the sacrifices of righteousness, in burnt offering and whole burnt offering. *Then shall they offer bullocks upon Thine altar.*

PSALM 61.

HEAR my cry, O God, *Attend unto my prayer*

2 From the end of the Earth will I call unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed *Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.*

3 For Thou hast been a refuge for me, *A strong tower from the enemy.*

4 I will dwell in Thy tabernacle for ever: *I will take refuge in the covert of Thy wings.*

5 For Thou, O God, hast heard my vows: *Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear Thy name.*

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: *His years shall be as many generations.*

7 He shall abide before God for ever: *O prepare lovingkindness and truth, that they may preserve him.*

8 So will I sing praise unto Thy name for ever, *That I may daily perform my vows.*

Selection 9.

PSALM 63:1—8.

O GOD, Thou art my God; earnestly will I seek Thee: *My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee, In a dry and weary land, where no water is.*

2 So have I looked upon Thee in the sanctuary, *To see Thy power and Thy glory.*

3 For Thy lovingkindness is better than life; *My lips shall praise Thee.*

4 So will I bless Thee while I live: *I will lift up my hands in Thy name.*

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; *And my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips;*

6 When I remember Thee upon my bed, *And meditate on Thee in the night watches.*

7 For Thou hast been my help, *And in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.*

8 My soul followeth hard after Thee: *Thy right hand upholdeth me.*

PSALM 65.

PRAISE waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion: *And unto Thee shall the vow be performed.*

2 O Thou that hearest prayer, *Unto Thee shall all flesh come.*

3 Iniquities prevail against me: *As for our transgressions, Thou shalt forgive them.*

4 Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee, That he may dwell in Thy courts: *We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house, Thy holy temple.*

5 By terrible things Thou wilt answer us in righteousness, *O God of our salvation;* Thou that art the confidence of

all the ends of the Earth, *And of them that are afar off upon the sea:*

6 Who by His strength setteth fast the mountains; *Being girded about with might:*

7 Who stilleth the roaring of the seas, the roaring of their waves, *And the tumult of the peoples.*

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at Thy tokens: *Thou maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.*

9 Thou visitest the Earth, and waterest it, *Thou greatly enrichest it;* The river of God is full of water: *Thou providest them grain, when Thou hast so prepared the Earth.*

10 Thou waterest her furrows abundantly; *Thou settlest the ridges thereof:* Thou makest it soft with showers; *Thou blessest the springing thereof.*

11 Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; *And Thy paths drop fatness.*

12 They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: *And the hills are girded with joy.*

13 The pastures are clothed with flocks; *The valleys also are covered over with grain; They shout for joy, they also sing.*

Selection 10.

PSALM 67.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us, *And cause His face to shine upon us;*

2 That Thy way may be known upon Earth, *Thy salvation among all nations.*

3 Let the peoples praise Thee, O God; *Let all the peoples praise Thee.*

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: *For Thou shalt judge the peoples with equity, And lead the nations upon Earth.*

5 Let the peoples praise Thee, O God; *Let all the peoples praise Thee.*

6 The Earth hath yielded her increase: *God, even our own God, shall bless us.*

7 God shall bless us; *And all the ends of the Earth shall fear Him.*

PSALM 72.

GIVE the king Thy judgments, O God, *And Thy righteousness unto the king's son.*

2 He shall judge Thy people with righteousness, *And Thy poor with judgment.*

3 The mountains shall bring peace to the people, *And the hills, in righteousness.*

4 He shall judge the poor of the people, He shall save the children of the needy, *And shall break in pieces the oppressor.*

5 They shall fear Thee while the Sun endureth, *And so long as the Moon, throût all generations.*

6 He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: *As showers that water the Earth.*

7 In His day shall the righteous flourish; *And abundance of peace, till the Moon be no more.*

8 He shall have dominion also from

sea to sea, *And from the River unto the ends of the Earth.*

9 They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him; *And His enemies shall lick the dust.*

10 The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: *The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.*

11 Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him: *All nations shall serve Him.*

12 For He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; *And the poor, that hath no helper.*

13 He shall have pity on the poor and needy, *And the souls of the needy He shall save.*

14 He shall redeem their soul from oppression and violence; *And precious shall their blood be in His sight:*

15 And they shall live; and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: *And men shall pray for Him continually; They shall bless Him all the day long.*

16 There shall be abundance of grain in the Earth upon the top of the mountains; *The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: And they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.*

17 His name shall endure for ever: *His name shall be continued as long as the Sun:* And men shall be blest in Him; *All nations shall call Him happy.*

18 BLESSÉD BE JEHOVAH, GOD, THE GOD OF ISRAEL, WHO ONLY DOETH WONDROUS THINGS:

19 AND BLESSÉD BE HIS GLORIOUS NAME FOR EVER; AND LET THE WHOLE EARTH BE FILLED WITH HIS GLORY. AMEN, AND AMEN.

Selection 11.

PSALM 84.

How amiable are Thy tabernacles, *O Jehovah of hosts!*

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of Jehovah; *My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.*

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found her a house, And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, *Even Thine altars, O Jehovah of hosts, My King, and my God.*

4 Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house: *They will be still praising Thee.*

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee; *In whose heart are the highways to Zion.*

6 Passing thro the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs; *Yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.*

7 They go from strength to strength, *Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.*

8 O Jehovah God of hosts, hear my prayer: *Give ear, O God of Jacob.*

9 Behold, O God our shield, *And look upon the face of Thine anointed.*

10 For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. *I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.*

11 For Jehovah God is a sun and a shield: *Jehovah will give grace and glory:* No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O JEHOVAH OF HOSTS, BLESSÉD IS THE MAN THAT TRUSTETH IN THEE.

PSALM 86.

BOW down Thine ear, O Jehovah, and answer me; *For I am poor and needy.*

2 Preserve my soul; for I am godly: *O Thou my God, save Thy servant that trusteth in Thee.*

3 Be merciful unto me, O Lord; *For unto Thee do I cry all the day long.*

4 Rejoice the soul of Thy servant; *For unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.*

5 For Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, *And abundant in lovingkindness unto all them that call upon Thee.*

6 Give ear, O Jehovah, unto my prayer; *And hearken unto the voice of my supplications.*

7 In the day of my trouble I will call upon Thee; *For Thou wilt answer me.*

8 There is none like unto Thee among the gods, O Lord; *Neither are there any works like unto Thy works.*

9 All nations whom Thou hast made shall come and worship before Thee, O Lord; *And they shall glorify Thy name.*

10 For Thou art great, and doest wondrous things: *Thou art God alone.*

11 Teach me Thy way, O Jehovah; I will walk in Thy truth: *Unite my heart to fear Thy name.*

12 I will praise Thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart; *And I will glorify Thy name for evermore.*

13 For great is Thy lovingkindness toward me; *And Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest Sheol.*

14 O God, the proud are risen up against me, *And the congregation of violent men have sought after my soul, And have not set Thee before them.*

15 But Thou, O Lord, art a God merciful and gracious, *Slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness and truth.*

16 O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; *Give Thy strength unto Thy servant, And save the son of Thy handmaid.*

17 Show me a token for good; That they who hate me may see it, and be put to shame, *Because Thou, Jehovah, hast helped me, and comforted me.*

Selection 12.

PSALM 89:1—34.

I WILL sing of the lovingkindness of Jehovah for ever: *With my mouth will I make known Thy faithfulness to all generations.*

2 For I have said, Lovingkindness shall be built up for ever; *Thy faithfulness shalt Thou establish in the very heavens.*

3 "I have made a covenant with My chosen, *I have sworn unto David My servant;*

4 Thy seed will I establish for ever, *And build up thy throne to all generations.*

5 And the heavens shall praise Thy wonders, O Jehovah; *Thy faithful-*

ness also in the assembly of the holy ones.

6 For who in the skies can be compared unto Jehovah? *Who among the sons of the mighty is like unto Jehovah,*

7 A God very terrible in the council of the holy ones, *And to be feared above all them that are round about Him?*

8 O Jehovah God of hosts, Who is a mighty one, like unto Thee, O Jehovah? *And Thy faithfulness is round about Thee.*

9 Thou rulest the pride of the sea: *When the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them.*

10 Thou hast broken Egypt in pieces, as one that is slain; *Thou hast scattered Thine enemies with the arm of Thy strength.*

11 The heavens are Thine, the Earth also is Thine: *The world and the fulness thereof, Thou hast founded them.*

12 The north and the south, Thou hast created them: *Tabor and Hermon rejoice in Thy name.*

13 Thou hast a mighty arm: *Strong is Thy hand, and high is Thy right hand.*

14 Righteousness and judgment are the foundation of Thy throne: *Lovingkindness and truth go before Thy face.*

15 Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: *They walk, O Jehovah, in the light of Thy countenance.*

16 In Thy name do they rejoice all the day: *And in Thy righteousness are they exalted.*

17 For Thou art the glory of their strength: *And in Thy favour our horn shall be exalted.*

18 For our shield belongeth unto Jehovah; *And our king to the Holy One of Israel.*

19 Then Thou spakest in vision to Thy saints, *And saidst, I have laid help upon one that is mighty; I have exalted one chosen out of the people.*

20 I have found David My servant; *With My holy oil have I anointed him:*

21 With whom My hand shall be established; *Mine arm also shall strengthen him.*

22 The enemy shall not exact upon him; *Nor the son of wickedness afflict him.*

23 And I will beat down his adversaries before him, *And smite them that hate him.*

24 But My faithfulness and My lovingkindness shall be with him; *And in My name shall his horn be exalted.*

25 I will set his hand also on the sea, *And his right hand on the rivers.*

26 He shall cry unto me, "Thou art my father, *My God, and the rock of my salvation.*"

27 I also will make him My firstborn, *The highest of the kings of the Earth.*

28 My lovingkindness will I keep for him for evermore, *And My covenant shall stand fast with him.*

29 His seed also will I make to endure for ever, *And his throne as the days of heaven.*

30 If his children forsake My law, *And walk not in My judgments;*

31 If they break My statutes, *And keep not My commandments;*

32 Then will I visit their transgression with the rod, *And their iniquity with stripes.*

33 But My lovingkindness will I not utterly take from him, *Nor suffer My faithfulness to fail.*

34 My covenant will I not break, *Nor alter the thing that is gone out of My lips.*

Selection 13.

PSALM 90.

LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling place *In all generations.*

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, Or ever Thou hadst formed the Earth and the world, *Even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.*

3 Thou turnest man to destruction; *And sayest, Return, ye children of men.*

4 For a thousand years in Thy sight *Are but as yesterday when it is past, And as a watch in the night.*

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood: they are as a sleep: *In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.*

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; *In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.*

7 For we are consumed in Thine anger, *And in Thy wrath are we troubled.*

8 Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee, *Our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance.*

9 For all our days are passed away in Thy wrath: *We bring our years to an end as a sigh.*

10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten, *Or even by reason of strength fourscore years;* Yet is their pride but labor and sorrow; *For it is soon gone, and we fly away.*

11 Who knoweth the power of Thine anger, *And Thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto Thee?*

12 So teach us to number our days, *That we may get us a heart of wisdom.*

13 Return, O Jehovah; how long? *And let it repent Thee concerning Thy servants.*

14 O satisfy us in the morning with Thy lovingkindness; *That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.*

15 Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us, *And the years wherein we have seen evil.*

16 Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, *And Thy glory upon their children.*

17 And let the favor of Jehovah our God be upon us: *And establish Thou the work of our hands upon us;* YEA, THE WORK OF OUR HANDS ESTABLISH THOU IT.

PSALM 91.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High *Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.*

2 I will say of Jehovah, He is my refuge and my fortress; *My God in whom I trust.*

3 For He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, *And from the noisome pestilence.*

4 He shall cover thee with His pinions, *And under His wings shalt*

thou take refuge: His truth is a shield and a buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, *Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;*

6 For the pestilence that walketh in darkness, *Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.*

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, And ten thousand at thy right hand; *But it shall not come nigh thee.*

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold, *And see the reward of the wicked.*

9 For Thou, O Jehovah, art my refuge! *Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation;*

10 There shall no evil befall thee, *Neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.*

11 For He shall give His angels charge over thee, *To keep thee in all thy ways.*

12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, *Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.*

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; *The young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample under feet.*

14 Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him: *I will set him on high, because he hath known My name.*

15 He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him; *I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him, and honor him.*

16 With long life will I satisfy him, *And show him My salvation.*

Selection 14.

PSALM 95.

O COME, let us sing unto Jehovah: *Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.*

2 Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, *Let us make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.*

3 For Jehovah is a great God, *And a great King above all gods.*

4 In His hand are the deep places of the Earth; *The heights of the mountains are His also.*

5 The sea is His, and He made it; *And His hands formed the dry land.*

6 O come, let us worship and bow down; *Let us kneel before Jehovah our Maker:*

7 For He is our God, *And we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.* To-day, Oh that ye would hear His voice!

8 "Harden not your heart, as at Meribah, *As in the day of Massah in the wilderness:*

9 When your fathers tempted Me, Proved Me, and saw My work.

10 Forty years long was I grieved with that generation, *And said, It is a people that do err in their heart, And they have not known My ways:*

11 Wherefore I sware in My wrath, *That they should not enter into My rest.*"

PSALM 96.

O SING unto Jehovah a new song: *Sing unto Jehovah, all the Earth.*

2 Sing unto Jehovah, bless His

name; *Show forth His salvation from day to day.*

3 Declare His glory among the nations, *His marvellous works among all the peoples.*

4 For great is Jehovah, and highly to be praised: *He is to be feared above all gods.*

5 For all the gods of the peoples are idols: *But Jehovah made the heavens.*

6 Honor and majesty are before Him: *Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.*

7 Give unto Jehovah, ye kindreds of the peoples, *Give unto Jehovah glory and strength.*

8 Give unto Jehovah the glory due unto His name: *Bring an offering, and come into His courts.*

9 O worship Jehovah in the beauty of holiness: *Tremble before Him, all the Earth.*

10 Say among the nations, Jehovah reigneth: *The world also is established that it cannot be moved: He shall judge the peoples with equity.*

11 Let the heavens be glad, and let the Earth rejoice; *Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;*

12 Let the field exult, and all that is therein; *Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy;*

13 Before Jehovah, for He cometh; *For He cometh to judge the Earth:* HE SHALL JUDGE THE WORLD WITH RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND THE PEOPLES WITH HIS TRUTH.

Selection 15.

PSALM 98.

O SING unto Jehovah a new song; For He hath done marvellous things: *His right hand, and His holy arm, hath wrought salvation for Him.*

2 Jehovah hath made known His salvation: *His righteousness hath He openly showed in the sight of the nations.*

3 He hath remembered His loving-kindness and His faithfulness toward the house of Israel: *All the ends of the Earth have seen the salvation of our God.*

4 Make a joyful noise unto Jehovah, all the Earth: *Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.*

5 Sing praises unto Jehovah with the harp; *With the harp and the voice of melody.*

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet *Make a joyful noise before the King, Jehovah.*

7 Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; *The world, and they that dwell therein;*

8 Let the floods clap their hands; *Let the hills sing for joy together;*

9 Before Jehovah, for He cometh to judge the Earth: *He shall judge the world with righteousness, And the peoples with equity.*

PSALM 100.

MAKE a joyful noise unto Jehovah, all ye lands.

2 Serve Jehovah with gladness:

Come before His presence with singing.

3 Know ye that Jehovah He is God: It is He that hath made us, and we are His; *We are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.*

4 Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, And into His courts with praise: *Give thanks unto Him, and bless His name.*

5 For Jehovah is good; His lovingkindness endureth for ever; *And His faithfulness unto all generations.*

PSALM 103.

BLESS Jehovah, O my soul; *And all that is within me, bless His holy name.*

2 Bless Jehovah, O my soul, *And forget not all His benefits:*

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; *Who healeth all thy diseases;*

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; *Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies:*

5 Who satisfieth thy desire with good things; *So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.*

6 Jehovah executeth righteous acts, *And judgments for all that are oppressed.*

7 He made known His ways unto Moses, *His doings unto the children of Israel.*

8 Jehovah is merciful and gracious, *Slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness.*

9 He will not always chide; *Neither will He keep His anger for ever.*

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins, *Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.*

11 For as the heaven is high above the Earth, *So great is His lovingkindness toward them that fear Him.*

12 As far as the east is from the west, *So far hath He removed our transgressions from us.*

13 Like as a father pitieth his children, *So Jehovah pitieth them that fear Him.*

14 For He knoweth our frame; *He remembereth that we are dust.*

15 As for man, his days are as grass; *As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.*

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; *And the place thereof shall know it no more.*

17 But the lovingkindness of Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, *And His righteousness unto children's children;*

18 To such as keep His covenant, *And to those that remember His precepts to do them.*

19 Jehovah hath established His throne in the heavens; *And His kingdom ruleth over all.*

20 Bless Jehovah, ye angels of His: *Ye mighty in strength, that fulfil His word, Hearkening unto the voice of His word.*

21 Bless Jehovah, all ye His hosts; *Ye ministers of His, that do His pleasure.*

22 BLESS JEHOVAH, ALL YE HIS WORKS, IN ALL PLACES OF HIS DOMINION: BLESS JEHOVAH, O MY SOUL!

Selection 16.

PSALM 104.

BLESS Jehovah, O my soul. *O Jehovah my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honor and majesty.*

2 Who coverest Thyself with light as with a garment; *Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:*

3 Who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters; *Who maketh the clouds His chariot; Who walketh upon the wings of the wind:*

4 Who maketh winds His messengers; *Flames of fire His ministers:*

5 Who laid the foundations of the Earth, *That it should not be moved for ever.*

6 Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture; *The waters stood above the mountains.*

7 At Thy rebuke they fled; *At the voice of Thy thunder they hasted away;*

8 (The mountains rose, the valleys sank;) *Unto the place which Thou hadst founded for them.*

9 Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; *That they turn not again to cover the Earth.*

10 He sendeth forth springs into the valleys; *They run among the mountains:*

11 They give drink to every beast of the field; *The wild asses quench their thirst.*

12 By them the fowl of the heaven have their habitation, *They sing among the branches.*

13 He watereth the mountains from His chambers: *The Earth is satisfied with the fruit of Thy works.*

14 He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, And herb for the service of man; *That he may bring forth food out of the earth:*

15 And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, *And oil to make his face to shine, And bread that strengtheneth man's heart.*

16 The trees of Jehovah are filled with moisture; *The cedars of Lebanon, which He hath planted;*

17 Where the birds make their nests: *As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.*

18 The high mountains are for the wild goats; *The rocks are a refuge for the conies.*

19 He appointed the Moon for seasons: *The Sun knoweth his going down.*

20 Thou makest darkness, and it is night; *Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.*

21 The young lions roar after their prey, *And seek their food from God.*

22 The Sun ariseth, they get them away, *And lay them down in their dens.*

23 Man goeth forth unto his work *And to his labor until the evening.*

24 O Jehovah, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all: *The Earth is full of Thy creatures.*

25 There is the sea, great and wide, *Wherein are things creeping innumerable, Both small and great beasts.*

26 There go the ships; *There is*

leviathan, whom Thou hast formed to take his pastime therein.

27 These wait all upon Thee, *That Thou mayest give them their food in due season.*

28 That Thou givest unto them they gather; *Thou openest Thy hand, they are satisfied with good.*

29 Thou hidest Thy face, they are troubled; *Thou takest away their breath, they die, And return to their dust.*

30 Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, they are created; *And Thou renewest the face of the ground.*

31 Let the glory of Jehovah endure for ever; *Let Jehovah rejoice in His works:*

32 Who looketh on the Earth, and it trembleth; *He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke.*

33 I will sing unto Jehovah as long as I live: *I will sing praise to my God while I have any being.*

34 Let my meditation be sweet unto Him: *I will rejoice in Jehovah.*

35 Let sinners be consumed out of the Earth, *And let the wicked be no more.* BLESS JEHOVAH, O MY SOUL. HALLELUJAH.

Selection 17.

PSALM 107.

O GIVE thanks unto Jehovah; for He is good: *For His lovingkindness endureth for ever.*

2 Let the redeemed of Jehovah say so, *Whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the adversary;*

3 And gathered them out of the lands, *From the east and from the west, From the north and from the south.*

4 They wandered in the wilderness in a desert way; *They found no city of habitation.* Hungry and thirsty, *Their soul fainted in them.*

6 Then they cried unto Jehovah in their trouble, *And He delivered them out of their distresses.* He led them also by a straight way, *That they might go to a city of habitation.*

8 Oh that men would praise Jehovah for His lovingkindness, *And for His wonderful works to the children of men!*

9 For He satisfieth the longing soul, *And the hungry soul He filleth with good.*

10 Such as sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, *Being bound in affliction and iron;*

11 Because they rebelled against the words of God, *And contemned the counsel of the Most High:*

12 Therefore He brought down their heart with labor; *They fell down, and there was none to help.*

13 Then they cried unto Jehovah in their trouble, *And He saved them out of their distresses.*

14 He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, *And brake their bonds in sunder.*

15 Oh that men would praise Jehovah for His lovingkindness, *And for His wonderful works to the children of men!*

16 For He hath broken the gates of

brass, *And cut the bars of iron in sunder.*

17 Fools because of their transgression, *And because of their iniquities, are afflicted.*

18 Their soul abhorreth all manner of food; *And they draw near unto the gates of death.*

19 Then they cry unto Jehovah in their trouble, *And He saveth them out of their distresses.*

20 He sendeth His word, and healeth them, *And delivereth them from their destructions.*

21 Oh that men would praise Jehovah for His lovingkindness, *And for His wonderful works to the children of men!*

22 And let them offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving, *And declare His works with singing.*

23 They that go down to the sea in ships, *That do business in great waters;*

24 These see the works of Jehovah, *And His wonders in the deep.*

25 For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, *Which lifteth up the waves thereof.*

26 They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: *Their soul melteth away because of trouble.*

27 They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, *And are at their wits' end.*

28 Then they cry unto Jehovah in their trouble, *And He bringeth them out of their distresses.*

29 He maketh the storm a calm, *So that the waves thereof are still.*

30 Then are they glad because they are quiet; *So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.*

31 Oh that men would praise Jehovah for His lovingkindness, *And for His wonderful works to the children of men!*

32 Let them exalt Him also in the assembly of the people, *And praise Him in the seat of the elders.*

33 He turneth rivers into a wilderness, *And watersprings into a thirsty ground;*

34 A fruitful land into a salt desert, *For the wickedness of them that dwell therein.*

35 He turneth a wilderness into a pool of water, *And a dry land into watersprings.*

36 And there He maketh the hungry to dwell, *That they may prepare a city of habitation;*

37 And sow fields, and plant vineyards, *And get them fruits of increase.*

38 He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly; *And He suffereth not their cattle to decrease.*

39 Again, they are diminished and bowed down *Thro oppression, trouble, and sorrow.*

40 He poureth contempt upon princes, *And causeth them to wander in the waste, where there is no way.*

41 Yet setteth He the needy on high from affliction, *And maketh him families like a flock.*

42 The upright shall see it, and be glad; *And all iniquity shall stop her mouth.*

43 Whoso is wise shall give heed to these things, *And they shall consider the lovingkindness of Jehovah.*

Selection 18.

PSALM 111.

HALLELUJAH. I will give thanks unto Jehovah with my whole heart, *In the council of the upright, and in the congregation.*

2 The works of Jehovah are great, *Sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.*

3 His work is honor and majesty: *And His righteousness endureth for ever.*

4 He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered: *Jehovah is gracious and merciful.*

5 He hath given food unto them that fear Him: *He will ever be mindful of His covenant.*

6 He hath showed His people the power of His works, *In giving them the heritage of the nations.*

7 The works of His hands are truth and judgment; *All His precepts are sure.*

8 They are established for ever and ever, *They are done in truth and uprightness.*

9 He hath sent redemption unto His people; He hath commanded His covenant for ever: *Holy and reverend is His name.*

10 The fear of Jehovah is the beginning of wisdom; *A good understanding have all they that do His commandments:* HIS PRAISE ENDURETH FOR EVER.

PSALM 115.

NOT unto us, O Jehovah, not unto us, But unto Thy name give glory, *For Thy lovingkindness, and for Thy truth's sake.*

2 Wherefore should the nations say, *Where is now their God?*

3 But our God is in the heavens: *He hath done whatsoever He pleased.*

4 Their idols are silver and gold, *The work of men's hands.*

5 They have mouths, but they speak not; *Eyes have they, but they see not;*

6 They have ears, but they hear not; *Noses have they, but they smell not;*

7 They have hands, but they handle not, *Feet have they, but they walk not; Neither speak they thro their throat.*

8 They that make them shall be like unto them; *Yea, every one that trusteth in them.*

9 O Israel, trust thou in Jehovah: *He is their help and their shield.*

10 O house of Aaron, trust ye in Jehovah: *He is their help and their shield.*

11 Ye that fear Jehovah, trust in Jehovah: *He is their help and their shield.*

12 Jehovah hath been mindful of us; He will bless us: *He will bless the house of Israel; He will bless the house of Aaron.*

13 He will bless them that fear Jehovah, *Both small and great.*

14 Jehovah increase you more and more, *You and your children.*

15 Blessed are ye of Jehovah, *Who made Heaven and Earth.*

16 The heavens are the heavens of Jehovah; *But the Earth hath He given to the children of men.*

17 The dead praise not Jehovah, *Neither any that go down into silence;*

18 But we will bless Jehovah *From this time forth and for evermore.* HALLELUJAH.

Selection 19.

PSALM 116.

I LOVE Jehovah, *because He heareth My voice and my supplications.*

2 Because He hath inclined His ear unto me, *Therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live.*

3 The cords of death compassed me, And the pains of Sheol gat hold upon me: *I found trouble and sorrow.*

4 Then called I upon the name of Jehovah; *O Jehovah, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul.*

5 Gracious is Jehovah, and righteous: *Yea, our God is merciful.*

6 Jehovah preserveth the simple: *I was brought low, and He saved me.*

7 Return unto Thy rest, O my soul; *For Jehovah hath dealt bountifully with thee.*

8 For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, *Mine eyes from tears, And my feet from falling.*

9 I will walk before Jehovah *In the land of the living.*

10 I believed when I spake thus, *I was greatly afflicted.*

11 I said in my alarm, *All men are liars.*

12 What shall I render unto Jehovah *For all His benefits toward me?*

13 I will take the cup of salvation, *And call upon the name of Jehovah.*

14 I will pay my vows unto Jehovah, *Yea, in the presence of all His people.*

15 Precious in the sight of Jehovah *Is the death of His saints.*

16 O Jehovah, truly I am Thy servant: I am Thy servant, the son of Thy handmaid; *Thou hast loosed my bonds.*

17 I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, *And will call upon the name of Jehovah.*

18 I will pay my vows unto Jehovah, *Yea, in the presence of all His people;*

19 In the courts of Jehovah's house, *In the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.* HALLELUJAH.

PSALM 118:19—29.

OPEN to me the gates of righteousness: *I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto Jehovah.*

20 This is the gate of Jehovah; *The righteous shall enter into it.*

21 I will give thanks unto Thee, for Thou hast answered me, *And art become my salvation.*

22 The stone which the builders rejected *Is become the head of the corner.*

23 This is Jehovah's doing; *It is marvellous in our eyes.*

24 This is the day which Jehovah hath made; *We will rejoice and be glad in it.*

25 Save now, we beseech Thee, O Jehovah: *O Jehovah, we beseech Thee, send now prosperity.*

26 Blessèd be he that cometh in the name of Jehovah: *We have blest you out of the house of Jehovah.*

27 Jehovah is God, and He hath given us light: *Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.*

28 Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto Thee: *Thou art my God, I will exalt Thee.*

29 O give thanks unto Jehovah; for He is good: *For His lovingkindness endureth for ever.*

Selection 20.

PSALM 119: portions.

BLESSÈD are they that are upright in the way, *Who walk in the law of Jehovah.*

2 Blessèd are they that keep His testimonies, *That seek Him with the whole heart.*

9 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? *By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.*

10 With my whole heart have I sought Thee: *O let me not wander from Thy commandments.*

11 Thy word have I laid up in my heart, *That I might not sin against Thee.*

18 Open Thou mine eyes, *that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.*

19 I am a sojourner in the Earth: *Hide not Thy commandments from me.*

34 Give me understanding, and I shall keep Thy law; *Yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.*

35 Make me to go in the path of Thy commandments; *For therein do I delight.*

36 Incline my heart unto Thy testimonies, *And not to covetousness.*

37 Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, *And quicken me in Thy ways.*

42 So shall I have an answer for him that reproacheth me: *For I trust in Thy word.*

43 And take not the word of truth utterly out of my mouth; *For I have hoped in Thy judgments.*

44 So shall I observe Thy law continually *For ever and ever.*

45 And I will walk at liberty; *For I have sought Thy precepts.*

46 I will also speak of Thy testimonies before kings, *And will not be put to shame.*

49 Remember the word unto Thy servant, *Wherein Thou hast made me to hope.*

50 This is my comfort in mine affliction, *That Thy word hath quickened me.*

51 The proud have had me greatly in derision: *Yet have I not swerved from Thy law.*

52 I have remembered Thy judgments of old, O Jehovah, *And have comforted myself.*

53 Hot indignation hath taken hold upon me, *Because of the wicked that forsake Thy law.*

54 Thy statutes have been my songs *In the house of my pilgrimage.*

55 I have remembered Thy name, O Jehovah, in the night, *And have observed Thy law.*

63 I am a companion of all them that fear Thee, *And of them that observe Thy precepts.*

67 Before I was afflicted I went astray: *But now I observe Thy word.*

68 Thou art good, and doest good; *Teach me Thy statutes.*

76 Let, I pray Thee, Thy loving-kindness be for my comfort, *According to Thy word unto Thy servant.*

77 Let Thy tender mercies come unto me, that I may live: *For Thy law is my delight.*

92 Unless Thy law had been my delight, *I should then have perished in mine affliction.*

93 I will never forget Thy precepts; *For with them Thou hast quickened me.*

105 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, *And light unto my path.*

116 Uphold me according unto Thy word, that I may live; *And let me not be ashamed of my hope.*

117 Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe, *And shall have respect unto Thy statutes continually.*

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129 THY testimonies are wonderful: *Therefore doth my soul keep them.*

130 The opening of Thy words giveth light; *It giveth understanding unto the simple.*

131 I opened wide my mouth, and panted; *For I longed for Thy commandments.*

132 Turn Thee unto me, and have mercy upon me, *As Thou usest to do unto those that love Thy name.*

133 Order my footsteps in Thy word; *And let not any iniquity have dominion over me.*

134 Redeem me from the oppression of man: *So will I observe Thy precepts.*

141 I am small and despised: *Yet do I not forget Thy precepts.*

142 Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, *And Thy law is truth.*

143 Trouble and anguish have taken hold of me: *Yet Thy commandments are my delight.*

154 Plead Thou my cause, and redeem me: *Quicken me according to Thy word.*

160 The sum of Thy word is truth; *And every one of Thy righteous judgments endureth for ever.*

162 I rejoice at Thy word, *As one that findeth great spoil.*

165 Great peace have they who love Thy law; *And they have none occasion of stumbling.*

172 Let my tongue sing of Thy word; *For all Thy commandments are righteousness.*

173 Let Thy hand be ready to help me; *For I have chosen Thy precepts.*

174 I have longed for Thy salvation, O Jehovah; *And Thy law is my delight.*

175 Let my soul live, and it shall praise Thee; *And let Thy judgments help me.*

176 I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek Thy servant; *For I do not forget Thy commandments.*

Selection 21.

PSALM 121.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: *From whence shall my help come?*

2 My help cometh from Jehovah, *Who made Heaven and Earth.*

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: *He that keepeth thee will not slumber.*

4 Behold, He that keepeth Israel *Shall neither slumber nor sleep.*

5 Jehovah is thy keeper: *Jehovah is thy shade upon thy right hand.*

6 The Sun shall not smite thee by day, *Nor the Moon by night.*

7 Jehovah shall keep thee from all evil; *He shall keep thy soul.*

8 Jehovah shall keep thy going out and thy coming in, *From this time forth and for evermore.*

PSALM 122.

I WAS glad when they said unto me, *Let us go unto the house of Jehovah.*

2 Our feet are standing *Within Thy gates, O Jerusalem;*

3 Jerusalem, that art builded *As a city that is compact together:*

4 Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of Jehovah, *For a testimony for Israel, To give thanks unto the name of Jehovah.*

5 For there are set thrones for judgment, *The thrones of the house of David.*

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: *They shall prosper that love thee.*

7 Peace be within thy walls, *And prosperity within thy palaces.*

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, *I will now say, Peace be within thee.*

9 For the sake of the house of Jehovah our God *I will seek thy good.*

PSALM 124.

IF it had not been Jehovah who was on our side, *Let Israel now say:*

2 If it had not been Jehovah who was on our side, *When men rose up against us:*

3 Then they had swallowed us up alive, *When their wrath was kindled against us:*

4 Then the waters had overwhelmed us, *The stream had gone over our soul:*

5 Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

6 *Blessed be Jehovah, Who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.*

7 Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: *The snare is broken, and we are escaped.*

8 Our help is in the name of Jehovah, *Who made Heaven and Earth.*

Selection 22.

PSALM 127:1, 2.

EXCEPT Jehovah build the house, *They labor in vain that build it.* Except Jehovah keep the city, *The watchman waketh but in vain.*

2 It is vain for you that ye rise up early, and so late take rest, And eat the bread of toil: *For so He giveth unto His beloved in sleep.*

PSALM 130.

OUT of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Jehovah.

2 Lord, hear my voice: *Let Thine ears be attentive To the voice of my supplications.*

3 If Thou, Jehovah, shouldst mark iniquities, *O Jehovah, who shall stand?*

4 But there is forgiveness with Thee, *That Thou mayest be feared.*

5 I wait for Jehovah, my soul doth wait, *And in His word do I hope.*

6 My soul waiteth for Jehovah, *More than watchmen wait for the morning; Yea, more than watchmen for the morning.*

7 O Israel, hope in Jehovah; For with Jehovah there is lovingkindness, *And with Him is plenteous redemption.*

8 And He shall redeem Israel *From all his iniquities.*

PSALM 132:7—18.

WE will go into His tabernacles; *We will worship at His footstool.*

8 Arise, O Jehovah, into Thy resting place; *Thou, and the ark of Thy strength.*

9 Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness; *And let Thy saints shout for joy.*

10 For Thy servant David's sake Turn not away The face of thine anointed.

11 Jehovah hath sworn unto David in truth; *He will not turn from it:* Of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy throne.

12 If thy children will keep My covenant And My testimony that I shall teach them, *Their children also shall sit upon thy throne for evermore.*

13 For Jehovah hath chosen Zion; *He hath desired it for His habitation.*

14 This is my resting place for ever: *Here will I dwell; for I have desired it.*

15 I will abundantly bless her provision: *I will satisfy her poor with bread.*

16 Her priests also will I clothe with salvation: *And her saints shall shout aloud for joy.*

17 There will I make the horn of David to bud: *I have ordained a lamp for Mine anointed.*

18 His enemies will I clothe with shame: *But upon himself shall his crown flourish.*

Selection 23.

PSALM 138.

I WILL give Thee thanks with my whole heart: *Before the gods will I sing praises unto Thee.*

2 I will worship toward Thy holy temple, *And give thanks unto Thy name for Thy lovingkindness and for Thy truth: For Thou hast magnified Thy word above all Thy name.*

3 In the day that I called Thou answeredst me, *Thou didst encourage me with strength in my soul.*

4 All the kings of the Earth shall give Thee thanks, O Jehovah, *For they have heard the words of Thy mouth.*

5 Yea, they shall sing of the ways

of Jehovah; *For great is the glory of Jehovah.*

6 For tho Jehovah be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly: *But the haughty He knoweth from afar.*

7 Tho I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me; Thou shalt stretch forth Thy hand against the wrath of mine enemies, *And Thy right hand shall save me.*

8 Jehovah will perfect that which concerneth me: *Thy lovingkindness, O Jehovah, endureth for ever; Forsake not the works of Thine own hands.*

PSALM 139.

O JEHOVAH, Thou hast searched me, and known me.

2 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, *Thou understandest my thought afar off.*

3 Thou winnowest out my path and my lying down, *And art acquainted with all my ways.*

4 For there is not a word in my tongue, *But, lo, O Jehovah, Thou knowest it altogether.*

5 Thou hast beset me behind and before, *And laid Thy hand upon me.*

6 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; *It is high, I cannot attain unto it.*

7 Whither shall I go from Thy spirit? *Or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?*

3 If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there: *If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, Thou art there.*

9 If I take the wings of the morning, *And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;*

10 Even there shall Thy hand lead me, *And Thy right hand shall hold me.*

11 If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me, *And the light about me shall be night;*

12 Even the darkness hideth not from Thee: But the night shineth as the day; *The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.*

13 For Thou didst form my reins: *Thou didst knit me together in my mother's womb.*

14 I will give thanks unto Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: *Wonderful are Thy works; And that my soul knoweth right well.*

15 My frame was not hidden from Thee, *When I was made in secret, And curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the Earth.*

16 Thine eyes did see mine unformed substance, And in Thy book were all my members written, *Which day by day were fashioned, When as yet there was none of them.*

17 How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! *How great is the sum of them!*

18 If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: *When I awake, I am still with Thee.*

Selection 24.

PSALM 142.

I CRY with my voice unto Jehovah; *With my voice unto Jehovah do I make supplication.*

2 I pour out my complaint before Him; *I show before Him my trouble.*

3 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, Thou knewest my path. *In the way wherein I walk have they hidden a snare for me.*

4 Look on my right hand, and see; for there is no man that knoweth me: *Refuge hath failed me; no man careth for my soul.*

5 I cried unto Thee, O Jehovah; *I said, Thou art my refuge, My portion in the land of the living.*

6 Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low: *Deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.*

7 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may give thanks unto Thy name: *The righteous shall compass me about; For Thou shalt deal bountifully with me.*

PSALM 145.

I WILL extol Thee, my God, O King; *And I will bless Thy name for ever and ever.*

2 Every day will I bless Thee; *And I will praise Thy name for ever and ever.*

3 Great is Jehovah, and highly to be praised; *And His greatness is unsearchable.*

4 One generation shall laud Thy works to another, *And shall declare Thy mighty acts.*

5 Of the glorious majesty of Thine honor, *And of Thy wondrous works, will I meditate.*

6 And men shall speak of the might of Thy terrible acts; *And I will declare Thy greatness.*

7 They shall utter the memory of Thy great goodness, *And shall sing of Thy righteousness.*

8 Jehovah is gracious, and merciful; *Slow to anger, and of great loving-kindness.*

9 Jehovah is good to all; *And His tender mercies are over all His works.*

10 All Thy works shall give thanks unto Thee, O Jehovah; *And Thy saints shall bless Thee.*

11 They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom, *And talk of Thy power:*

12 To make known to the sons of men His mighty acts, *And the glory of the majesty of His kingdom.*

13 Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, *And Thy dominion endureth throout all generations.*

14 Jehovah upholdeth all that fall, *And raiseth up all those that are bowed down.*

15 The eyes of all wait upon Thee; *And Thou givest them their food in due season.*

16 Thou openest Thy hand, *And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.*

17 Jehovah is righteous in all His ways, *And gracious in all His works.*

18 Jehovah is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, *To all that call upon Him in truth.*

19 He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him; *He also will hear their cry, and will save them.*

20 Jehovah preserveth all them that love Him; *But all the wicked will He destroy.*

21 My mouth shall speak the praise of Jehovah, *And let all flesh bless His holy name for ever and ever.*

Selection 25.

PSALM 146.

HALLELUJAH! Praise Jehovah, O my soul.

2 While I live will I praise Jehovah: *I will sing praises unto my God, While I have any being.*

3 Put not your trust in princes, *Nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.*

4 His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; *In that very day his thoughts perish.*

5 Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, *Whose hope is in Jehovah his God:*

6 Who made Heaven and Earth, The sea, and all that in them is: *Who keepeth truth for ever:*

7 Who executeth judgment for the opprest, Who giveth food to the hungry: *Jehovah looseth the prisoners;*

8 Jehovah openeth the eyes of the blind; *Jehovah raiseth up them that are bowed down; Jehovah loveth the righteous;*

9 Jehovah preserveth the strangers; *He upholdeth the fatherless and widow: But the way of the wicked He turneth upside down.*

10 Jehovah shall reign for ever, *Thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.* HALLELUJAH!

PSALM 147.

HALLELUJAH! For it is good to sing praises unto our God; *For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.*

2 Jehovah doth build up Jerusalem; *He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.*

3 He healeth the broken in heart, *And bindeth up their wounds.*

4 He counteth the number of the stars: *He giveth them all their names.*

5 Great is our Lord, and mighty in power; *His understanding is infinite.*

6 Jehovah upholdeth the meek: *He bringeth the wicked down to the ground.*

7 Sing unto Jehovah with thanksgiving; *Sing praises upon the harp unto our God:*

8 Who covereth the heaven with clouds, *Who prepareth rain for the Earth, Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.*

9 He giveth to the beast his food, *And to the young ravens which cry.*

10 He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: *He taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man.*

11 Jehovah taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, *In those that hope in His lovingkindness.*

12 Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; *Praise thy God, O Zion.*

13 For He hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; *He hath blest thy children within thee.*

14 He maketh peace in thy borders; *He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.*

15 He sendeth out his commandment upon Earth; *His word runneth very swiftly.*

16 He giveth snow like wool; *He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.*

17 He casteth forth His ice like

morsels: *Who can stand before His cold?*

18 He sendeth out His word, and melteth them: *He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters flow.*

19 He showeth His word unto Jacob, *His statutes and His judgments unto Israel.*

20 He hath not dealt so with any nation: *And as for his judgments, they have not known them.* HALLELUJAH!

PSALM 150.

HALLELUJAH! Praise God in His sanctuary: *Praise Him in the firmament of His power.*

2 Praise Him for His mighty acts: *Praise Him according to His excellent greatness.*

3 Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet; *Praise Him with the psaltery and harp.*

4 Praise Him with the timbrel and dance: *Praise Him with stringed instruments and the pipe.*

5 Praise Him upon the loud cymbals: *Praise Him upon the high-sounding cymbals.*

6 LET EVERYTHING THAT HATH BREATH PRAISE JEHOVAH. HALLELUJAH!

Selection 26.

EXODUS, 15:1—18.

I WILL sing unto Jehovah for He hath triumphed gloriously: *The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.*

2 Jehovah is my strength and song, *And He is become my salvation:* This is my God, and I will praise Him; *My father's God, and I will exalt Him.*

3 Jehovah is a man of war: *Jehovah is His name.*

4 Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath He cast into the sea: *And his chosen captains are sunk in the Red Sea.*

5 The deeps cover them: *They went down into the depths like a stone.*

6 Thy right hand, O Jehovah, is glorious in power, *Thy right hand, O Jehovah, dasheth in pieces the enemy.*

7 And in the greatness of Thine excellency Thou overthrowest them that rise up against Thee: *Thou sendest forth Thy wrath, it consumeth them as stubble.*

8 And with the blast of Thy nostrils the waters were piled up, The floods stood upright as an heap: *The deeps were congealed in the heart of the sea.*

9 The enemy said, *I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil:* My lust shall be satisfied upon them; *I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.*

10 Thou didst blow with Thy wind, the sea covered them: *They sank as lead in the mighty waters.*

11 Who is like unto Thee, O Jehovah, among the gods? *Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, Fearful in praises, doing wonders?*

12 Thou stretchedst out Thy right hand, *The Earth swallowed them.*

13 Thou in Thy mercy hast led the people which Thou hast redeemed: *Thou*

hast guided them in Thy strength to Thy holy habitation.

14 The peoples have heard, they tremble: *Pangs have taken hold on the inhabitants of Philistia.*

15 Then were the dukes of Edom amazed; The mighty men of Moab, trembling taketh hold upon them: *All the inhabitants of Canaan are melted away.*

16 Terror and dread falleth upon them; *By the greatness of Thine arm they are as still as a stone;* Till Thy people pass over, O Jehovah, *Till the people pass over which Thou hast purchased.*

17 Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of Thine inheritance, The place, O Jehovah, which Thou hast made for Thee to dwell in, *The sanctuary, O Jehovah, which Thy hands have established.*

18 JEHOVAH SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER.

JOB, 22:21—29.

ACQUAINT now thyself with Him, and be at peace: *Thereby good shall come unto thee.*

22 Receive, I pray thee, the law from His mouth, *And lay up His words in thy heart.*

23 If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up; *If thou put away unrighteousness far from thy tents.*

24 And lay thou thy treasure in the dust, *And the gold of Ophir among the stones of the brooks;*

25 And the Almighty shall be thy treasure, *And precious silver unto thee.*

26 For then shalt thou delight thyself in the Almighty, *And shalt lift up thy face unto God.*

27 Thou shalt make thy prayer unto Him, and He shall hear thee; *And thou shalt pay thy vows.*

28 Thou shalt also decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee; *And light shall shine upon thy ways.*

29 When they cast thee down, thou shalt say, There is lifting up; *And the humble person He shall save.*

Selection 27.

JOB, 28.

SURELY there is a mine for silver, *And a place for gold which they refine.*

2 Iron is taken out of the Earth, *And copper is molten out of the stone.*

3 Man setteth an end to darkness, *And searcheth out to the furthest bound The stones of thick darkness and of the shadow of death.*

4 He breaketh open a shaft away from where men sojourn; *They are forgotten of the foot that passeth by; They hang afar from men, they swing to and fro.*

5 As for the Earth, out of it cometh bread: *And underneath it is turned up as it were by fire.*

6 The stones thereof are the place of sapphires, *And it hath dust of gold.*

7 That path no bird of prey knoweth, *Neither hath the falcon's eye seen it:*

8 The proud beasts have not trodden it, *Nor hath the fierce lion passed thereby.*

9 He putteth forth his hand upon the flinty rock; *He overturneth the mountains by the roots.*

10 He cutteth out channels among the rocks; *And his eye seeth every precious thing.*

11 He bindeth the streams that they trickle not; *And the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light.*

12 But where shall wisdom be found? *And where is the place of understanding?*

13 Man knoweth not the price thereof; *Neither is it found in the land of the living.*

14 The deep saith, It is not in me: *And the sea saith, It is not with me.*

15 It cannot be gotten for gold, *Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.*

16 It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, *With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.*

17 Gold and glass cannot equal it: *Neither shall the exchange thereof be jewels of fine gold.*

18 No mention shall be made of coral or of crystal: *Yea, the price of wisdom is above rubies.*

19 The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, *Neither shall it be valued with pure gold.*

20 Whence then cometh wisdom? *And where is the place of understanding?*

21 Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, *And kept close from the fowls of the air.*

22 Destruction and Death say, *We have heard a rumor thereof with our ears.*

23 God understandeth the way thereof, *And He knoweth the place thereof.*

24 For He looketh to the ends of the Earth, *And seeth under the whole heaven;*

25 To make a weight for the wind; *Yea, He meteth out the waters by measure.*

26 When He made a decree for the rain, *And a way for the lightning of the thunder,*

27 Then did He see it, and declare it; *He established it, yea, and searched it out.*

28 And unto man He said, BEHOLD, THE FEAR OF THE LORD, THAT IS WISDOM; AND TO DEPART FROM EVIL IS UNDERSTANDING.

JOB, 42:2—6.

I KNOW that Thou canst do all things, *And that no purpose of Thine can be restrained.*

3 Who is this that hideth counsel without knowledge? *Therefore have I uttered that which I understood not. Things too wonderful for me, which I knew not.*

4 Hear, I beseech Thee, and I will speak; *I will demand of Thee, and declare Thou unto me.*

5 I had heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear: *But now mine eye seeth Thee,*

6 WHEREFORE I ABHOR MYSELF, AND REPENT IN DUST AND ASHES.

Selection 28.

PROVERBS, 28:1—13.

THE wicked flee when no man pursueth: *But the righteous are bold as a lion.*

2 For the transgression of a land many are the princes thereof: *But by men of understanding and knowledge the state shall be prolonged.*

3 A needy man that oppresseth the poor *Is a sweeping rain which leaveth no food.*

4 They that forsake the law praise the wicked: *But such as keep the law contend with them.*

5 Evil men understand not judgement: *But they that seek Jehovah understand all things.*

6 Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity *Than he that is perverse, of two ways, tho he be rich.*

7 Whoso keepeth the law is a wise son: *But he that is a companion of gluttonous men shameth his father.*

8 He that augmenteth his substance by usury and increase, *Gathereth it for him that hath pity on the poor.*

9 He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, *Even his prayer is an abomination.*

10 Whoso causeth the upright to go astray in an evil way, He shall fall himself into his own pit: *But the perfect shall inherit good.*

11 The rich man is wise in his own conceit; *But the poor that hath understanding searcheth him out.*

12 When the righteous triumph, there is great glory: *But when the wicked rise, men hide themselves.*

13 He that covereth his transgressions shall not prosper: *But whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall obtain mercy.*

PROVERBS, 30:5—9.

EVERY word of God is purified. *He is a shield unto them that trust in Him.*

6 Add thou not unto His words, *Lest He reprove thee, and thou be found a liar.*

7 Two things have I asked of thee; *Deny me them not before I die:*

8 Remove far from me vanity and lies: *Give me neither poverty nor riches; Feed me with my portion of bread.*

9 Lest I be full, and deny Thee, and say, Who is Jehovah? *Or lest I be poor and steal, And use profanely the name of my God.*

PROVERBS, 31:10—31.

A VIRTUOUS woman who can find? *For her price is far above rubies.*

11 The heart of her husband trusteth in her, *And he shall have no lack of gain.*

12 She doeth him good and not evil *All the days of her life.*

13 She seeketh wool and flax, *And worketh busily with her hands.*

14 She is like the merchant-ships; *She bringeth her food from afar.*

15 She riseth also while it is yet night, *And giveth meat to her household, And their task to her maidens.*

16 She considereth a field, and buy-

eth it: *With the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.*

17 She girdeth her loins with strength, *And maketh strong her arms.*

18 She perceiveth that her merchandise is profitable: *Her lamp goeth not out by night.*

19 She layeth her hands to the distaff, *And her palms hold the spindle.*

20 She spreadeth out her palm to the poor; *Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.*

21 She is not afraid of the snow for her household; *For all her household are clothed with scarlet.*

22 She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry; *Her clothing is fine linen and purple.*

23 Her husband is known in the gates, *When he sitteth among the elders of the land.*

24 She maketh linen garments and selleth them; *And delivereth girdles unto the merchant.*

25 Strength and dignity are her clothing: *And she laugheth at the time to come.*

26 She openeth her mouth with wisdom; *And the law of kindness is on her tongue.*

27 She looketh well to the ways of her household, *And eateth not the bread of idleness.*

28 Her children rise up, and call her blessèd; *Her husband also, and he praiseth her, saging:*

29 Many daughters have done worthily: *But thou excellest them all.*

30 Grace is deceitful, and beauty is vain: *But a woman that feareth Jehovah, she shall be praised.*

31 Give her of the fruit of her hands; *And let her works praise her in the gates.*

Selection 29.

ISAIAH, 9:1—7.

BUT there shall be no gloom to her that was in anguish. In the former time He brought into contempt the land of Zebulun and the land of Naphtali: but in the latter time hath He made it glorious, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the nations.

2 The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

3 Thou hast multiplied the nation, Thou hast increased their joy; they joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest, as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.

4 For the yoke of his burden, and the staff of his shoulder, the rod of his oppressor, Thou hast broken as in the day of Midian.

5 For all the armor of the armed man in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall be for burning, for fuel of fire.

6 For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counseller, Mighty God, Father of Eternity, Prince of Peace.

7 Of the increase of His government

and of peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to establish it, and to uphold it with judgment and with righteousness from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts shall perform this.

ISAIAH, 42:1—12.

BEHOLD My servant, whom I uphold; My chosen, in whom My soul delighteth: I have put My spirit upon Him; He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles.

2 He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street.

3 A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench: He shall bring forth judgment in truth.

4 He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till He have set judgment in the Earth; and the isles shall wait for His law.

5 Thus saith God, Jehovah, He that created the heavens, and stretched them forth; He that spread abroad the Earth and that which cometh out of it; He that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein:

6 I Jehovah have called Thee in righteousness, and will hold Thine hand, and will keep Thee, and give Thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles;

7 To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house.

8 I am Jehovah; that is my name; and My glory will I not give to another, neither My praise unto graven images.

9 Behold, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare: before they spring forth I tell you of them.

10 Sing unto the Lord a new song and His praise from the end of the Earth; ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein, the isles, and the inhabitants thereof.

11 Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that Kedar doth inhabit; let the inhabitants of Sela sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains.

12 Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare His praise in the islands.

Selection 30.

ISAIAH, 52:13—53:12.

BEHOLD, My servant shall prosper, He shall be exalted and lifted up, and shall be very high.

14 Like as many were astonished at Thee, (His visage was so marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men,) so shall He startle many nations;

15 Kings shall shut their mouths because of Him: for that which had not been told them shall they see; and that which they had not heard shall they understand.

WHO hath believed our message? And to whom hath the arm of Jehovah been revealed?

2 For He grew up before Him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry

ground: He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him.

3 He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and as one from whom men hide their face He was despised, and we esteemed Him not.

4 Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

5 But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and Jehovah hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all!

7 He was oppressed, yet He humbled himself and opened not His mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb; yea, He opened not His mouth.

8 By oppression and judgment He was taken away; and as for His generation, who among them considered that He was cut off out of the land of the living, for the transgression of My people to whom the stroke was due?

9 And they made his grave with the wicked, and with a rich man in His death; altho He had done no violence, neither was any deceit in His mouth.

10 Yet it pleased Jehovah to bruise him; He hath put Him to grief: when Thou shalt make His soul a guilt offering, He shall see His seed, he shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of Jehovah shall prosper in His hand.

11 He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied; by His knowledge shall my Righteous Servant justify many, and He shall bear their iniquities.

12 Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong; because He poured out His soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors: yet He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

Selection 31.

ISAIAH, 58:3—11.

WHEREFORE have we fasted, say they, and Thou seest not? Wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and Thou takest no knowledge? Behold, in the day of your fast ye find your own pleasure, and exact all your labors.

4 Behold, ye fast for strife and contention, and to smite with the fist of wickedness: ye fast not this day so as to make your voice to be heard on high!

5 Is such the fast that I have chosen? The day for a man to afflict his soul? Is it to bow down his head as a rush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?

6 Is not this the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the bands of the yoke, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?

7 Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?

8 Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy healing shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of Jehovah shall be thy rearward.

9 Then shalt thou call, and Jehovah shall answer; thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am. If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking wickedly;

10 And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in darkness, and thine obscurity be as the noonday:

11 And Jehovah shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in dry places, and make strong thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.

Selection 32.

ISAIAH, 62.

FOR Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until her righteousuess go forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth.

2 And the nations shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory: and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of Jehovah shall name.

3 Thou shalt also be a crown of beauty in the hand of Jehovah, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.

4 Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate: but thou shalt be called Hephzi-bah, and thy land Beulah: for Jehovah delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married.

5 For as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee; and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee.

6 I have set watchmen upon Thy walls, O Jerusalem; they shall never hold their peace day nor night:

7 Ye that are Jehovah's remembrancers, take ye no rest, and give Him no rest, till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the Earth.

8 The Lord hath sworn by His right hand, and by the arm of His strength, Surely I will no more give thy corn to be meat for thine enemies, and strangers shall not drink thy wine, for the which thou hast labored:

9 But they that have garnered it shall eat it, and praise Jehovah; and they that have gathered it shall drink it in the courts of My sanctuary.

10 Go thro, go thro the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the high way; gather out the stones; lift up an ensign for the peoples.

11 Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the Earth, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salva-

tion cometh; behold, His reward is with Him, and His recompence before Him.

12 And they shall call them The holy people, The redeemed of the Lord: and thou shalt be called Sought out, A city not forsaken.

JEREMIAH, 31:31—37.

BEHOLD, the days come, saith Jehovah, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah:

32 Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which my covenant they brake, altho I was a husband unto them, saith Jehovah:

33 But this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put My law in their inward parts, and in their heart will I write it; and I will be their God, and they shall be My people:

34 And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know Jehovah: for they shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith Jehovah; for I will forgive their iniquity, and their sin will I remember no more.

35 Thus saith Jehovah, which giveth the Sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the Moon and of the stars for a light by night, which stirreth up the sea, that the waves thereof roar; Jehovah of hosts is his name:

36 If these ordinances depart from before Me, saith Jehovah, then the seed of Israel also shall cease from being a nation before Me for ever.

37 Thus saith Jehovah: If Heaven above can be measured, and the foundations of the Earth searched out beneath, then will I also cast off all the seed of Israel for all that they have done, saith Jehovah.

MICAH, 5:2—5.

THOU, Beth-lehem Ephrathah, which art little to be among the families of Judah, out of thee shall one come forth unto Me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth are from of old, from everlasting.

3 Therefore will He give them up, until the time that she which travaileth hath brought forth: then the residue of His brethren shall return unto the children of Israel.

4 And He shall stand, and shall feed His flock in the strength of Jehovah, in the majesty of the name of JEHOVAH His God: and they shall abide; for now shall He be great unto the ends of the Earth.

5 And this man shall be our peace.

Selection 33.

LAMENTATIONS 3:22—58.

IT is of Jehovah's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not.

23 They are new every morning; great is Thy faithfulness.

24 Jehovah is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him.

25 *Jehovah is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him.*

26 *It is good that a man should hope and quietly wait for the salvation of Jehovah.*

27 *It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.*

28 Let him sit alone and keep silence, because He hath laid it upon him.

29 Let him put his mouth in the dust; if so be there may be hope.

30 Let him give his cheek to him that smiteth him; let him be filled full with reproach.

31 *For Jehovah will not cast off for ever.*

32 *For tho He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies.*

33 *For He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.*

34 To crush under foot all the prisoners of the Earth,

35 To turn aside the right of a man before the face of the Most High,

36 To subvert a man in his cause, Jehovah approveth not.

37 *Who is he that saith, and it cometh to pass, when the Lord commandeth it not?*

38 *Out of the mouth of the Most High cometh there not evil and good?*

39 *Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?*

40 Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to Jehovah.

41 Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens.

42 We have transgressed and have rebelled; Thou hast not pardoned.

43 *Thou hast covered with anger and pursued us; Thou hast slain, Thou hast not pitied.*

44 *Thou hast covered Thyself with a cloud, that our prayer should not pass thro.*

45 *Thou hast made us the offscouring and refuse in the midst of the peoples.*

46 All our enemies have opened their mouth wide against us.

47 Fear and the pit are come upon us, devastation and destruction.

48 Mine eye runneth down with rivers of water, for the destruction of the daughter of my people.

49 *Mine eye poureth down, and ceaseth not, without any intermission,*

50 *Till Jehovah look down, and behold from heaven.*

51 *Mine eye affecteth my soul, because of all the daughters of my city.*

52 They have chased me sore like a bird, that are mine enemies without cause.

53 They have cut off my life in the dungeon, and have cast a stone upon me.

54 Waters flowed over mine head; I said, I am cut off.

55 *I called upon Thy name, O Jehovah, out of the lowest dungeon.*

56 *Thou heardest my voice; hide not Thine ear at my breathing, at my cry.*

57 *Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee: Thou saidst, Fear not.*

58 O JEHOVAH, THOU HAST PLEADED THE CAUSES OF MY SOUL; THOU HAST REDEEMED MY LIFE.

Selection 34.

MATTHEW, 5:3—12.

BLESSÉD are the poor in spirit; *For theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.*

4 Blessèd are they that mourn; *For they shall be comforted.*

5 Blessèd are the meek; *For they shall inherit the Earth.*

6 Blessèd are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; *For they shall be filled.*

7 Blessèd are the merciful; *For they shall obtain mercy.*

8 Blessèd are the pure in heart; *For they shall see God.*

9 Blessèd are the peacemakers; *For they shall be called sons of God.*

10 Blessèd are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake; *For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

11 Blessèd are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; *For great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.*

Selection 35.

LUKE, 1:46—55.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord, *And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.*

48 For He hath looked upon the low estate of His handmaiden; *For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blesséd.*

49 For He that is mighty hath done to me great things; *And holy is His name.*

50 And His mercy is, unto generations and generations, *On them that fear Him.*

51 He hath shewed strength with His arm; *He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their heart.*

52 He hath put down princes from their thrones, *And hath exalted them of low degree.*

53 The hungry He hath filled with good things; *And the rich He hath sent empty away.*

54 He hath holpen Israel His servant, *That He might remember mercy*

55 (As He spake unto our fathers) *Toward Abraham and his seed for ever.*

LUKE, 1:68—79.

BLESSÉD be the Lord, the God of Israel; *For He hath visited and wrought redemption for His people.*

69 And hath raised up a horn of salvation for us *In the house of His servant David*

70 (As he spake by the mouth of His holy prophets which have been since the world began),

71 *Salvation from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us;*

72 To shew mercy toward our fathers, *And to remember His holy covenant;*

73 The oath which He sware *unto Abraham our father,*

74 To grant unto us that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies *Should serve Him without fear,*

75 *In holiness and righteousness before Him all our days.*

76 Yea and thou, Child, shalt be called the prophet of the Most High: *For Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to make ready His ways;*

77 To give knowledge of salvation unto his people *In the remission of their sins.*

78 Because of the tender mercy of our God, *Whereby the dayspring from on high shall visit us,*

79 To shine upon them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death; *To guide our feet into the way of peace.*

LUKE, 2:8—14.

AND there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock.

9 And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

10 And the angel said unto them, *Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people;*

11 *For there is born to you this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*

12 *And this is the sign unto you; Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.*

13 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14 GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE AMONG MEN IN WHOM HE IS WELL PLEASED.

LUKE, 2:29—32.

NOW lettest Thou Thy servant depart, O Lord, *According to Thy word, in peace;*

30 For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation,

31 *Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples;*

32 A light for revelation to the Gentiles, *And the glory of Thy people Israel.*

Selection 36.

JOHN, 1:1—18.

IN the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

2 The same was in the beginning with God.

3 All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that hath been made.

4 In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.

5 And the light shineth in the darkness; and the darkness apprehended it not.

6 There came a man, sent from God, whose name was John.

7 The same came for witness, that he might bear witness of the light, that all might believe thro him.

8 He was not the light, but came that he might bear witness of the light.

9 There was the true light, which lighteth every man, coming into the world.

10 He was in the world, and the

world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not.

11 He came unto His own, and they that were His own received Him not.

12 But as many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on His name:

13 Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

14 And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, glory as of the Only Begotten from the Father), full of grace and truth.

15 John beareth witness of Him, and crieth, saying, This was He of whom I said, He that cometh after me is become before me: for He was before me.

16 For of His fulness we all received, and grace for grace.

17 For the law was given by Moses: grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

18 No man hath seen God at any time; the Only Begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him.

JOHN, 5:19—29.

JESUS therefore answered and said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, The Son can do nothing of Himself: but what he seeth the Father doing; for what things soever He doeth, these the Son also doeth in like manner.

20 For the Father loveth the Son, and sheweth Him all things that Himself doeth: and greater works than these will He shew Him, that ye may marvel.

21 For as the Father raiseth the dead and quickeneth them, even so the Son also quickeneth whom He will.

22 For neither doth the Father judge any man: but He hath given all judgement unto the Son;

23 That all may honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which sent Him.

24 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth Him that sent Me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgement, but hath passed out of death into life.

25 Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live.

26 For as the Father hath life in Himself, even so gave He to the Son also to have life in Himself:

27 And he gave Him authority to execute judgement, because He is the Son of man.

28 Marvel not at this: for the hour cometh, in which all that are in the tombs shall hear His voice, and shall come forth;

29 They that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done ill, unto the resurrection of judgement.

Selection 37.

ROMANS, 12:9—21.

LET love be without hypocrisy. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

10 In love of the brethren be tenderly affectioned one to another; in honor preferring one another;

11 In diligence not slothful; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

12 Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing stedfastly in prayer;

13 Communicating to the necessities of the saints; given to hospitality.

14 Bless them that persecute you; bless, and curse not.

15 Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep.

16 Be of the same mind one toward another. Set not your mind on high things, but condescend to things that are lowly. Be not wise in your own conceits.

17 Render to no man evil for evil. Take thought for things honorable in the sight of all men.

18 If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, be at peace with all men.

19 Avenge not yourselves, beloved, but give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance belongeth unto Me; I will recompense, saith the Lord.

20 But if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head.

21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

ROMANS, 15:1—7.

NOW we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.

2 Let each one of us please his neighbor for that which is good, unto edifying.

3 For Christ also pleased not Himself; but, as it is written, The reproaches of them that reproached Thee fell upon me.

4 For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that thro patience and thro comfort of the scriptures we might have hope.

5 Now the God of patience and of comfort grant you to be of the same mind one with another according to Christ Jesus:

6 That with one accord ye may with one mouth glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

7 Wherefore receive ye one another, even as Christ also received you, to the glory of God.

I CORINTHIANS, 1:26—31.

BEHOLD your calling, brethren, how that not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called:

27 But God chose the foolish things of the world, that He might put to shame them that are wise; and God chose the weak things of the world, that He might put to shame the things that are strong;

28 And the base things of the world, and the things that are despised, did God choose, yea and the things that are not, that He might bring to nought the things that are:

29 That no flesh should glory before God.

30 But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus,

who was made unto us wisdom from God, and righteousness and sanctification, and redemption:

31 That, according as it is written, "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

I CORINTHIANS, 13.

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

2 And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

3 And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not;

5 Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part:

10 But when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.

12 For now we see in a mirror, in enigma: but then face to face. Now I know in part: but then shall I know fully, even as also I have been known.

13 But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

Selection 38.

I CORINTHIANS, 15:35—58.

But some one will say, How are the dead raised? And with what manner of body do they come?

36 Thou foolish one, that which thou thyself sowest is not quickened, except it die.

37 And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but a bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other kind:

38 But God giveth it a body even as it pleased Him, and to each seed a body of its own.

39 All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one flesh of men, and another flesh of beasts, and another flesh of birds, and another of fishes.

40 There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

41 There is one glory of the Sun, and

another glory of the Moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory.

42 So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption:

43 It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power:

44 It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. If there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual.

45 So also it is written, The first man Adam became a living soul, the last Adam a life-giving spirit.

46 Howbeit that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual.

47 The first man is of the Earth, earthy: the second man is of Heaven.

48 As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.

49 And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

50 Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

51 Behold, I tell you a mystery: We shall not all sleep:

52 But we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

53 For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

54 But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory!

55 O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?

56 The sting of death is sin; and the power of sin is the law:

57 But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory thro our Lord Jesus Christ.

58 Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord.

2 CORINTHIANS, 5:1—10.

FOR we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

2 For verily in this we groan, longing to be clothed upon with our habitation which is from Heaven,

3 If so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked.

4 For indeed we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but that we would be clothed upon, that what is mortal may be swallowed up of life.

5 Now He that wrought us for this very thing is God, who gave unto us the earnest of the Spirit.

6 Being therefore always of good courage, and knowing that, whilst we

are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord,

7 (For we walk by faith, not by sight);

8 We are of good courage, I say, and are willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be at home with the Lord.

9 Wherefore also we make it our aim, whether at home or absent, to be well-pleasing unto Him.

10 For we must all be made manifest before the judgement-seat of Christ; that each one may receive the things done thro the body, according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad.

I THESSALONIANS, 4:13—5:10.

BUT we would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that fall asleep; that ye sorrow not, even as the rest, which have no hope.

14 For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

15 For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we that are alive, that are left unto the coming of the Lord, shall in no wise precede them that are fallen asleep.

16 For the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first.

17 Then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

18 Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

5.

BUT, concerning the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that aught be written unto you.

2 For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.

3 When they are saying, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall in no wise escape.

4 But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief;

5 For ye are all sons of light, and sons of the day. We are not of the night, nor of darkness;

6 So then let us not sleep, as do the rest: but let us watch and be sober.

7 For they that sleep sleep in the night, and they that be drunken are drunken in the night.

8 But let us, since we are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation.

9 For God appointed us not unto wrath, but unto the obtaining of salvation thro our Lord Jesus Christ,

10 Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him.

Selection 39.

EPHESIANS, 1:3—14.

BLESSÈD be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blest us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ:

4 Even as He chose us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blemish before Him in love:

5 Having foreordained us unto adoption as sons thro Jesus Christ unto Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will,

6 To the praise of the glory of His grace, which He freely bestowed on us in the Belovèd:

7 In whom we have our redemption thro His blood, the forgiveness of our trespasses, according to the riches of His grace,

8 Which He made to abound toward us in all wisdom and prudence,

9 Having made known unto us the mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure which He purposed in Him,

10 Unto a dispensation of the fulness of the times, to sum up all things in Christ, the things in the Heavens, and the things upon the Earth;

11 In Him, in whom also we were made a heritage, having been foreordained according to the purpose of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His will;

12 To the end that we should be unto the praise of His glory, we who had before hoped in Christ:

13 In whom ye also, having heard the word of the truth, the gospel of your salvation,—in whom, having also believed, ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise,

14 Which is an earnest of our inheritance, unto the redemption of God's own possession, unto the praise of His glory.

COLOSSIANS, 1:12—18.

GIVING thanks unto the Father, who made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

13 Who delivered us out of the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love;

14 In whom we have our redemption, the forgiveness of our sins:

15 Who is the image of the invisible God, the Firstborn of all Creation;

16 For in Him were all things created, in the Heavens and upon the Earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers; all things have been created thro Him, and unto Him:

17 And He is before all things, and in Him all things consist.

18 And He is the head of the body, the Church: who is the Beginning, the Firstborn from the dead; that in all things He might have the pre-eminence.

I TIMOTHY, 6:12—16.

FIGHT the good fight of the faith, lay hold on the life eternal, whereunto thou wast called, and didst confess the good confession in the sight of many witnesses.

13 I charge thee in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and of Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed the good confession;

14 That thou keep the commandment, without spot, without reproach, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ:

15 Which in its own times He shall shew, who is the blessèd and only Potentate, the King of them that rule as kings, and Lord of them that rule as lords.

16 Who only hath immortality, dwellinn in light unapproachable; whom no man hath seen, nor can see: to whom be honor and power eternal. AMEN.

HEBREWS, 10:19—25.

HAVING therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holy place by the blood of Jesus,

20 By the way which He dedicated for us, a new and living way, thro the veil, that is to say, His flesh;

21 And having a great priest over the house of God;

22 Let us draw near with a true heart in fulness of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our body washed with pure water.

23 Let us hold fast the confession of our hope that it waver not; for He is faithful that promised.

24 And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works;

25 Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the custom of some is: but exhorting one another; and so much the more, as ye see the day drawing nigh.

Selection 40.

FIRST EPISTLE OF PETER.

1.

BLESSÉD be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to His great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,

4 Unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for you,

5 Who by the power of God are guarded thro faith unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

13 Wherefore girding up the loins of your mind, be sober and set your hope perfectly on the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ;

14 As children of obedience, not fashioning yourselves according to your former lusts in the time of your ignorance.

2.

11 Belovèd, I beseech you as sojourners and pilgrims, to abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul;

12 Having your behaviour seemly among the Gentiles; that, wherein they speak against you as evil-doers, they may by your good works, which they behold, glorify God in the day of visitation.

3.

8 Be ye all likeminded, sympathetic, loving as brethren, tender-hearted, humbleminded;

9 Not rendering evil for evil, or re-

viling for reviling: but contrariwise blessing.

14 But and if ye should suffer for righteousness' sake, blessèd are ye. And fear not their fear, neither be troubled:

15 But sanctify in your hearts Christ as Lord, being ready always to give answer to every man that asketh you a reason concerning the hope that is in you, yet with meekness and fear;

16 Having a good conscience; that, wherein ye are spoken against, they may be put to shame who revile your good manner of life in Christ.

17 For it is better, if the will of God should so will, that ye suffer for well-doing than for evil-doing.

18 Because Christ also suffered for sins once, the righteous for the unrighteous, that He might bring us to God; being put to death in the flesh, but quickened in the spirit.

4.

12 Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial among you, which cometh upon you to prove you, as tho a strange thing happened unto you:

13 But insomuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, rejoice; that at the revelation of His glory also ye may rejoice with exceeding joy.

14 If ye are reproached for the name of Christ, blessèd are ye; because the Spirit of glory and the Spirit of God resteth upon you.

15 For let none of you suffer as a murderer, or a thief, or an evil-doer, or as a meddler in other men's matters:

16 But if a man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God in this Name.

5.

5 Yea, all of you gird yourselves with humility, to serve one another; for God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.

6 Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time;

7 Casting all your anxiety upon Him, because He careth for you.

8 Be sober, be watchful. Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour;

9 Whom withstand stedfast in your faith, knowing that the same sufferings are accomplished in your brethren who are in the world.

10 And the God of all grace, who called you unto His eternal glory in Christ, after that ye have suffered a little while, shall himself perfect, stablish, strengthen you.

11 To Him be the dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

Selection 41.

FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN.

1.

This is the message which we have heard from Him, and announce unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.

6 If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in the darkness, we lie, and do not the truth:

7 But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

8 If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

9 If we confess our sins, He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

10 If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us.

2.

15 Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

16 For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the vainglory of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.

17 And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

3.

1 Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God: and such we are. For this cause the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not.

2 Belovèd, now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that, if He shall be manifested, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him even as He is.

3 And every one that hath this hope set on Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure.

4.

7 Belovèd, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God.

8 He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.

9 Herein was the love of God manifested unto us, that God hath sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live thro Him.

10 Herein is love, not that we loved God: but that He loved us, and sent His Son the propitiation for our sins.

11 Belovèd, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.

5.

1 Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is begotten of God; and whosoever loveth Him that begat loveth Him also that is begotten of Him.

2 Hereby we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and do His commandments.

3 For this is the love of God, that we keep His commandments, and His commandments are not grievous.

4 For whatsoever is begotten of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that hath overcome the world, —our faith.

Selection 42.

REVELATION, 7:9—17.

I SAW, and behold, a great multitude, which no man could number, out of every nation, and of all tribes and

peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands;

10 And they cry with a great voice, saying, Salvation unto our God which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb.

11 And all the angels were standing round about the throne, and about the elders and the four living creatures; and they fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God, saying, Amen:

12 Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

13 And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, These which are arrayed in the white robes, who are they, and whence came they?

14 And I say unto him, My lord, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which come out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

15 Therefore are they before the throne of God; and they serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall spread His tabernacle over them.

16 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat;

17 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their Shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life: and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.

12:10, 11.

And I heard a great voice in Heaven, saying, Now is come the salvation, and the power, and the kingdom of our God, and the authority of His Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accuseth them before our God day and night.

11 And they overcame him because of the blood of the Lamb, and because of the word of their testimony; and they loved not their life even unto death.

19:5—16.

And a voice came forth from the throne, saying, Give praise to our God, all ye His servants, ye that fear Him, the small and the great.

6 And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Hallelujah! for the Lord our God, the Almighty, reigneth!

7 Let us rejoice and be exceeding glad, and let us give the glory unto Him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready.

8 And it was given unto her that she should array herself in fine linen, bright and pure; for the fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints.

9 And he saith unto me, Write, Blessèd are they which are bidden to the marriage supper of the Lamb. And he saith unto me, These are true words of God.

10 And I fell down before his feet to

worship him. And he saith unto me, See thou do it not: I am a fellow-servant with thee and with thy brethren that hold the testimony of Jesus: worship God; for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.

11 And I saw the Heaven opened; and behold, a white horse, and He that sat thereon, called Faithful and True; and in righteousness He doth judge and make war.

12 And His eyes are a flame of fire, and upon His head are many diadems; and He hath a name written, which no one knoweth but He Himself.

13 And He is arrayed in a garment sprinkled with blood: and His name is called The Word of God.

14 And the armies which are in Heaven followed Him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and pure.

15 And out of His mouth proceedeth a sharp sword, that with it He should smite the nations: and He shall rule them with a rod of iron: and He treadeth the winepress of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God.

16 And He hath on His garment and on His thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.

Selection 43.

REVELATION, 21:1—7, 22—27, AND 22:1—5.

AND I saw a new Heaven and a new Earth: for the first Heaven and the first Earth are passed away; and the sea is no more.

2 And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of Heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband.

3 And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His peoples, and God Himself shall be with them, their God.

4 And He shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more; the first things are passed away.

5 And He that sitteth on the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he saith, Write; for these words are faithful and true.

6 And He saith unto me, They are come pass, I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

7 He that overcometh shall inherit these things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son.

AND I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God the Almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple thereof.

23 And the city hath no need of the Sun, neither of the Moon, to shine upon it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp thereof is the Lamb.

24 And the nations shall walk amid the light thereof: and the kings of the Earth do bring their glory into it.

25 And the gates thereof shall in no wise be shut by day (for there shall be no night there):

26 And they shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it:

27 And there shall in no wise enter into it anything unclean, or he that maketh an abomination and a lie: but only they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

22.

AND he shewed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, in the midst of the street thereof.

2 And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life, bearing twelve harvests of fruits, yielding its fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

3 And there shall be no curse any more; and the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein; and His servants shall do Him service;

4 And they shall see His face; and His name shall be on their foreheads.

5 And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light. And they shall reign for ever and ever.

BEATITUDES OF THE APOCALYPSE.

BLESSÉD is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of the prophecy, and keep the things which are written therein; for the time is at hand.

BLESSÉD are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth! Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them.

BLESSÉD is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments; lest he walk naked, and they see his shame.

BLESSÉD are they which are bidden to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

BLESSÉD and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; over these the second death hath no power: but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years.

BLESSÉD is he that keepeth the words of the prophecy of this book.

BLESSÉD are they that wash their robes, that they may have the right to come to the tree of life, and may enter in by the portals into the city.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Ascriptions.

O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God. How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past tracing out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? Or who hath been His counsellor? Or who hath first given to Him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of Him, and thro Him, and unto Him, are all things. To Him be the glory for ever. Amen. *Romans*, 11:33—36.

To Him that is able to stablish you according to my gospel and the preaching of Jesus Christ, according to the revelation of the mystery which hath been kept in silence thro times eternal, but now is manifested, and by the scriptures of the prophets, according to the commandment of the eternal God, is made known unto all the nations unto obedience of faith; to the only wise God, thro Jesus Christ, be the glorv for ever. Amen.
nans, 16:25—27.

Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations for ever and ever. Amen. *Eph.* 3:20, 21.

Now unto Him that is able to guard you from stumbling, and to set you before the presence of His glory without blemish in exceeding joy, to the only God our Saviour, thro Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory, majesty, dominion and power, before all time, and now, and for evermore. Amen.
Jude. 24, 25.

Unto Him that loveth us, and loosed us from our sins by His blood; and He made us to be a kingdom, to be priests unto His God and Father; to Him be the glory and the dominion for ever and ever. Amen.
Rev. 1:6, 7.

Worthy art Thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honor and the power; for Thou didst create all things, and because of Thy will they were, and were created. *Rev.* 4:11.

Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.
Rev. 7:12.

Benedictions.

JEHOVAH bless thee, and keep thee. Jehovah make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. Jehovah lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Numbers, 6:26.

NOW the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, in the power of the Holy Ghost. Rom., 15:13.

THE grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you. My love be with you all in Christ Jesus. Amen. 1 Cor., 16:24.

THE grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. 2 Cor., 13:14.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit, brethren. Amen. Gal., 6:18.

TO the saints and the faithful in Christ Jesus, grace and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. Eph., 1:2.

PEACE be to the brethren, and love with faith, from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in uncorruptness. Eph., 4:23.

GOD shall fulfil every need of yours according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus. Now unto our God and Father be the glory for ever and ever. Amen. Phil., 4:19.

THE God of peace Himself sanctify you wholly. And may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Thess., 5:23.

OUR Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God our Father which loved us and gave us eternal comfort and good hope thro grace, comfort your hearts and stablish them in every good work and word. 2 Thess., 2:16.

NOW the Lord of peace Himself give you peace at all times in all ways. The Lord be with you all. 2 Thess., 3:16.

THE God of peace, who brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of the sheep with the blood of the eternal covenant, our Lord Jesus, make you perfect in every good thing to do His will, working in us that which is well-pleasing in His sight, thro Jesus Christ; to whom be the glory for ever and ever. Amen. Hebs., 13:20.

THE God of all grace, who called you unto His eternal glory in Christ after that ye have suffered a little while, shall Himself perfect, stablish, strengthen you. Peace be unto you all that are in Christ. 1 Pet., 5:10, 14.

THE grace of the Lord Jesus be with the saints. Amen. Rev., 22:21.

The Ten Commandments.

EXODUS, 20:1—17.

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am JEHOVAH thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. THOU shalt have no other gods before Me.

II. THOU shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor the likeness of any form that is in Heaven above, or that is in the Earth beneath, or that is in the water under the Earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them; for I JEHOVAH thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep My commandments.

III. THOU shalt not take the name of JEHOVAH thy God in vain, for JEHOVAH will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

IV. REMEMBER the sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of JEHOVAH thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days JEHOVAH made Heaven and Earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore JEHOVAH blest the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. HONOR thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which JEHOVAH thy God giveth thee.

VI. THOU shalt do no murder.

VII. THOU shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. THOU shalt not steal.

IX. THOU shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. THOU shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

MATTHEW XXII:37—40.

JESUS said unto him, THOU SHALT LOVE THE LORD THY GOD WITH ALL THY HEART, AND WITH ALL THY SOUL, AND WITH ALL THY MIND. This is the first and great commandment. And a second is like unto it, THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF. On these two commandments hangeth the whole Law, and the Prophets.

The Apostles' Creed.

I BELIEVE IN GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY, MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH: AND IN JESUS CHRIST HIS ONLY SON OUR LORD; WHO WAS CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST, BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY, SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE, WAS CRUCIFIED, DEAD, AND BURIED. HE DESCENDED INTO HADES. THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD. HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN, AND SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY. FROM THENCE HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD. I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST, THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH, THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS, THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS, THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY, AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING. AMEN.

A General Confession.

From the Strasburg Liturgy of John Calvin.

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father; we have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep; we have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts; we have offended against Thy holy laws; we have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us.

But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders; spare Thou those, O God, who confess their faults; restore Thou those who are penitent; according to Thy promises declared unto mankind, in Christ Jesus our Lord; and grant, O most merciful Father, for His sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life; to the glory of Thy Holy Name. Amen.

Te Deum Laudamus.

WE praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the Earth doth Worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

To Thee all angels cry aloud; the Heavens, and all the powers therein.
To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; Heaven and Earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee.

The white-robed* army of Martyrs praise Thee.

The holy Church throout all the world doth acknowledge Thee.

The Father of an infinite majesty; Thine adorable, true and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.

Thou art the Everlasting Son of the Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a virgin.

When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with Thy saints, in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thy heritage. Govern them, and lift them up for ever.

Day by day we magnify Thee; and we worship Thy name ever, world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us! Have mercy upon us!

O Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in Thee.

O LORD, IN THEE HAVE I TRUSTED: LET ME NEVER BE CONFOUNDED.

* "candidatus exercitus."

CHURCH SONG

For the Uses of

The House of God.

Prepared by

Melancthon Woolsey Stryker.

Biglow & Main,
New York and Chicago.
1889.

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GUNTHER & CO.,
Music Typographers, 63 Duane St., N. Y.

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The Nicene Creed.

I **Believe** in One **God**, the **Father Almighty**, Maker of Heaven and Earth and of all things, visible and invisible.

And in One **Lord Jesus Christ**, the Only Begotten **Son** of **God**, Begotten of His **Father** before all worlds; **God** of **God**, Light of Light, Very **God** of Very **God**, Begotten, not made, Being of one substance with the **Father**; By Whom all things were made.

Who for us men and for our salvation came down from Heaven; And was incarnate by the **Holy Ghost** of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man; And was Crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried; And the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures; And ascended into Heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of the **Father**; And He shall come again with glory, to judge both the quick and the dead; Whose kingdom shall have no end.

And I believe in the **Holy Ghost**, The Lord and Giver of Life; Who proceedeth from the **Father** and the **Son**; Who with the **Father** and the **Son** together is worshipped and glorified; Who spake by the Prophets.

And I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins. And I look for the Resurrection of the dead and the Life of the world to come.

Amen.

CHURCH SONG

1 Upraised from sleep, to Thee we kneel.

"He that keepeth thee will not slumber."

12.8.8.4.4.7.

ANCIENT GREEK HYMN. *Cir.* 300 A D.
Tr. ROBERT C. SINGLETON, 1872, *Abr.*

Matin Hymn.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.

1. UP - RAISED from sleep, to Thee we kneel, as day doth break. To Thee, O Lord, a - loud we sing, To Thee the song of an - gels bring; For mer - cy's sake, Oh, pit - y take, O Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - - ly! *A - men.*

f *m* *ril.* *a tempo.* *f*

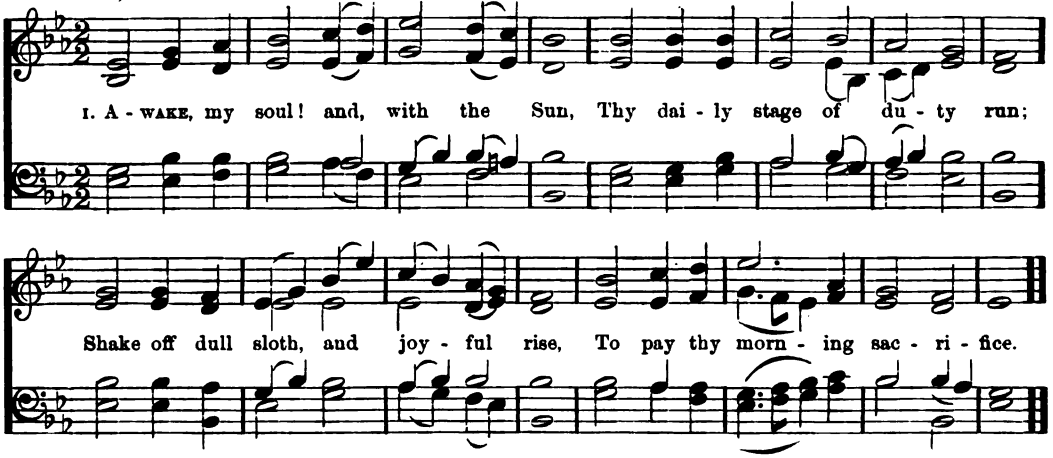
2 Thou, Lord, hast from my couch of rest uplifted me;
Oh, light my mind, Oh, light my heart,
And ope my lips to take their part
In praising Thee, Blest Trinity!
O Holy, Holy, Holy! *Amen.*

2 Awake, my soul! and, with the Sun.

"Blessed be the Lord, who day by day will carry for us."

L. M. — THOMAS KEN, 1697, *Abr.*

Duke Street. — JOHN HATTON, 1790.



2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart!
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to their eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, while I slept;
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3

1 NEW mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heav'n.

2 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

3 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer,
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827, *Abr.*

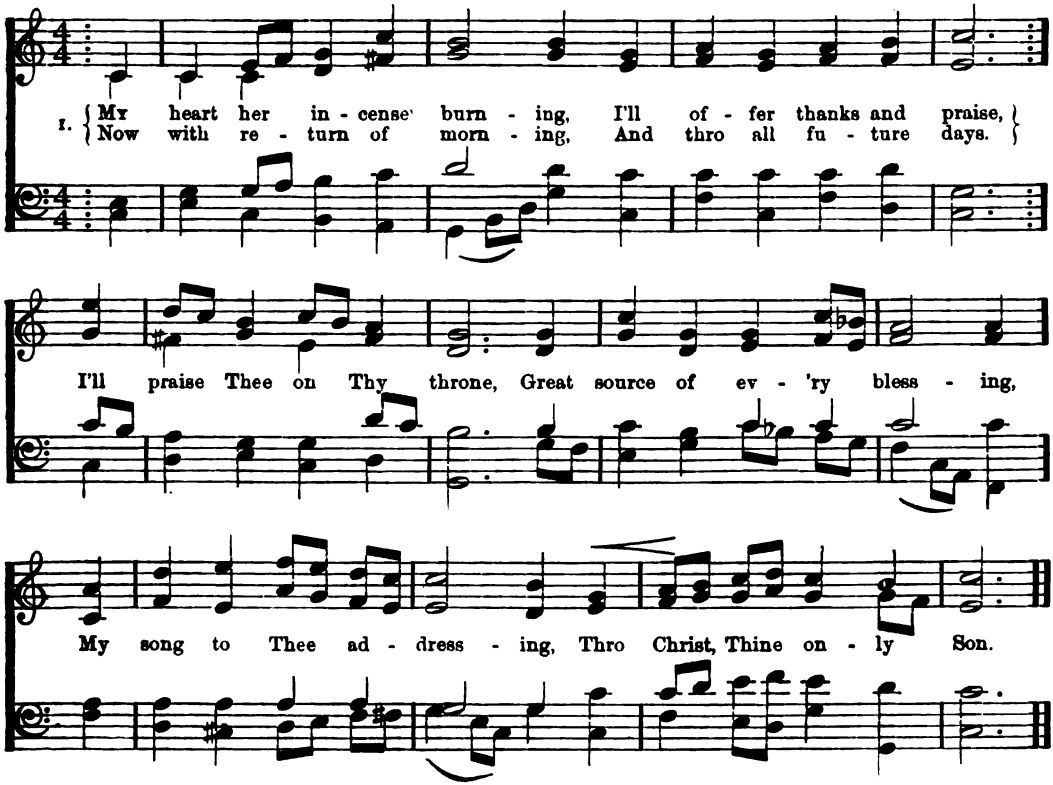
4 My heart her incense burning.

"Bring your sacrifices every morning."

7s & 6s, P. — **Thurifer.**

Ger. Johann Matthesius, d. 1565.
Tr. Henry Mills, 1856, *Abr.*

Johann Leonard Hasler, 1601.
Arr. Johann Hermann Schein, 1627.



2 Thy mercy asks my praises
That kept me thro the night;
And now from sleep it raises,
To greet the dawning light.
Throout the coming day,
In mercy still direct me;
From Satan's wiles protect me,
From sin and from dismay.

3 Thy plan of grace pursuing,
To me Thy grace impart.
Control, in all I'm doing,
The wishes of my heart.
Thy shield hold Thou above;
Then nothing shall distress me,
To duty I'll address me,
Rejoicing in Thy love.

5

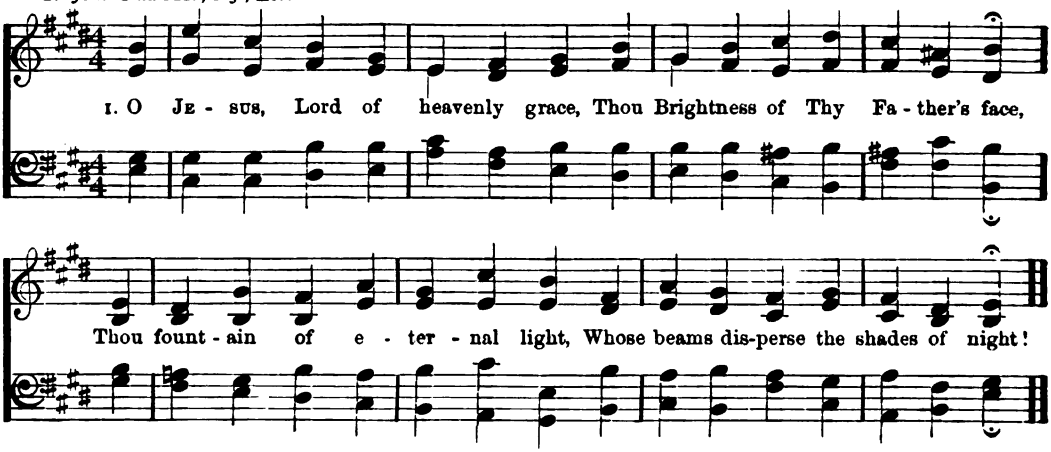
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace.

"Cause me to hear Thy loving kindness in the morning."

L. M. **Anglican.**

Latin, AMBROSE OF MILAN, 390.
Tr. JOHN CHANDLER, 183-, *Abr.*

EDWIN GEORGE MONK, 1867.



2 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
Come in Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness.
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Oh, hallowed be th'approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright!

5 O Christ! with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
Oh! may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

6

1 Now with Creation's morning song
Let us, as children of the day,
With wakened heart and purpose strong,
The works of darkness cast away!

2 Oh! may the morn, so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil;—
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

3 And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

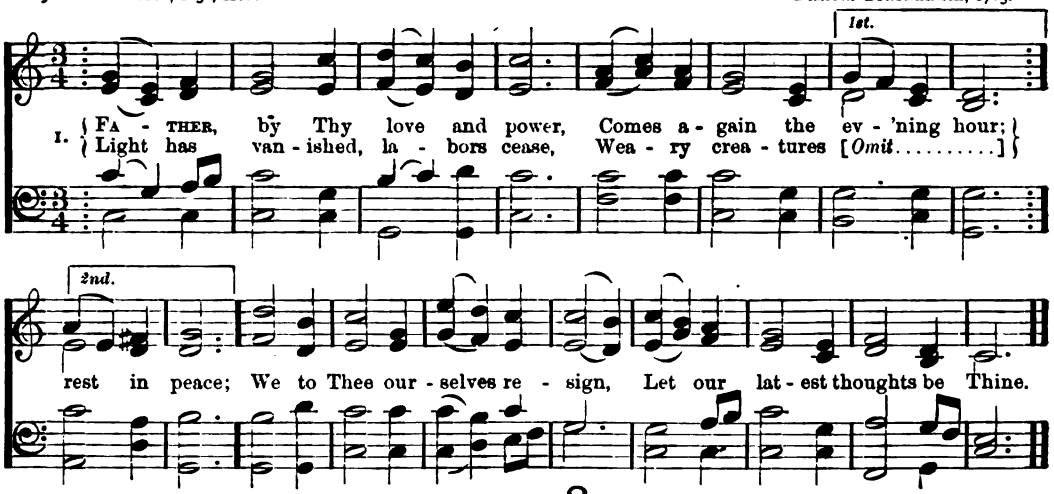
4 Grant us, O God! in love to Thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below,
Faith, the invisible to see,
And wisdom, Thee in all to know.

Lat. Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1848.
Alt. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

7 Father, by Thy love and power.

7.7.7.7.7.7. "*The joy of the Lord is your strength.*" **Kirke.**

JOSEPH ANSTICE, 1836, *Abr.* DIMITRI BORTNIANSKI, 1783.



2 Saviour, to Thy Father bear
This our lowly evening prayer;
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We, like sheep, have gone astray.
Blessèd Saviour, we, thro Thee,
Pray that we may pardoned be.

3 Holy Spirit, Breath of balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm;
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with Thee will vigil keep.
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

4 Blessèd Trinity, be near
Thro the hours of darkness drear;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Round us set th' angelic host,
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

8

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in our hearts appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unillumined, Lord, by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams we see;
Lord, Thine inward light impart,
Cheering each benighted heart.

3 Visit every soul of Thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill us, Lord, with light divine,
Scatter all our unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

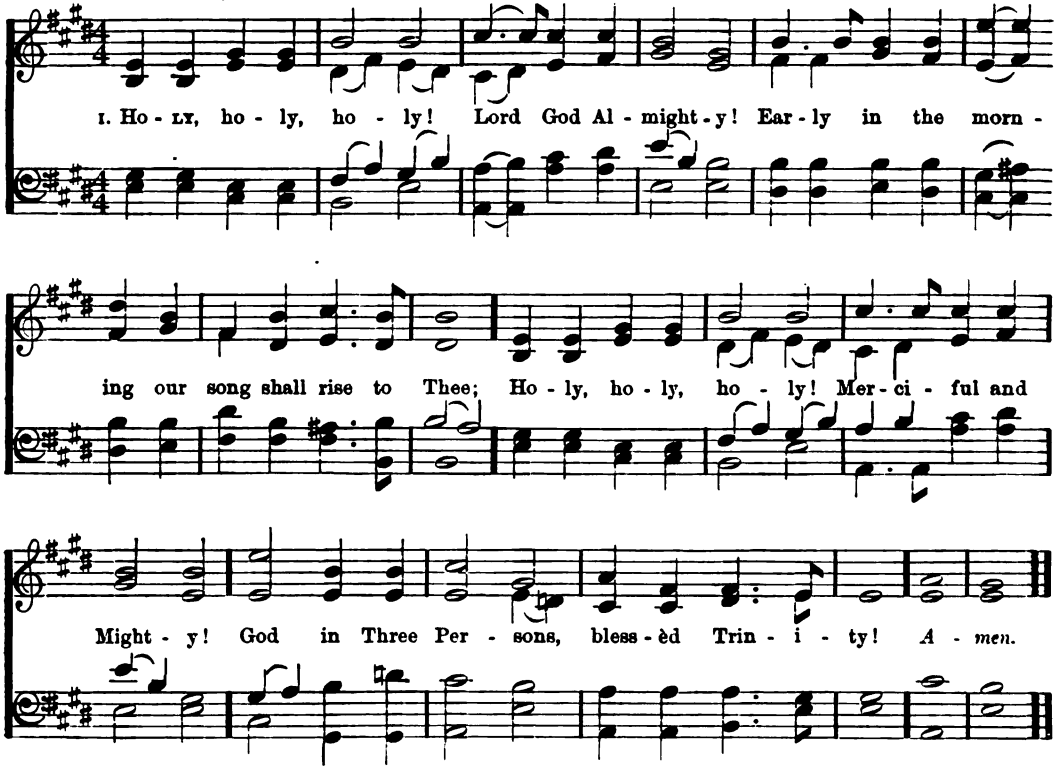
CHARLES WESLEY, 1740, *Alt.*

9 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.

"Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises."

12.12.12.10. **Nicœa.**

REGINALD HEBER, 1819. JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

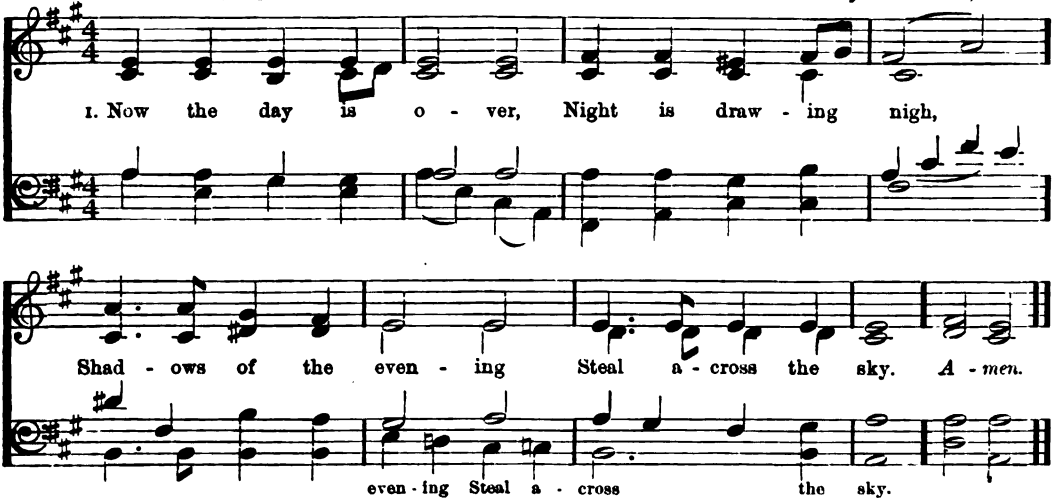
3 Holy, holy, holy! tho the darkness hide Thee,
Tho the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in Earth, and sky, and sea.
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! *Amen.*

10 Now the day is over.

6.5.6.5. *"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep."* **Twilight.**

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1865. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May our eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the angry sea.

5 Comfort every suff'rer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

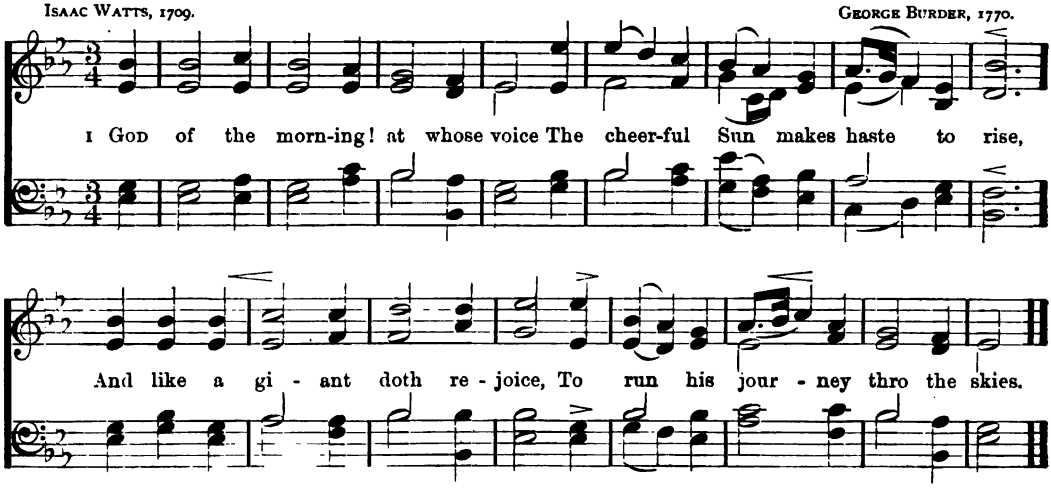
6 Thro the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In Thine holy eyes. *Amen.*

11 God of the morning! at whose voice.

L. M. "*The Lord thinketh on me.*" **Luton.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. GEORGE BURDER, 1770.



2 Oh! like the Sun, may I fulfill
Th'appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, shall disappear,
And leave me in the world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.

4 Lord! Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

5 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint, and cold, compared with this.

12

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Abr.*

13 The day is past and over.

7.6.7.6.8.8. "*He turneth the shadow of death into the morning.*" **St. Anatolius.**

Gk. Anatolius, 5th Century, *d.* 458.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1862. *Alt.*

John B. Dykes, 1862.

1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
We pray Thee, that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.
O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight, And save us thro the com - ing night.

2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save us thro the coming night.

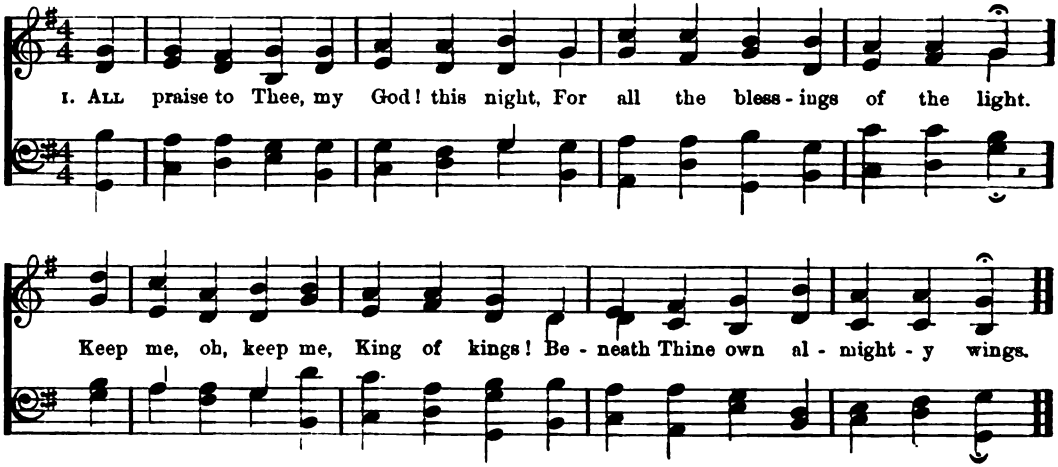
3 The toils of day are over;
We raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us thro the coming night.

4 Be Thou our souls' Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know,
How many are the perils,
Thro which we have to go.
Lover of men! Oh, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

14 All praise to Thee, my God, this night.

L. M. *"Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice."* **Tallis' Canon.**

THOMAS KEN, 1697. *Abr.* THOMAS TALLIS, 1560. *Har.*



2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

4 Oh! may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply!
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

15

1 Now sinks in night the flaming Sun,
O Thou, our everlasting Day,
Thrice Holy Godhead, Three in One,
Thy brightness to our hearts display.

2 To Thee we hymned the morning lay,
To Thee our evening vows are given;
Grant us, as here to Thee we pray,
To praise Thee in the courts of Heaven.

3 And when the day shall come that we
Shall know no more, as now, in part,
May we, unveiled, Thy Presence see,
Be like, and know Thee as Thou art;

4 And evermore, with voice and heart,
Join concert with Thy heavenly host,
And bear, in praising Thee, our part,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

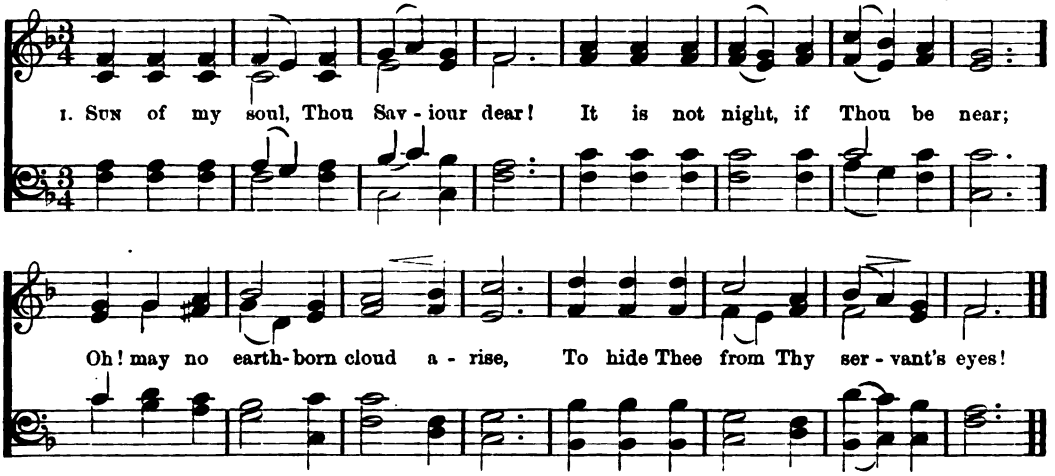
RICHARD MANT, 1837. *Abr.*

16 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.

"And at even, when the Sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were sick."

L. M. **Hursley.**

JOHN KEBLE, 1827. *Abr.* PETER RITTER, 1792. *Arr.*



2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve;
For without Thee I cannot live.
Abide with me when night is nigh;
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord! the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick. Enrich the poor,
With blessings from Thy boundless store.
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

17

1 O SAVIOUR Christ, our woes dispel!
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

2 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

3 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest;
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

4 Thy touch hath still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall,
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all!

HENRY TWELLS, 1868. *Abr.*

18 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide.

10.10.10.10. *"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."* **Eventide.**

HENRY F. LYTE, 1847. *Abr.* WILLIAM H. MONK, 1860.

Adagio.

1. A - - BIDE with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the helpless, Oh, a - bide with me! *A - men.*

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me.

3 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, tho rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;—
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

4 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Thro cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

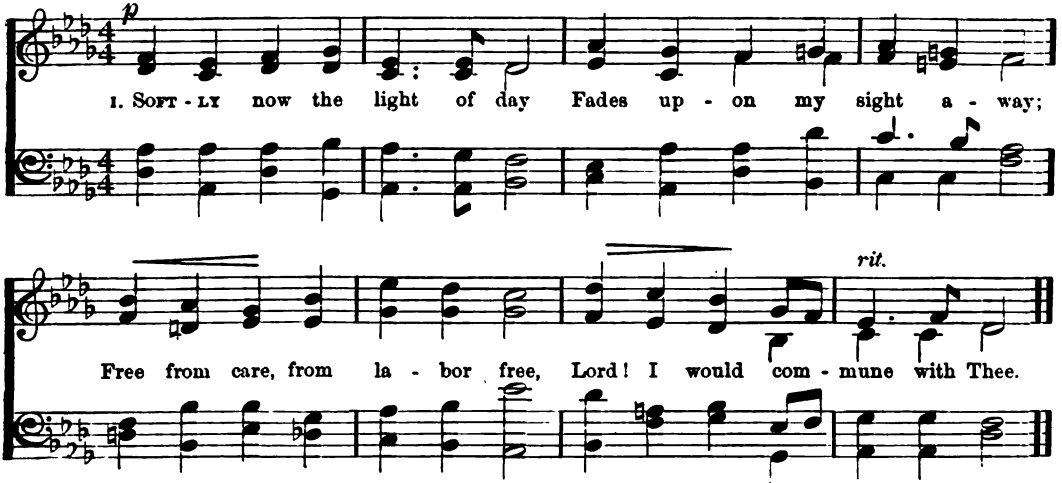
5 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

6 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine thro the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks! and Earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. *Amen.*

19 Softly now the light of day.

7.7.7.7. *"An inheritance * * that fadeth not."* **Esther.**

George W. Doane, 1824. *Abr.* Joseph Barnby, 1878.



2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within!
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

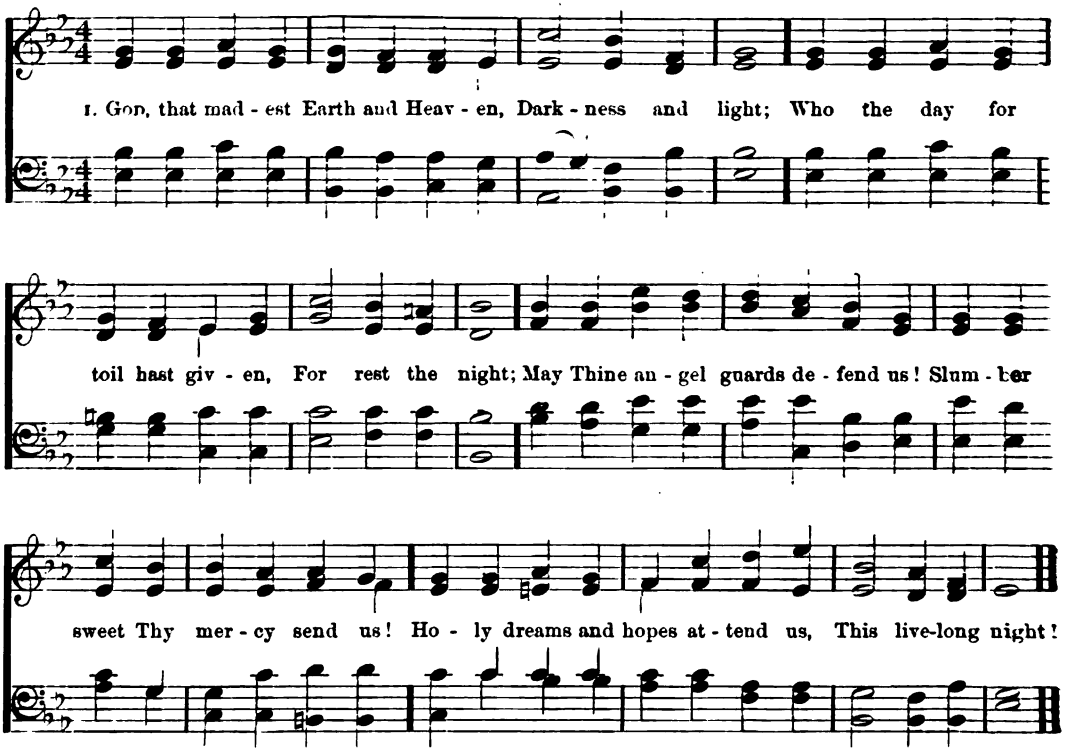
3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord! to dwell with Thee.

20 God that madest Earth and Heaven.

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. *"The darkness and the light are both alike."* **Temple.**

Stanza 1. Reginald Heber, 1827.
Stanza 2. Richard Whately, 1860.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1867.

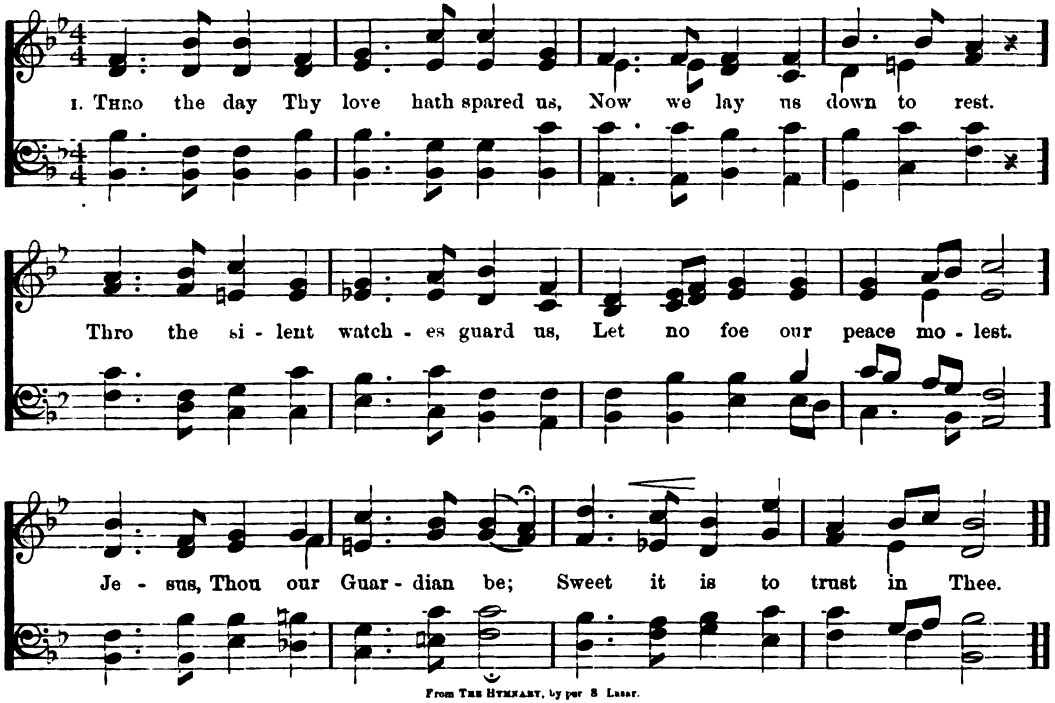


2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us:
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

21 Thro the day Thy love hath spared us.

8.7.8.7.7. "*Abide with us; for it is toward evening.*" **Hesperus.**

THOMAS KELLY, 1806. JOHN H. CORNELL, 1865.



From THE HYMNARY, by per S. Lasar.

2 Pilgrims here on Earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heav'n at last.

22

1 SAVIOUR, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall,
Let Thy Holy Dove descending,
Bring Thy mercy to us all.
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

2 Comfort those in pain or sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow,
Strengthened by Thy grace divine.
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

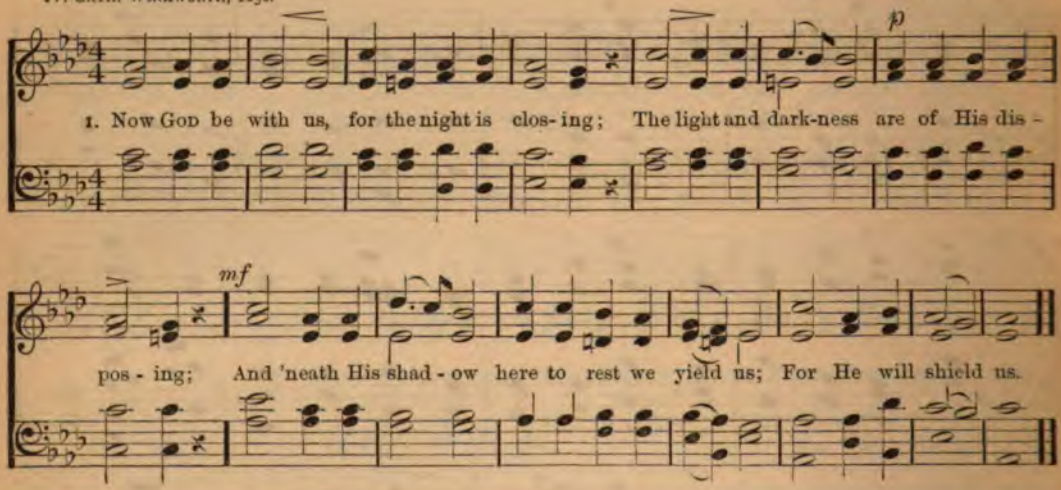
SARAH DOUDNEY, 1881. *Abr.*

23 Now God be with us, for the night is closing.

11.11.11.5. *"He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God."* **Integer Vitæ.**

Bohemian Hymn, *cir.* 1530.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1858.

Friedrich F. Flemming, 1810.



2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us.
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us.
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us;
Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

4 We have no refuge, none on Earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us:
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek Thee only.

5 Father, Thy name be praised. Thy kingdom given.
Thy will be done on Earth as 'tis in Heaven.
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us, now and ever.

24 Day is dying in the west.

P. M. "*The Lord God is a sun and a shield.*" **Hosmer Hall.**

MARY A. LATHBURY, 1877. WALDO S. PRATT, 1887.

mp *p*

1. DAY is dy - ing in the west. Heav'n is touching Earth with rest. Wait and worship, while the

m *f*

night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro all the sky. *Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Hosts!*

marcato. *ff*

Heav'n and Earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and Earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High! A - MEN.

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2 Lord of Life! Beneath the dome
Of the Universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thine embrace,
For Thou art nigh.
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and Earth, are, etc. AMEN.

25 The shadows of the evening hours.

C. M. D. *"Even the night shall be light about me."* **St. Leonard.**

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1858. *Abr.* HENRY HILES, 1870.

1. THE shad - ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky. Up - on the fragrance of the flow'rs The dews of eve - ning lie. Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of Heav'n! We kneel at close of day; Look on Thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray.

rit.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord!
Oh, do not Thou despise:
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

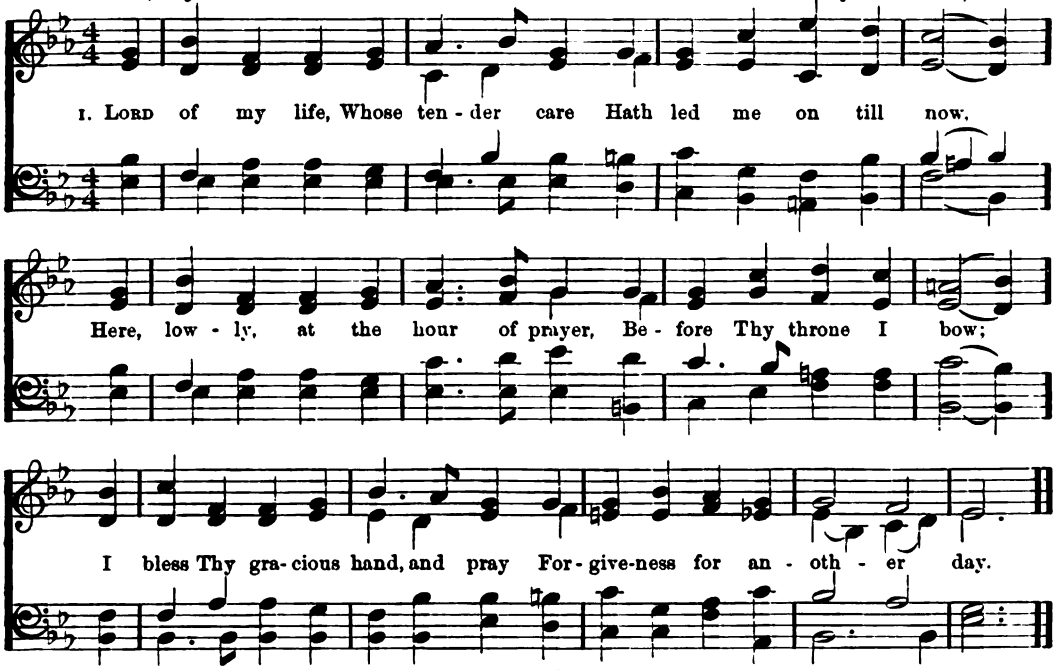
3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within the heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That, one by one, depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord! fresh hopes in Heaven,
And trust in things divine.

26 Lord of my life, Whose tender care.

8.6.8.6.8.8. "Ω CHELSEA," 1838.

"My expectation is from Him."

St. Vincent. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1862.



2 Oh, may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To Thee and to Thy glory live,
Dead to all else below;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Tho thorny, yet the path to God!

3 With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day;
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray;
All that I have, or am, to Thee
I offer thro eternity.

27

1 O VERY God of very God.
And very Light of Light,
Whose feet this Earth's dark valley trod,
That so it could be bright;
Oh, guide us till we reach that shore
Where Thou art shining evermore!

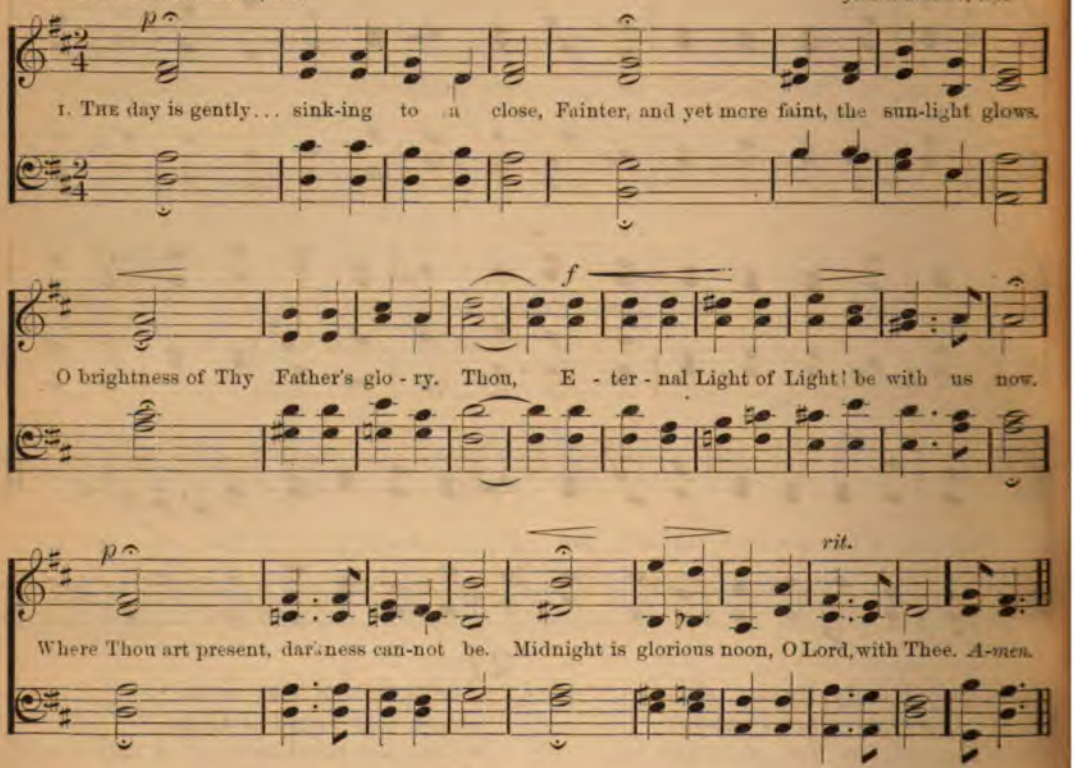
2 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come, our gloom to chase,
With healing on Thy wings.
The East no more is dull and grey:
But kindling to the perfect day!

JOHN MASON NEALE, 1844. *Arr.*

28 The day is gently sinking to a close.

10.10.10.10.10.10. *"Not put in fear by any terror."* **Sunset Chant.**

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1880.



2 Thou, who in darkness | walking didst appear |
Upon the waves, and | Thy disciples cheer, ||
Come, Lord, in lonesome | days, when storms assail, |
And earthly hopes and human succors fail; ||
When all is dark, may | we behold Thee nigh, |
And hear Thy | voice, "*Fear not, for it is I.*" ||

3 Our changeful lives are | ebbing to an end, |
Onward to darkness | and to death we tend; ||

O Conqueror of the | grave, be Thou our Guide, ||
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide; ||
Then in our mortal | hour will be no gloom, ||
No sting in | death, no terror in the tomb. ||

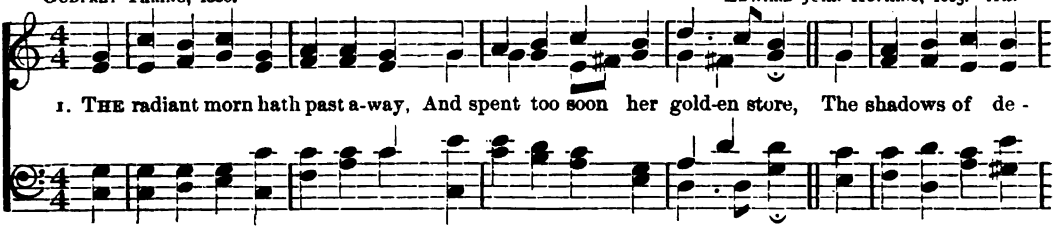
4 The weary world is | mouldering to decay, ||
Its glories wane, its | pageants fade away; ||
In that last sunset, | when the stars shall fall, ||
May we arise, awakened by Thy call, ||
With Thee, O Lord, for | ever to abide, ||
In that blest | day which has no eventide! || *Amen.*

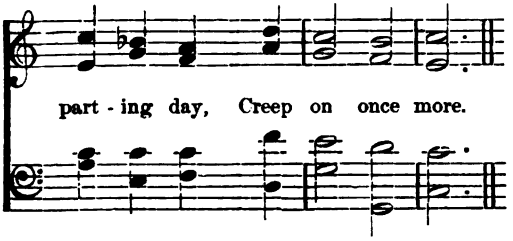
29 The radiant morn hath passed away.

"*He knoweth them that put their trust in Him.*"

8.8.8.4. **Redcliff.**

GODFREY THRING, 1866. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1863. *Alt.*





2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, Thou Living Way,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh! by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;—

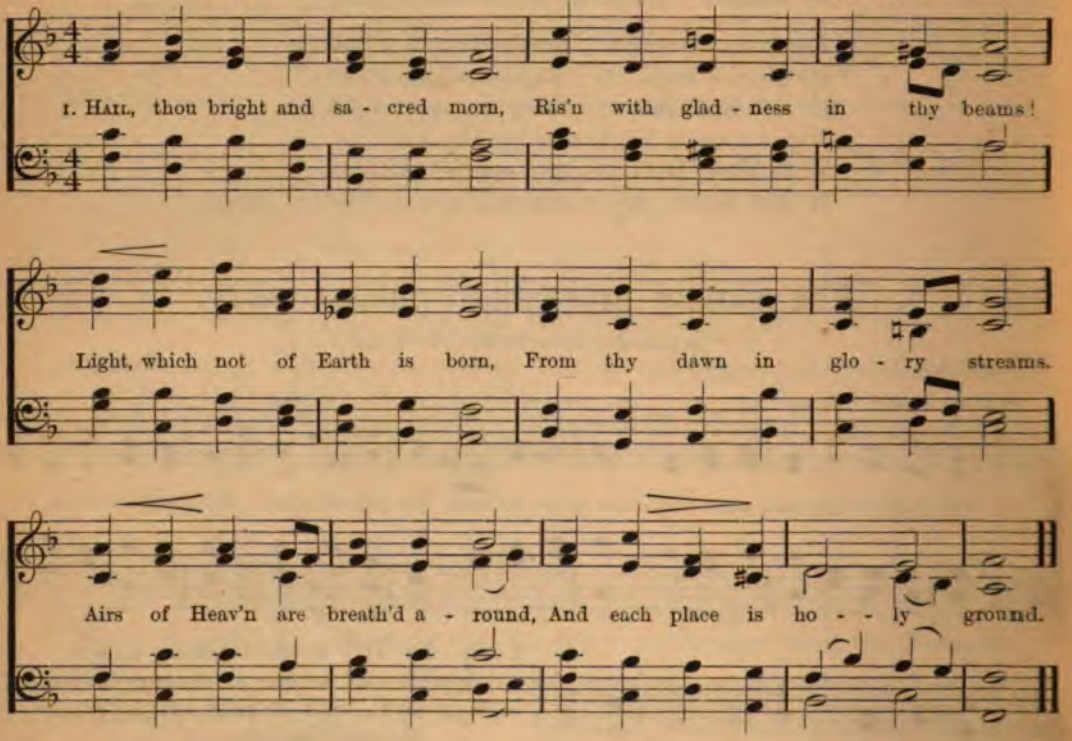
4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;—

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light!
Art Lord of all.

30 Hail, thou bright and sacred morn.

7·7·7·7·7·7. "*The light of the gospel of the glory of Christ.*" **Dies Christi.**

JULIA ANNE ELLIOTT, 1835. *Abr.* JOSEPH BARNBY, 1880.



2 Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessèd day,
Resting-place on life's rough road!
Here flow forth the streams of grace;
Strengthen'd hence we run our race.

3 Great Creator! Who, this day,
From Thy perfect work didst rest;
By the souls that own Thy sway
Hallow'd be its hours and blest;
Cares of Earth aside be thrown,
This day giv'n to Heaven alone.

4 Saviour! who, this day, didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake;
Shine thro all its sin and gloom.
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee.

5 Blessèd Spirit! Comforter!
Sent, this day, from Christ on high,
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify!
All Thine influence shed abroad;
Lead me to the truth of God!

6 Ah! the rest which yet remains
For Thy people, Lord, above,
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,
Endless as their Saviour's love.
Oh, may every Sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near!

31

1 Safely thro another week,
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day.
Day of all the week the best,—
Emblem of eternal rest!

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Thro the dear Redeemer's Name;
Show Thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame.
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

John Newton, 1779. *Abr.*

32 Lo, the day of rest declineth.

8.7.8.7. "*The dove came in to him at eventide, and, lo, in her mouth an olive leaf.*" **Louise.**

Chandler Robbins, 1845. Hubert P. Main, 1869.

Andante.

1. Lo, the day of rest de - clin - eth, Gath - er fast the shades of night;
May the Sun that ev - er shin - eth Fill our souls with heaven - ly light.

Copyrighted, Biglow & Main, 1869.

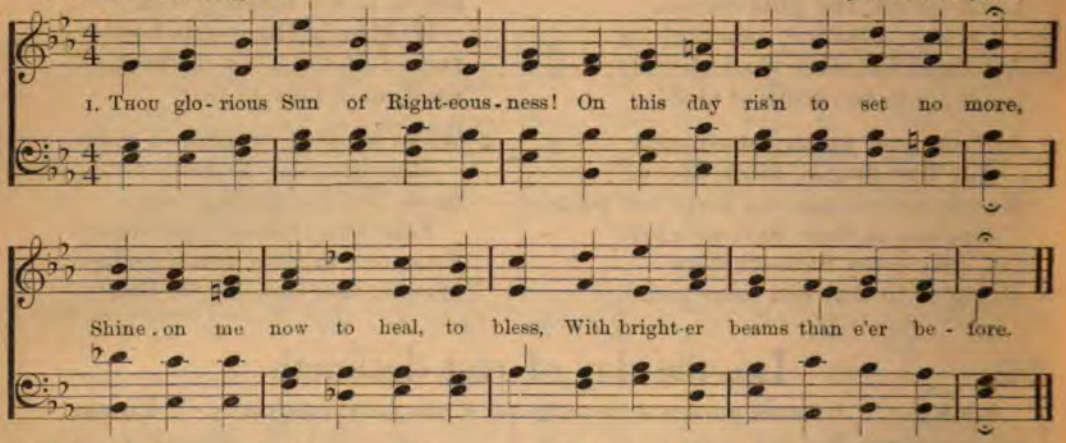
2 Softly now the dew is falling;
Peace o'er all the scene is spread:
On His children, meekly calling,
Purer influence God will shed.

3 While Thine ear of love addressing;
Thus our parting hymn we sing,—
Father, give Thine evening blessing;
Fold us safe beneath Thy wing.

33 Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness!

L. M. *"The glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the east."* **Durham.**

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1839. *Abr.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.



2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

3 Shine on Thy pure eternal word,
Its mysteries to my soul reveal;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
Oh, let it quicken, strengthen, heal!

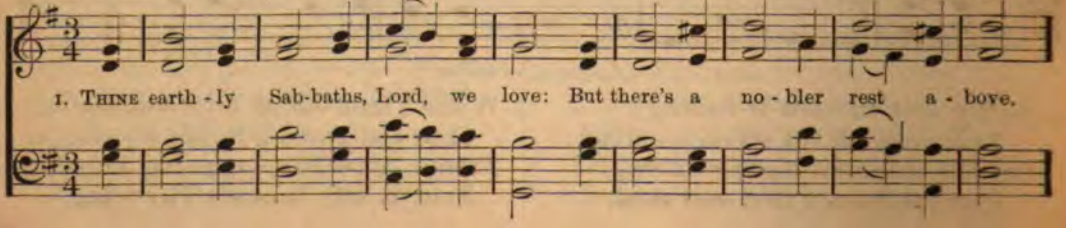
4 Shine on those unseen things displayed
To faiths far-penetrating eye;
And let their splendor cast a shade
On every earthly vanity.

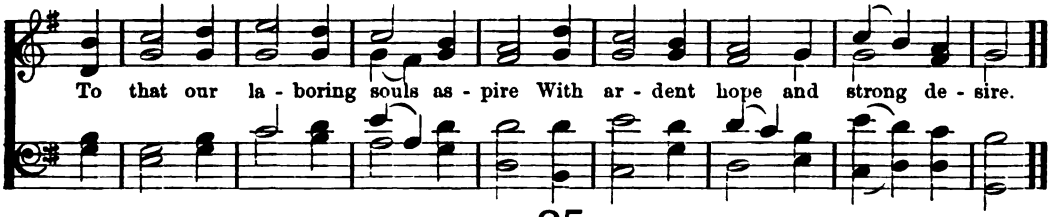
5 Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall chase
The blinding film from every eye;
Till every earthly dwelling place
Shall hail the Dayspring from on high!

34 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love.

L. M. *"Not finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words."* **Angels.**

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755. *Abr.* ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1614.





2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
No sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road
To sleep in death and rest in God.

35

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest.
No mortal cares shall seize my breast.
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

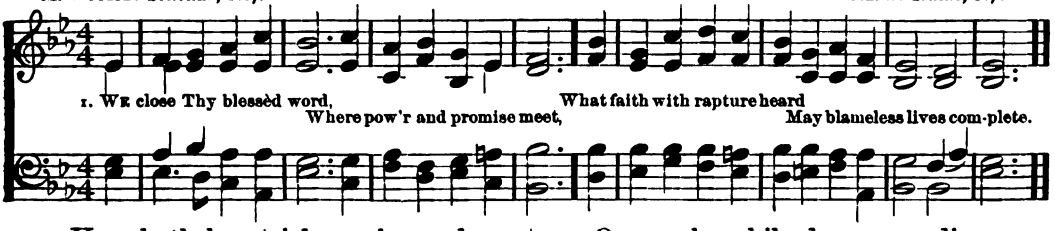
3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His Word.
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

Isaac Watts, 1709. *Abr.*

36 We close Thy blessèd word.

6.6.6.6. *"That we may lead a tranquil and quiet life in all godliness and gravity."* **Moseley.**

M. Woolsey Stryker, 1887. Henry Smart, 1878.



2 Here hath heartsickness learned
Who makes the sad to sing,
And strife-tossed reason turned
To love unquestioning.

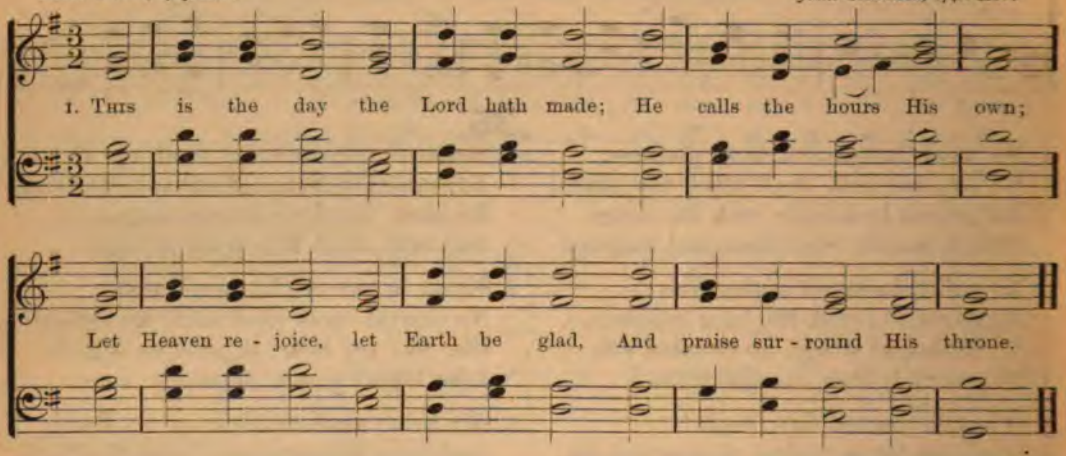
3 Receive our twilight hymn,
Take, Lord, our evening prayer;
Our souls, while day grows dim,
Surrender to Thy care.

4 Home to their fold, Thy breast,
Thy sheep return once more.
Thou, who dost guide to rest,
Thyself shalt guard the door.

37 This is the day the Lord hath made.

C. M. *"The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath."* **Marlow.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.* JOHN CHETHAM, 1740. *Abr.*



2 To-day He rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

38

1 AWAKE, my soul! to sound His praise,
Awake, my harp! to sing;
Join, all my powers! the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Be Thou exalted, O my God!
Above the starry train;
Diffuse Thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world Thy reign.

JOEL BARLOW, 1785. *Abr.*

39

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom!
Oh! what a Sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

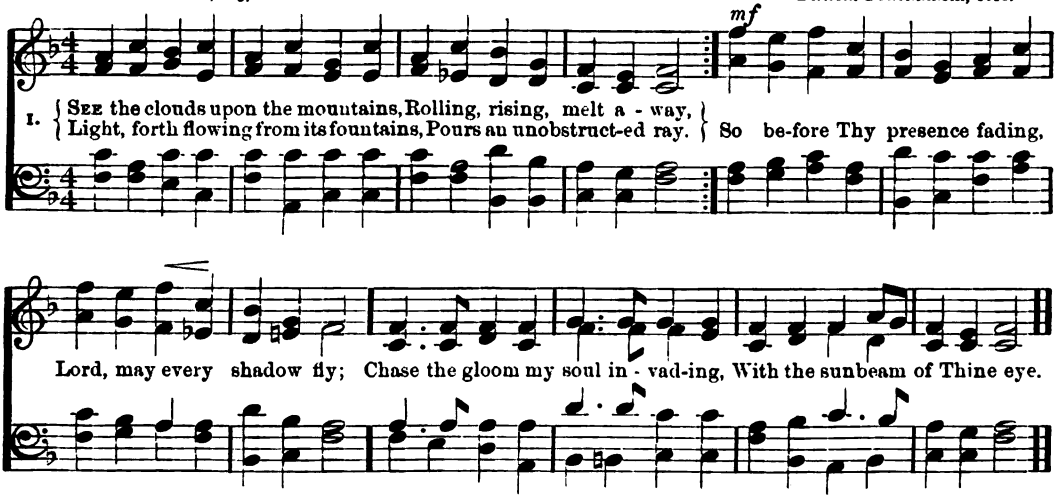
ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, 1772. *Abr.*

40 See the clouds upon the mountains.

"Under His feet as it were a paved work of sapphire stone, and as it were the very heaven for clearness."

8s & 7s, D. — WILLIAM B. COLLVER, 1837.

Gloukoff. — DIMITRI BORTNIANSKI, 1818.



2 Lo! it dawns. The Sabbath morning
Streams with radiance all divine.
Sanctity Thy courts adorning,
Beautiful with grace they shine.
Holiness becomes Thy dwelling,
Peerless Sovereign of the sky,
Princely palaces excelling
Pomp of earthly majesty.

3 Rise, my soul, the day is breaking,
Gladdened nature drinks the light;
From the sleep of darkness waking,
Put off all the clouds of night.
Take the rest this day is bringing,
Best of all our earthly days,
Enter thou His gates with singing,
Tread the hallowed floor with praise.

41

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal.
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
Tho the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

2 Tho destruction walk around us,
Tho the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in Heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

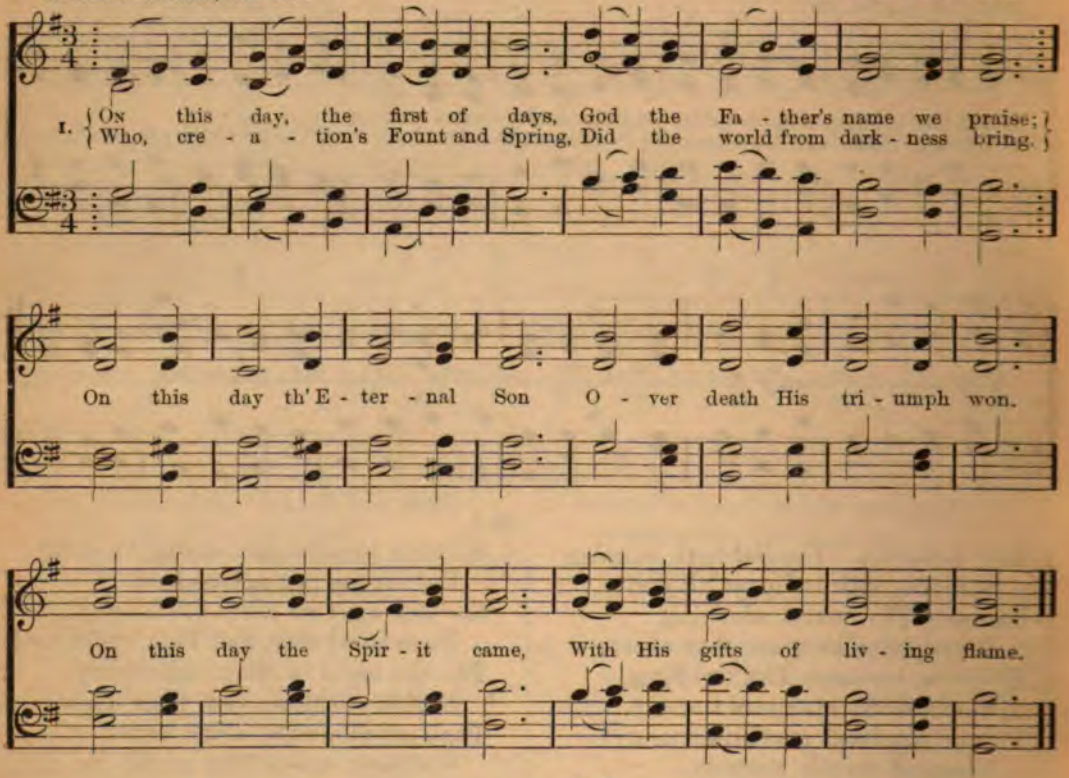
JAMES EDMESTON, 1820.

42 On this day, the first of days.

7s, D. "*We should bring the first fruits.*" **Maidstone.**

Latin, French Breviary.
Tr. Henry W. Baker, 1860. *Abr.*

Walter B. Gilbert, 1862.



2 Oh, that fervent love, to-day,
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the source of life and light.
Father, who didst fashion me
Image of Thyself to be,
Fill me with Thy love divine,
Let my every thought be Thine.

43

1 Lord, we come before Thee now;
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend.
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

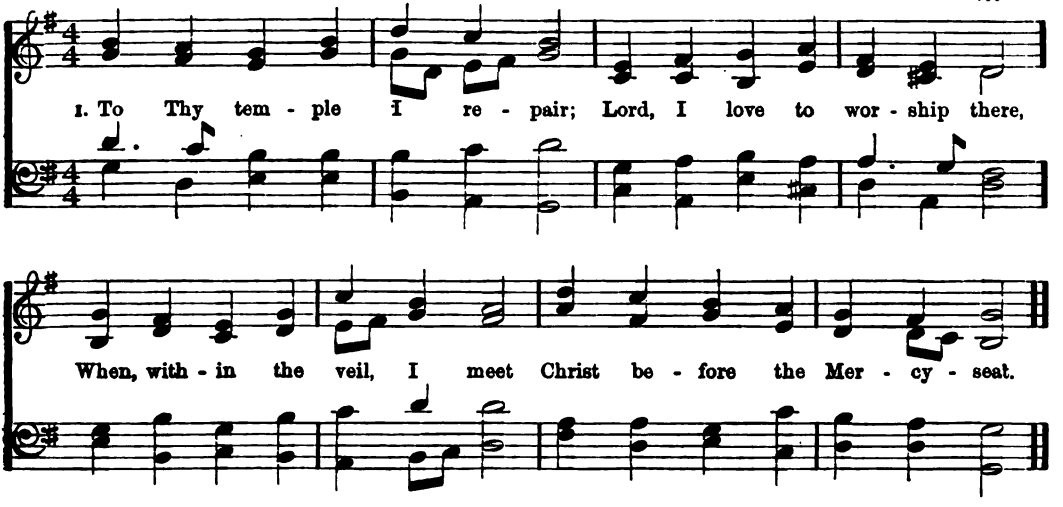
3 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.
Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a God supremely kind.
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND, 1745.

44 To Thy temple I repair.

7.7.7.7. *"It was the Sabbath, on the day when Jesus opened his eyes."* **Vienna.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. *Abr.* J. HEINRICH KNECHT, 1795.



2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

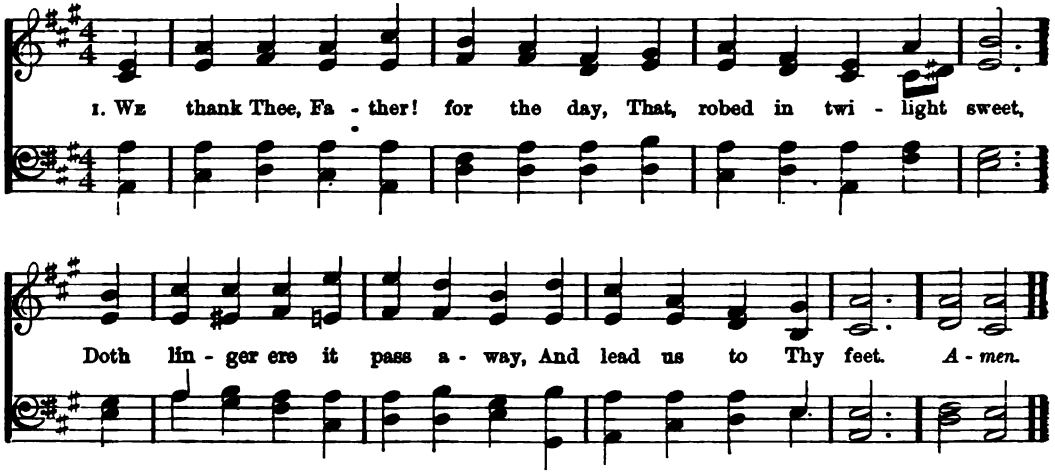
4 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,—
I have walked with God to-day.

45 We thank Thee, Father, for the day.

C. M. *"There remaineth therefore a Sabbath rest for the people of God."* Otto.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, 1850. *Abr.* *Har.* EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1885.



2 We thank Thee for its healing rest
To weary toil and care;
Its praise within Thy temple blest,
Its holy balm of prayer.

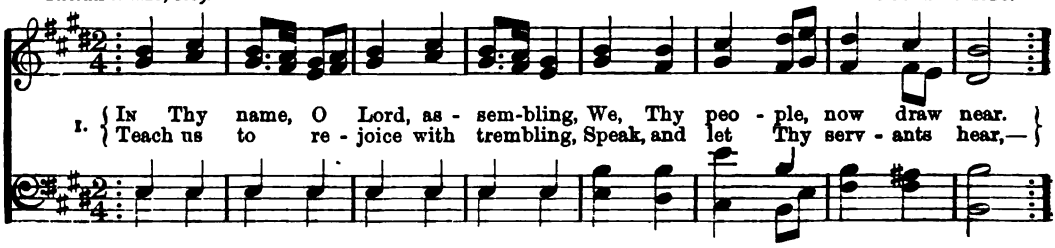
3 We thank Thee for its living bread,
That did our hunger stay;
The manna, by Thine angels shed
Around our desert way.

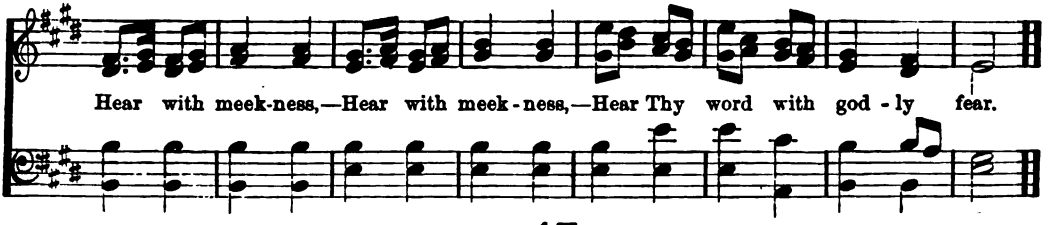
4 Oh! grant us, for His sake, who died,
Our Advocate and Friend,
To share that Sabbath, at Thy side,
Which never more shall end. *Amen.*

46 In Thy name, O Lord, assembling.

8s, 7s, & 4. *"My God shall fulfill every need of yours."* Sicily.

THOMAS KELLY, 1809. A SICILIAN MELODY.





47

2 While our days on Earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory,
Without clouds, in Heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment,—
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

1 LORD! dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us,
Traveling thro this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us, evermore, be found.

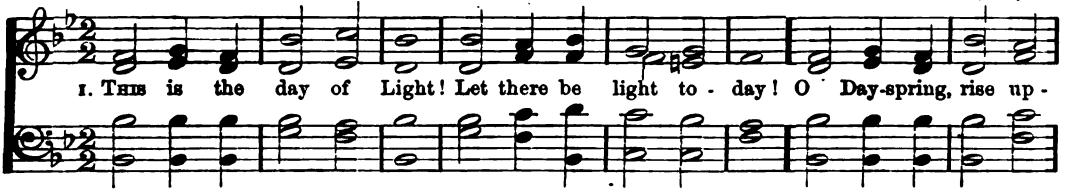
JOHN FAWCETT, 1774. *Abr.*

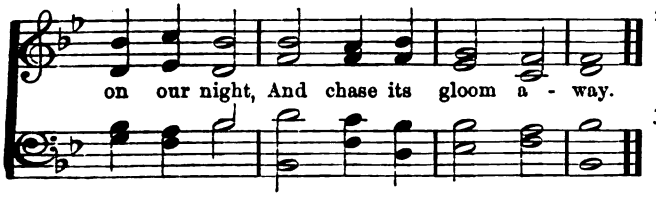
48 This is the day of Light.

S. M. "*A morning without clouds.*" **Olmutz.**

JOHN ELLERTON, 1868. *Abr.*

The Eighth Gregorian Tone, 590.
Arr. LOWELL MASON, 1824.





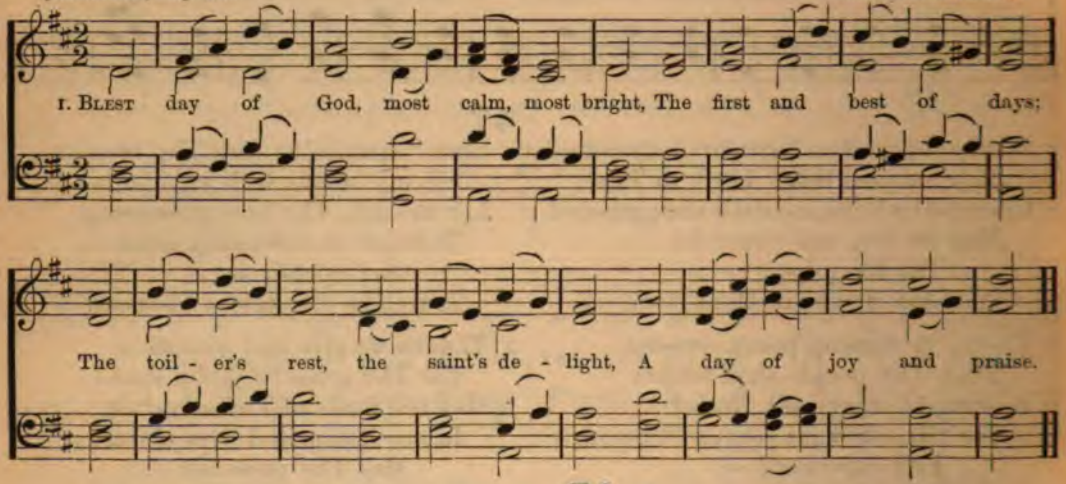
2 This is the day of Rest!
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of Prayer!
Let Earth to Heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there:
Come down to meet us here.

49 Blest day of God, most calm, most bright.

C. M. *"We have seen this day that God doth speak with man and he liveth."* **Warwick.**

JOHN MASON, 1663. *Abr.* SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.



2 My Saviour's face did make thee shine,
His rising did thee raise;
This made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits do a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they, that do a Sabbath love,
A happy week shall find.

4 My Lord on thee His Name did fix,
Which makes thee rich alway;
Amid His golden candlesticks
My Saviour walks this day.

5 This day must I fore God appear,
For, Lord, this day is Thine:
Oh, let me spend it in Thy fear,
The day shall then be mine.

50

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join.
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

3 Dear God! the treasures of Thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins!

4 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day.
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

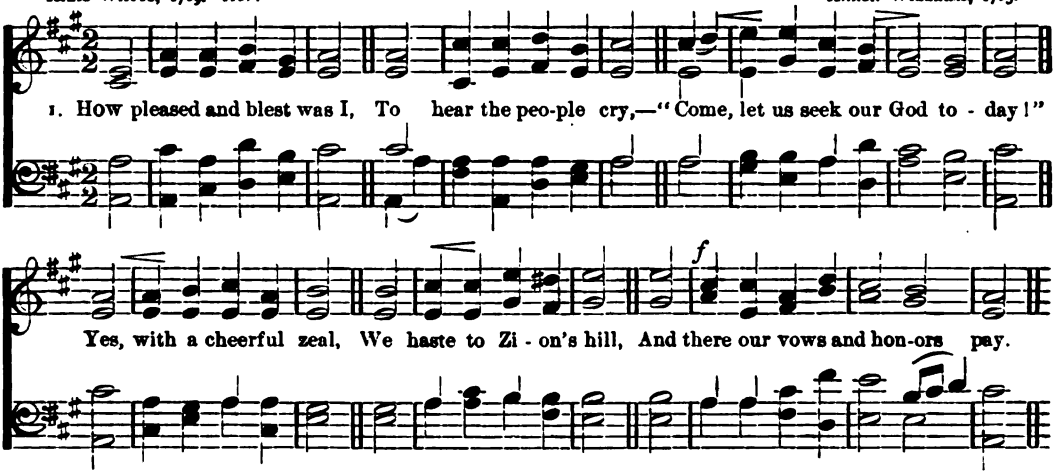
ISAAC WATTS, 1707. *Abr.*

51 How pleased and blest was I.

"Let my prayer be set forth as incense before Thee; the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice."

6.6.8.6.6.8. **Dalston.**

Isaac Watts, 1719. *Abr.* Aaron Williams, 1763.



2 Zion! thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To praise, and pray, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest!
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

4 My tongue repeats her vows,—
Peace to this sacred house!
For there my friends and kindred dwell.
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

52

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
His royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage—
Let swelling tides assault the sky—
The terrors of Thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne forever stands on high.

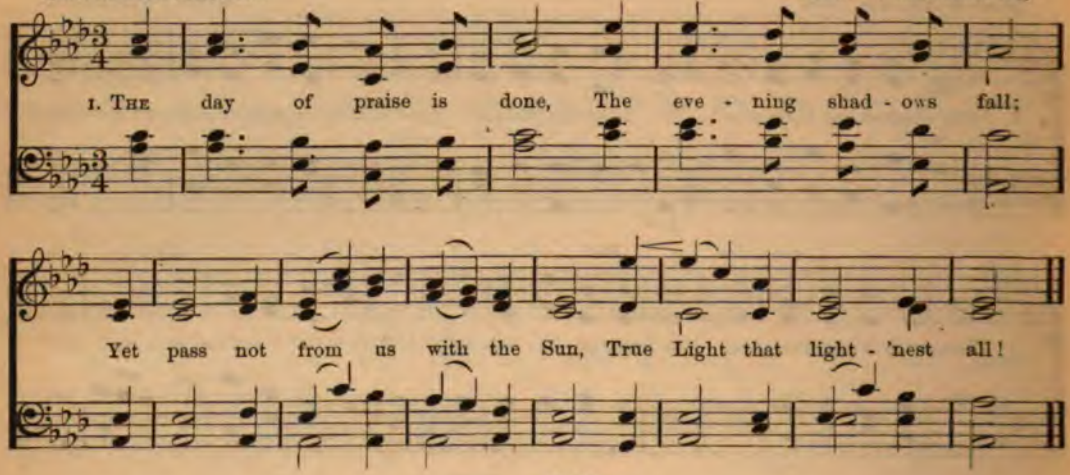
3 Thy promises are true;
Thy grace is ever new; [move;
There fixt, Thy Church shall ne'er re-
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in Thy courts appear,
And sing Thine everlasting love.

Isaac Watts, 1719. *Abr.*

53 The day of praise is done.

S. M. "He is thy praise, and He is thy God." Leighton.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1867. *Abr.* HENRY W. GREATOREX, 1849.



2 Around Thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here,
Too soon of praise we tire:
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord! to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 Shine Thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

54

1 LORD! in this sacred hour
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend!

2 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When man draws near to God;

3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of Thine eternity.

4 Lord! may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servant's sight,
And purer worship may we pay
In Heaven's unclouded light.

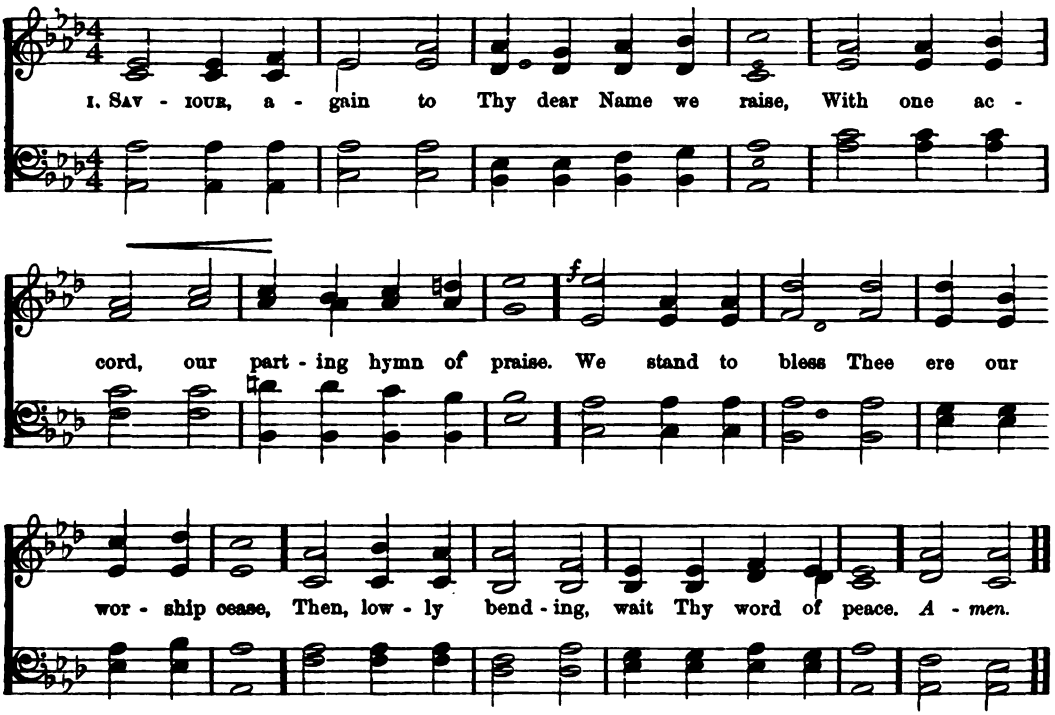
STEPHEN G. BULFINCH, 1832.

55 Saviour, again to Thy dear name.

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your thoughts and your hearts in Christ Jesus."

10.10.10.10. **Pax Dei.**

JOHN ELLERTON, 1866. *Abr.* EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1866.



2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day.
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

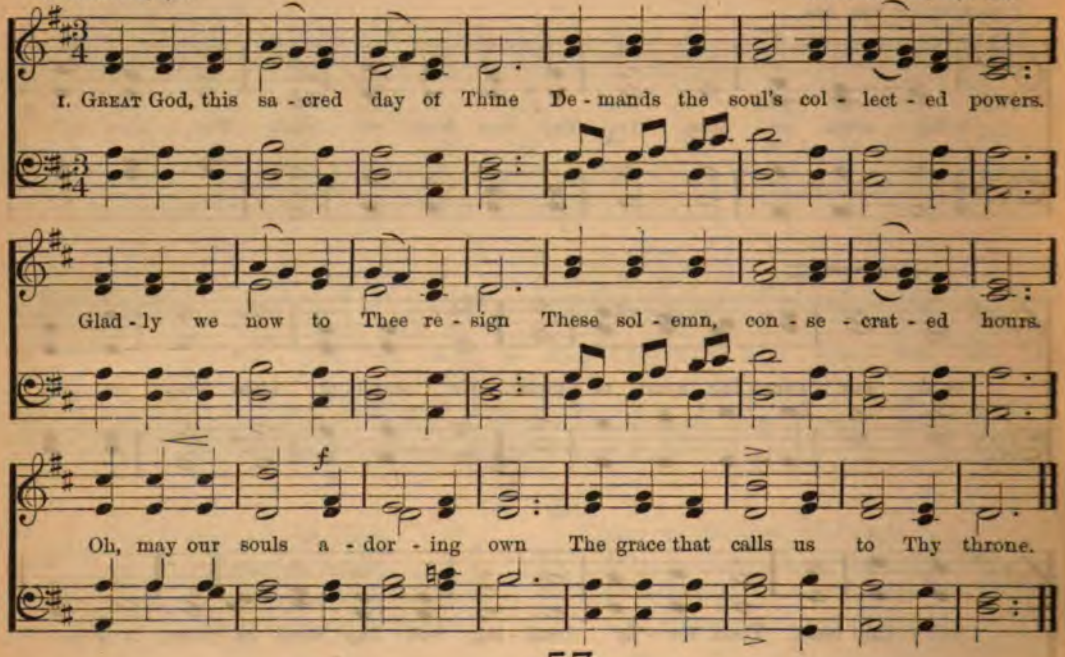
3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee. *Amen.*

56 Great God, this sacred day of Thine.

"The Lord will command His loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me."

8.8.8.8.8.8. **Wavertree.**

ANNE STEELE, 1760. WILLIAM SHORE, 1840. *Alt.*



2 All-seeing God! Thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where Thou art intrude no more.
Oh, may Thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above.

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid Thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be Thine;
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to Thy throne.

57

1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine!
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pard'ning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour! while I rest;
And, as each morning Sun shall rise,
Oh! lead me onward to the skies.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, jr., 1813. *Abr.*

"Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

58

1 Lo, God is here: let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place.
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face.
To Him may all our thoughts arise,
One living, holy, sacrifice.

2 As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch Thine every ray,
So may Thine influence us inspire
To hear and do Thy sovereign will,—
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill.

Ger. GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1739. *Abr. Alt.*

59

1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instill;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Thro life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

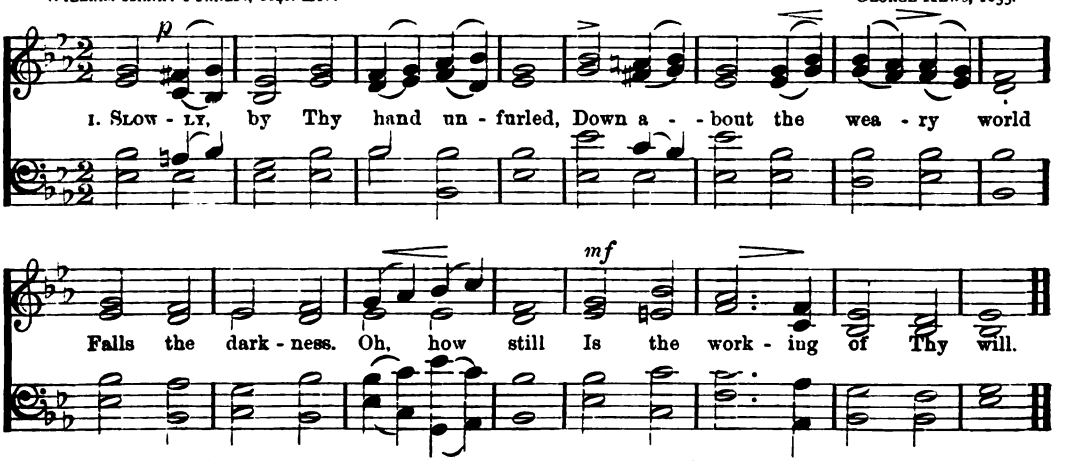
2 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Thro life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

FREDERIC W. FABER, 1849. *Abr.*

60 Slowly, by Thy hand unfurled.

7.7.7.7. *"The beloved of the Lord * * * dwelleth between His shoulders."* **Holley.**

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1840. *Abr.* GEORGE HEWS, 1835.



2 Mighty Maker, here am I,
Work in me as silently.
Veil the day's distracting sights.
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

3 Thou who dwellest there, I know
Dwellest here within me too;
May the perfect love of God
Here, as there, be shed abroad.

4 Let my soul attuned be
To the heavenly harmony
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

61 Stand up, and bless the Lord.

S. M. *"A holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices"* **Silver Street.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. *Abr.* ISAAC SMITH, 1770.

Marcato.

1. STAND up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of His choice:
Stand up, and bless the Lord, your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Oh, for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to Heaven our thought.

3 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.

62 O Thou Omnipresent!

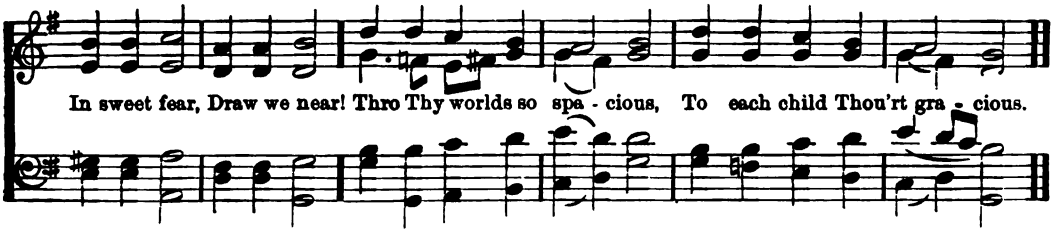
"A glorious throne, set on high from the beginning, is the place of our sanctuary."

6s, 8s, & 3s. P. **Wunderbarer König.**

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1885. JOACHIM NEANDER, 1680.

1. { O THOU Om-ni - pres-ent! God!—of life the cen - - tre, Thankfully Thy gates we en - ter,
Joining these our prais-es With that hymn in-ces - sant Which Thy Church celestial rais - es. }

The Lord's House.



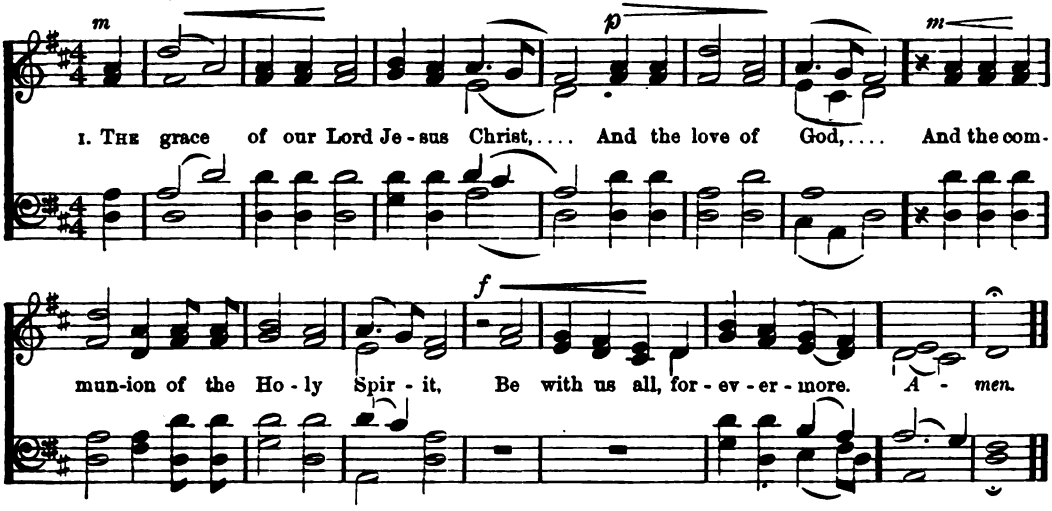
2 Hushed the Earth before Thee!
Valley, plain, and highland,
Every continent and island.
All things large and lowly
Silently adore Thee
Present in Thy temple holy!
Void of speech,
Yet they teach!
Wide their mute word goeth,
And Thy wisdom showeth.

3 Ever-blessèd Maker!
While Thine whole creation
Sounds an endless jubilation,
O great God and Saviour,
Once with man partaker,
Hear our voice with tender favor!
By and by,
There on high
In Thine heavenly places,
Perfect Thou our praises!

63 The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

P. M. *"No one maketh it void or addeth thereto."* **Der Segen.**

II Corinthians, 13:14. No. 228. Würtemburg Gesangbuch.

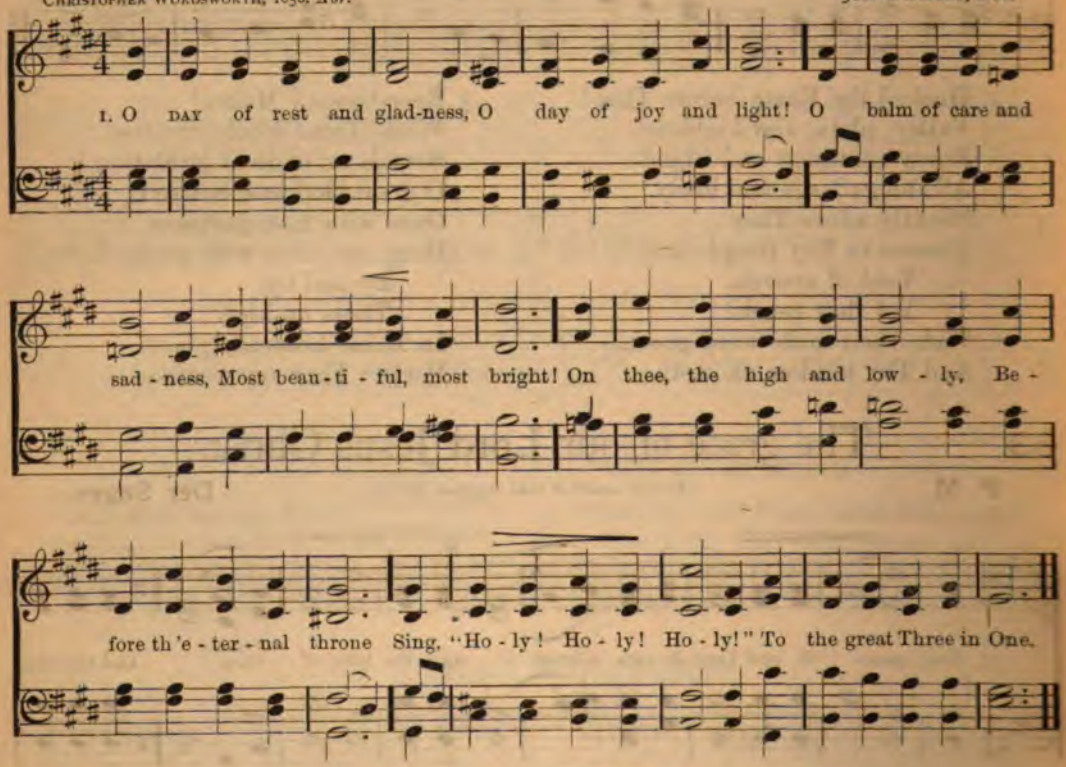


64 O day of rest and gladness.

"O satisfy us in the morning with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."

7s & 6s, D. — CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1858. *Abr.*

St. Anselm. — JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



2 Thou art a port, protected
From storms that round us rise,
A garden, intersected
With streams of Paradise.
Thou art a cooling fountain,
In life's dry, dreary sand.
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

65

1 Our God and our Redeemer,
Accept the house we build;
And let it with Thy blessing,
While e'er it stands, be filled.
From corner up to capstone,
Provide, direct, sustain;
That so, Thou Heavenly Builder,
We labor not in vain.

2 Here, Lord, receive the praises
To Thine Incarnate Truth,
Of old men and of children,
Of maiden and of youth.
Amid Thy happy worship,
Let care and doubting cease;
Bestow Thy royal plenty,
And in this place give peace.

3 Let loneliness and sorrow,
The stranger and the poor,
Find here, forever open,
Thy great effectual door.
Fetch home again Thy banished,
O King! and give to them
Who thirst for childhood's waters,
The well of Bethlehem.

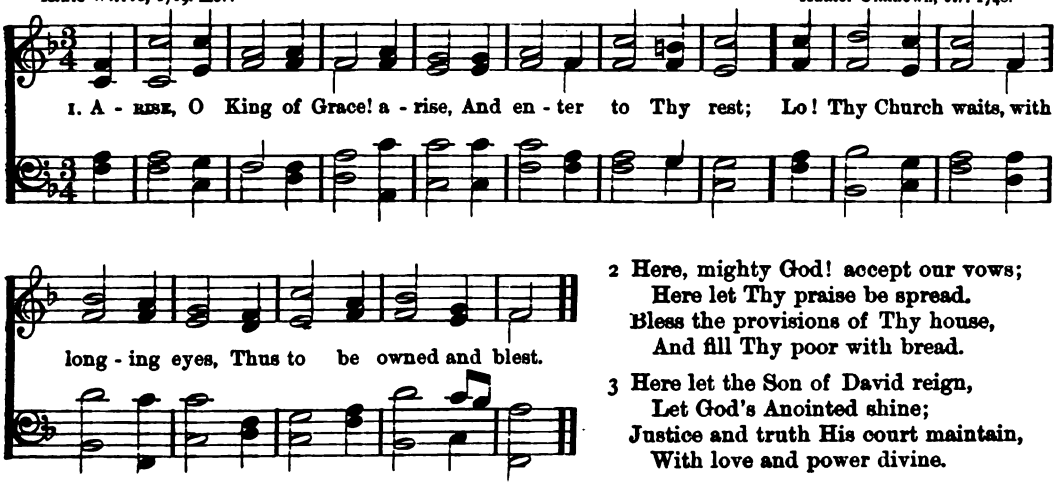
4 Here let Thy Spirit hover
In Pentecostal flame;
Make beautiful these gateways,
In Christ of Nazareth's name!
Till He shall come, to gather
The Church of the First-born,
And all the bells of glory
Ring in the Bridal morn!

M. W. Stryker, 1883.

66 Arise, O King of Grace! arise.

C. M. *"Them that honor Me, I will honor."* **Mear.**

Isaac Watts, 1719. *Abr.* Author Unknown, *cir.* 1740.



2 Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let Thy praise be spread.
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

3 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

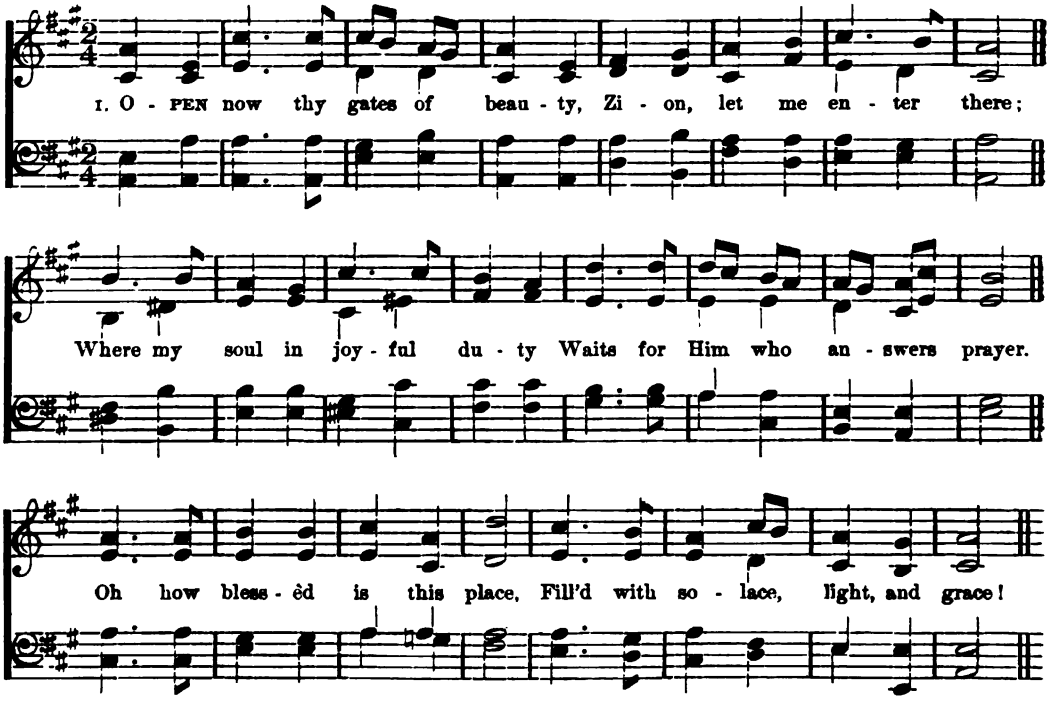
67 Open now thy gates of beauty.

"I was glad when they said unto me—Let us go unto the house of the Lord."

8.7.8.7.7. **Worship.**

Ger., Benjamin Schmolke, 1704.
Tr., Cath. Winkworth, 1863, *Abr.*

John R. Thomas, 1863.



2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me!
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a Heaven on Earth must be.
To my heart, oh, enter Thou!
Let it be Thy temple now.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here Thy seed is duly sown;
Let my soul, where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves alone;
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

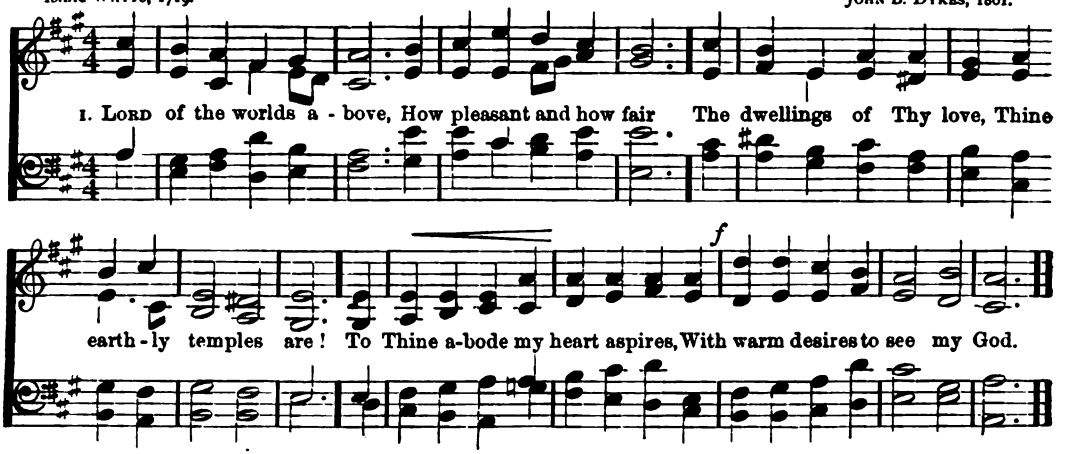
4 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed.
May I undisturbed draw near Thee,
While Thou dost Thy people feed.
Here of Life the Fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

68 Lord of the worlds above.

"Thou shalt rejoice before the Lord thy God in all that Thou puttest thine hand unto."

6.6.6.6.8.8. **St. Godric.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



2 Oh! happy souls who pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh! happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they,
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Thro this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heaven appears;
Oh! glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

69

1 CHRIST is our Corner-stone.
On Him alone we build.
With His true saints alone
The courts of Heaven are filled.
On His great love our hopes we place
Of present grace and joys above.

2 Oh, then, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices will we raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
Forevermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh.
In copious shower, on all who pray,
Each holy day, Thy blessings pour.

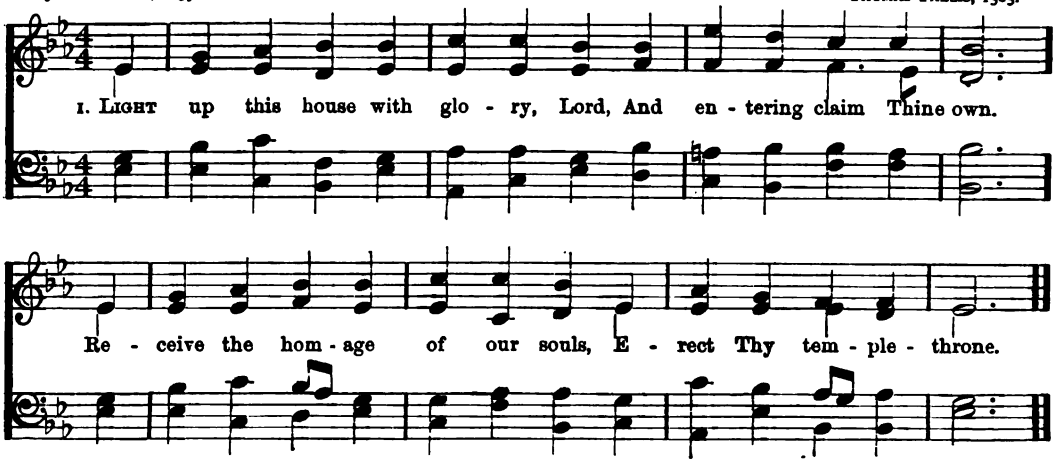
4 Here may we gain from Heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Lat. 8th Century.
Tr. JOHN CHANDLER, 1837.

70 Light up this house with glory, Lord.

C. M. *"A new and living way, thro the vail, that is to say His flesh."* **Tallis' Ordinal.**

JOHN HARRIS, 1859. THOMAS TALLIS, 1565.



2 We rear no altar,—Thou hast died;
We deck no priestly shrine;
What need have we of creature-aid?
The power to save is Thine.

3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud
To glorify the place;
Give, Lord, the substance of that sign—
A plenitude of grace.

4 No rushing, mighty wind, we ask,
No tongues of flame desire;
Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,
His purifying fire.

5 Light up this house with glory, Lord;—
The glory of that love
Which forms and saves a Church below,
And makes a Heaven above.

71

1 THOU, whose unmeasured temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by Thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

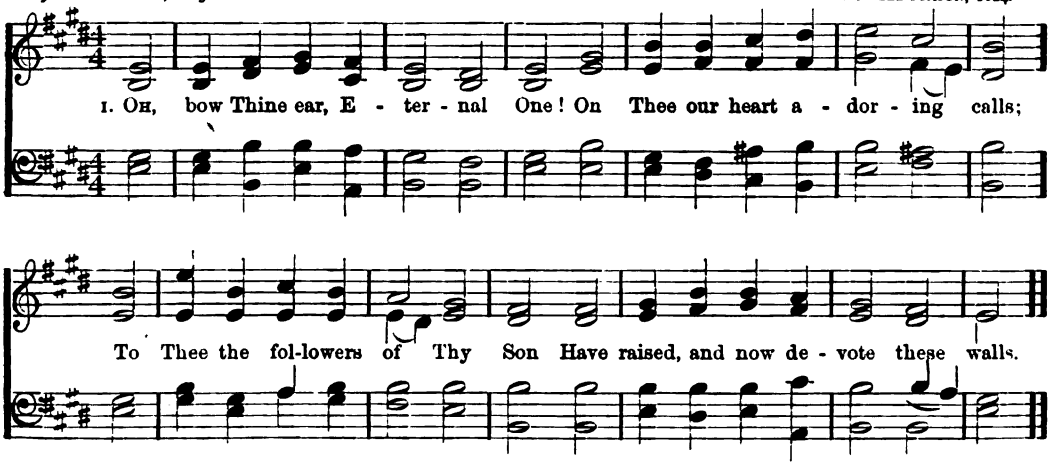
4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallow'd walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1835.

72 Oh, bow Thine ear, Eternal One.

L. M. *"Joyful and glad of heart for all the goodness that the Lord hath shown."* **Uxbridge.**

JOHN PIERPONT, 1823. LOWELL MASON, 1824.



2 Here let Thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of Heaven.

3 Here may Thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let Thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be Thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let Thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, Thy spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with Thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn!

73

1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple,—built by God.
His fiat laid the corner-stone
And heaved its pillars, one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky, and all was good:
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

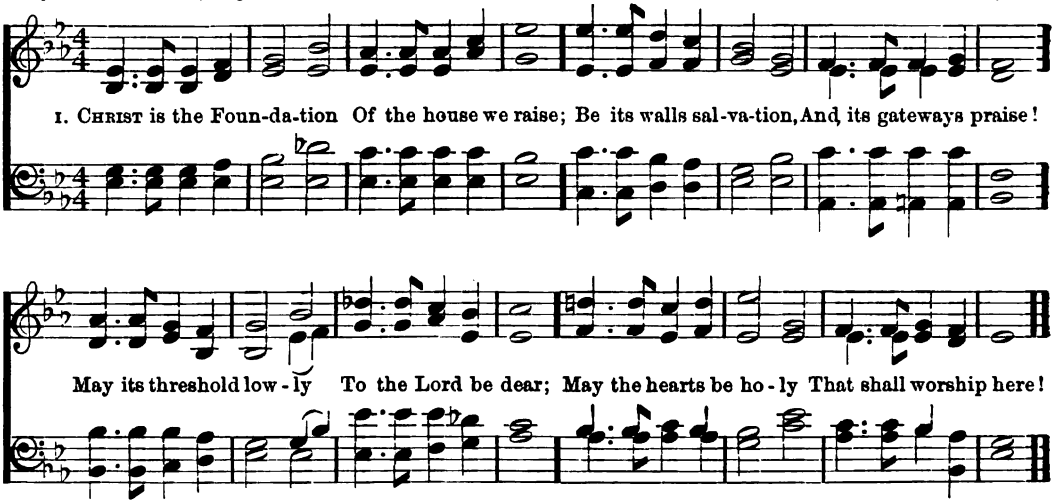
4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for Thee:
But in Thy sight our offering stands,
A humbler temple, made with hands.

NATHANIEL P WILLIS, 1826. *Abr.*

74 Christ is the Foundation.

6s & 5s, D. *"He that supplieth to you the Spirit, and worketh miracles among you."* **Ruth.**

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1863. *Abr.* SAMUEL SMITH, 1871.



2 Here the vow be sealèd
By Thy Spirit, Lord.
Here the sick be healèd,
And the lost restored.
Here the broken-hearted
Thy forgiveness prove.
Here the friends long parted
Be restored to love.

3 Here may faith, ascending,
Find fruition fair.
Here may spirits, bending,
Breathe the breath of prayer.
Here may holy gladness
Fill the waiting heart,
Until sin and sadness
Evermore depart.

4 Here may every token
Of Thy presence be.
Here may chains be broken,
Prisoners here set free.
Here may light illumine
Every soul of Thine,
Lifting up the human
Into the Divine.

75

1 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea.
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices,
In the mellow rays.
Earth's ten thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

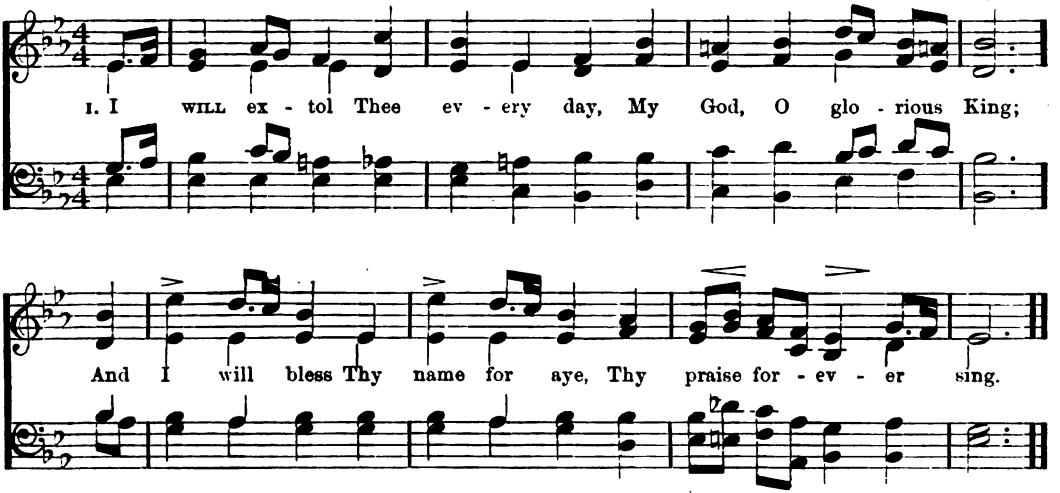
3 We will never doubt Thee,
Tho Thou vail Thy light.
Life is dark without Thee,
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1871. *Abr.*

76 I will extol Thee every day.

C. M. *"To Him shalt thou cleave, and by His name shalt thou swear."* **Burlington.**

THOMAS MACKELLAR, 1871. *Abr.* JOHN F. BURROWES, 1830.



2 One generation, praising Thee,
Shall testimony bear
Unto the next, and wond'ringly
Thy mighty acts declare.

3 The Lord our God is good to all;
For all are in His thought,
His tender mercies richly fall
On all that He hath wrought.

4 Thou openest Thy hand of grace,
And Thou dost satisfy
The wants of all in every place
Who for Thy presence cry.

5 My mouth shall joyfully proclaim
His praise from day to day.
Let all flesh bless His holy name
Forever and for aye!

77 Songs of praise the angels sang.

7s, D. *"O Lord, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise."* **Culford.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819, 1853. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1867.

Animato.

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang, When Je - ho - vah's work be-gun, When God spake and it was done. Songs of praise awoke the morn When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise a - rose when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty. *A - men.*

2 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above;
Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

3 Heaven and Earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new Heavens, new Earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth;
And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious Kingdom come?
No; Thy Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
Amen.

Praise to God.

78

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord."

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts! when Heaven and Earth,
Out of darkness, at Thy word
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good;
While they sung with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore.
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King.
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord! *Amen.*

James Montgomery, 1853.

79

1 Lord of Earth! Thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power:
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on Earth but Thee!

2 Lord of Heaven! beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again;
Oh, that world is passing fair!
Yet, if Thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in Heaven but Thee! *Amen.*

Robert Grant, 1820. *Abr.*

80

1 Pleasant are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace.

2 Happy souls! their praises flow
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe thro all.

3 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me thro a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, oh shower them, Lord, on me.

Henry F. Lyte, 1834. *Amen.*

81

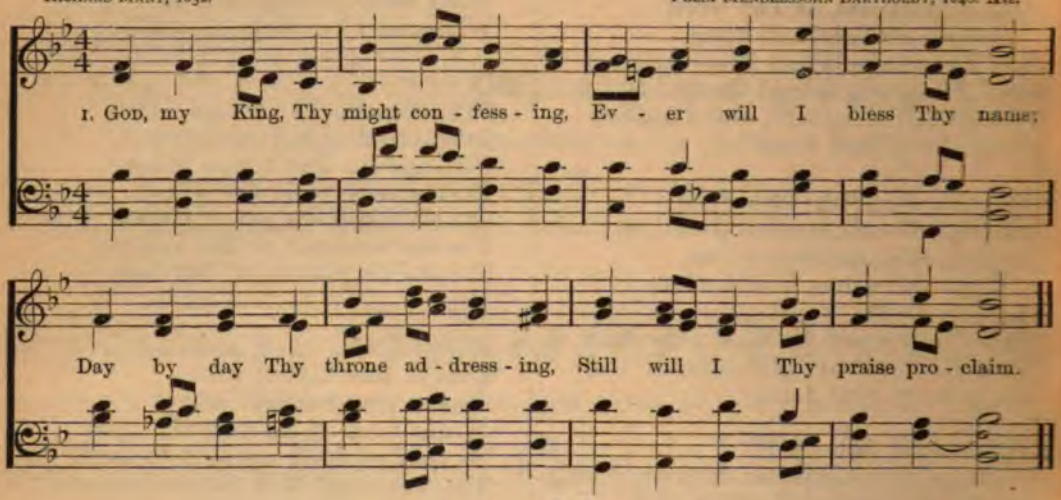
Now, with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the Church forever one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn,—
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word;
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore. *Amen.*

Josiah Conder, 1836.

82 God, my King, Thy might confessing.

8s & 7s. "*Thy condescension hath made me great.*" Trust.

RICHARD MANT, 1832. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, 1840. *Alt.*



2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought,—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

83

1 God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move:
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Ev'n the hour, that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness stream-
God is wisdom, God is love. [eth,

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Every where His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

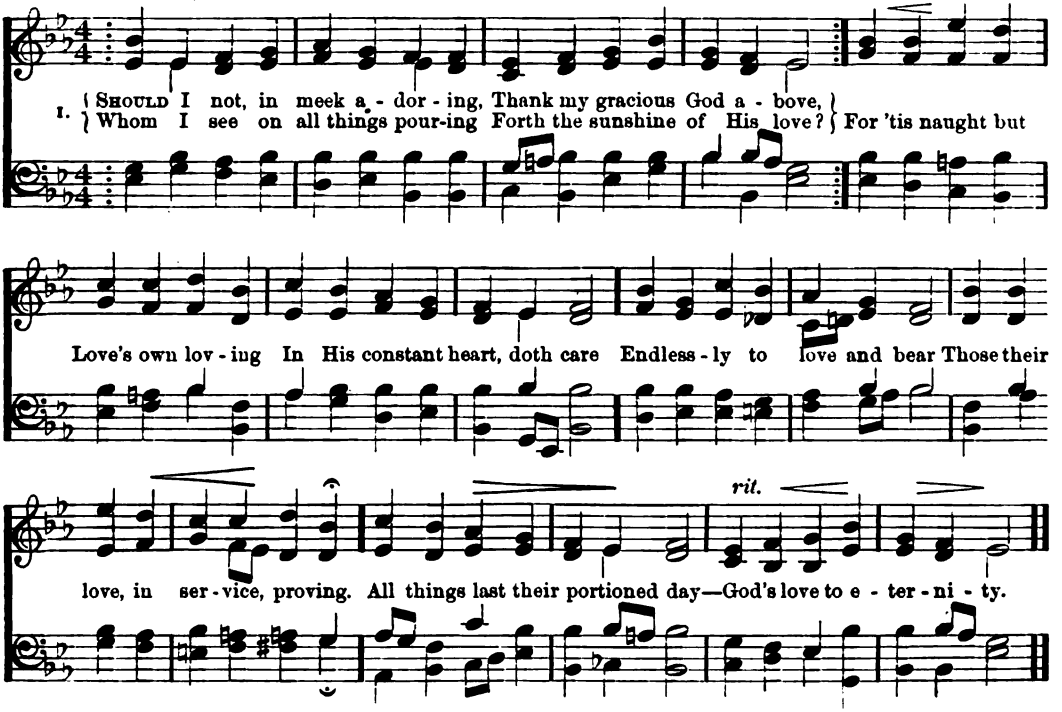
84 Should I not, in meek adoring.

"We know and have believed the love which God hath."

8s & 7s, P. **"Sollt' ich meinem Gott nicht singen."**

Ger. PAUL GERHARDT, 1656. *Abr.*
Tr. M. W. STRYKER, 1882.

G. G. BOLZE, 1788.



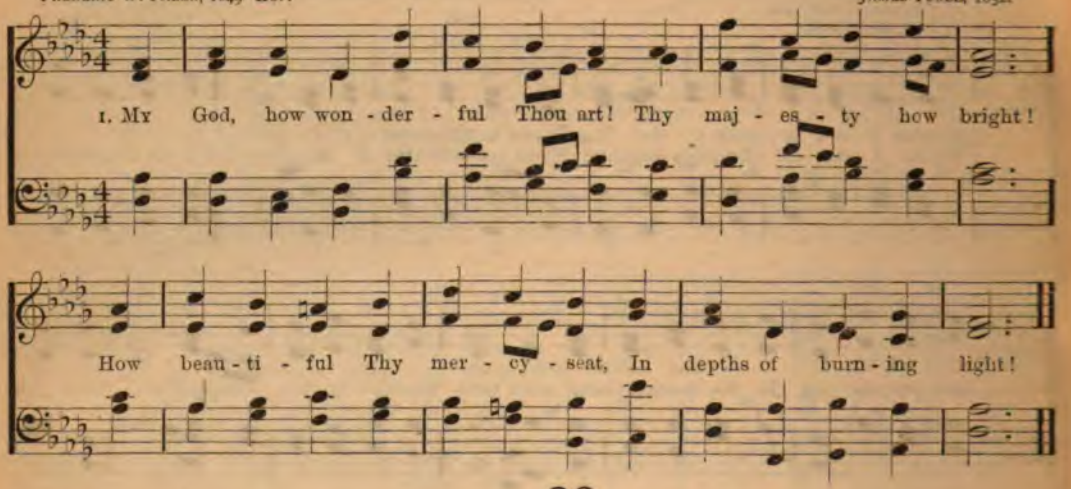
2 O'er her young the eagle hovers,
Spreading wide her wings' defence;
So, each day, my soul God covers
Under His omnipotence.
Out of naught began my living,
When the mighty Father bade,
And the life that then He made
Still has shared His changeless giving.
All things last their portioned day—
God's love to eternity.

3 All-compassionate, the Father,
For us gave His dear Firstborn,
In that Life-gift aye to gather
Home the orphaned and forlorn.
O Thou vast immeasured Kindness!
Deep unfathomable Sea!
Who can bound Thy mystery?
Human wisdom owns her blindness.
All things last their portioned day—
God's love to eternity.

85 My God, how wonderful Thou art!

C. M. *"I will speak of the glorious honor of Thy majesty."* Westminster.

FREDERIC W. FABER, 1849 *Abr.* JAMES TUBLE, 1852.



2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.

3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be!—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless pow'r,
And awful purity!

4 Oh! how I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

86

1 I SING th'almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 Lord! how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

4 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

ISAAC WATTS, 1715. *Abr.*

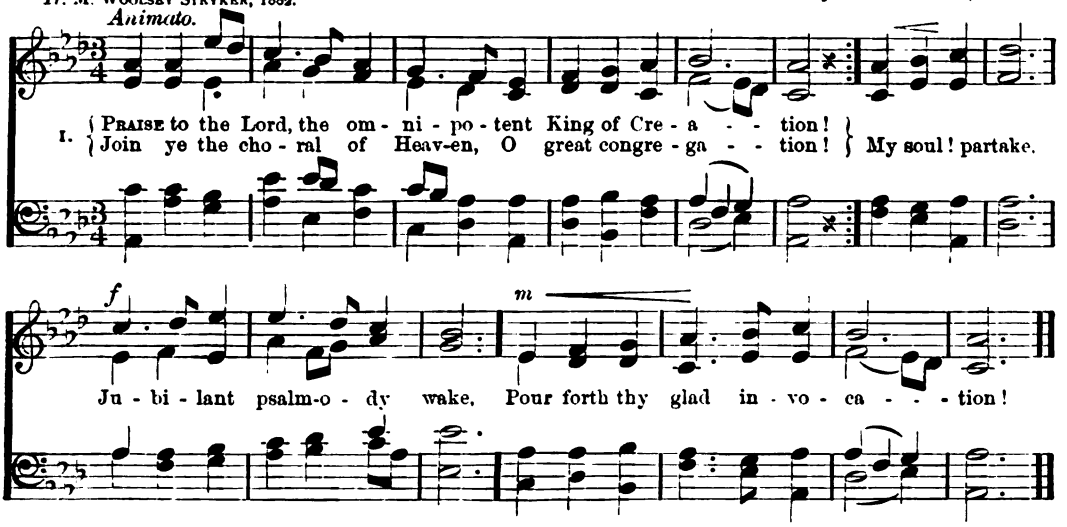
87 Praise to the Lord, the omnipotent King!

"Thou shalt be a pavilion for a shadow in the day-time from the heat, and for a refuge and for a covert from storm and from rain."

14.14.4.7.8. **"Lobe den Herren."**

Ger. Joachim Neander, 1679.
Tr. M. Woolsey Stryker, 1882.

Joachim Neander, 1668.



2 Praise to the Lord! He is reigning o'er all in His splendor,
Yet, as on eagle-wing, beareth thee upward so tender!
He hath decreed
Bountifully to thy need;
Deeply thy gratitude render.

3 Praise to the Lord! who in wonderful beauty hath made thee;
Healed thee; and guided thee;—never neglected to aid thee!
In bitter pain,
Over and over again,
God 'neath His covert hath stayed thee.

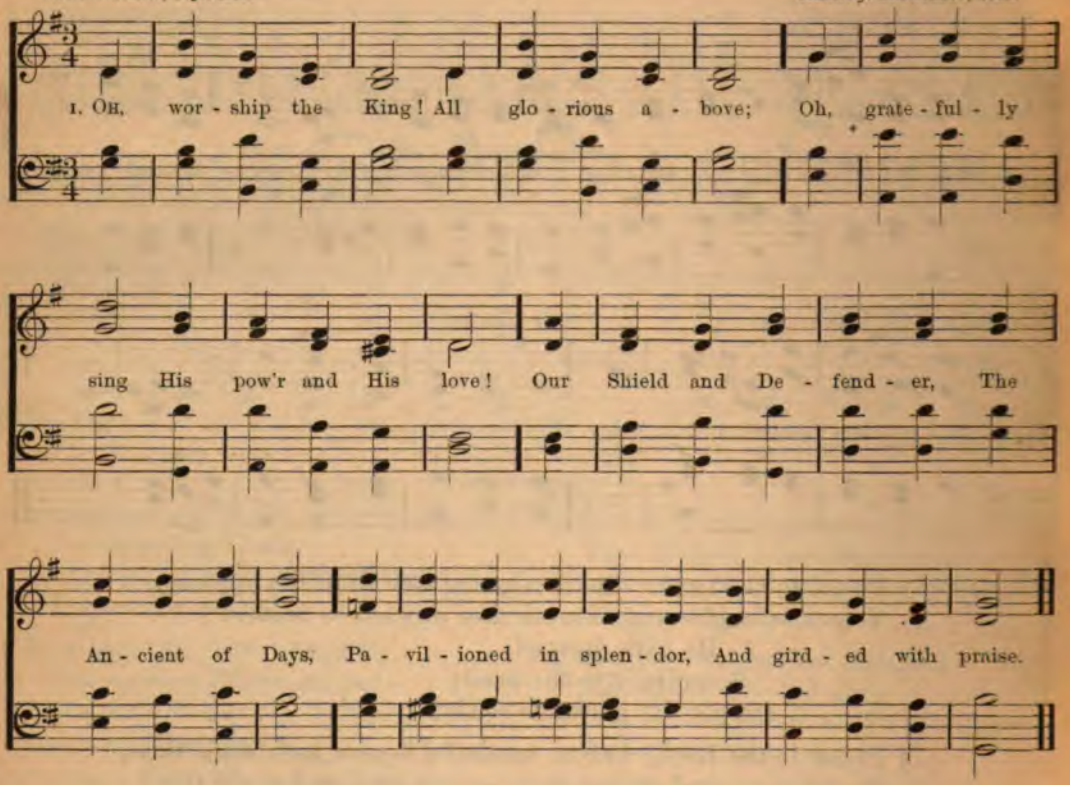
4 Praise to the Lord! To that Name Alleluia forever!
Sing, all ye people, the Holy One strong to deliver!
He is your Light!
Never forget ye His right.
Amen! forever and ever.

88

Oh, worship the King!

5.5.5.6, D. *"His tender mercies are over all His works."* **Houghton.**

ROBERT GRANT, 1830. *Abr.* HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1860.



2 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

3 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail.
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail!
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

89 O Thou, Eternal, Changeless, Infinite!

10.10.10.10.10. *"He is not far from each one of us."* **Old 124th.**

M. Woolsey Stryker, 1882. The Genevan Psalter. Louis Bourgeois, 1551.

Largo.

1. O Thou, E - ter - nal, Changeless, In - fi - nite! First, Last and On - ly;
fill - ing all in all; Hid - ing Thy glo - ry in th'a - byss of light; Ma - jes - tic
in Thy mer - cy as Thy might; My God! with per - fect trust Thy name I call.

2 I dare, unfrightened, lift my eyes above;
Within Thy house, my Father! can I fear?
My heart's deep answer needeth not to prove
The pulses of Thine omnipresent love;
My spirit's cry Thy Spirit bends to hear.

3 Thou, Who the number of the stars dost tell,
Bow, Lord, to order all my destiny!
As seeing Thee who art invisible,
Let me amid these awful grandeurs dwell,
Forever Thine obedient child to be.

90 God of Eternity, Author of Time.

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight."

6s & 4s, P. **Royalty.**

FRANCES J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1873. ROBERT LOWRY, 1873.

1 GOD of E - ter - ni - ty, Au - thor of Time, Giv - er and Source of Life, Rul - er sublime,

Thou Un-cre - at - ed Lord, An-cient of Days, Glo-rious in ho - li-ness, Fear - ful in praise!

High o - ver all Thy works, Blest ev - er - more, God of the U - ni-verse, Thee we a - dore!

Copyrighted, Biglow & Main, 1872.

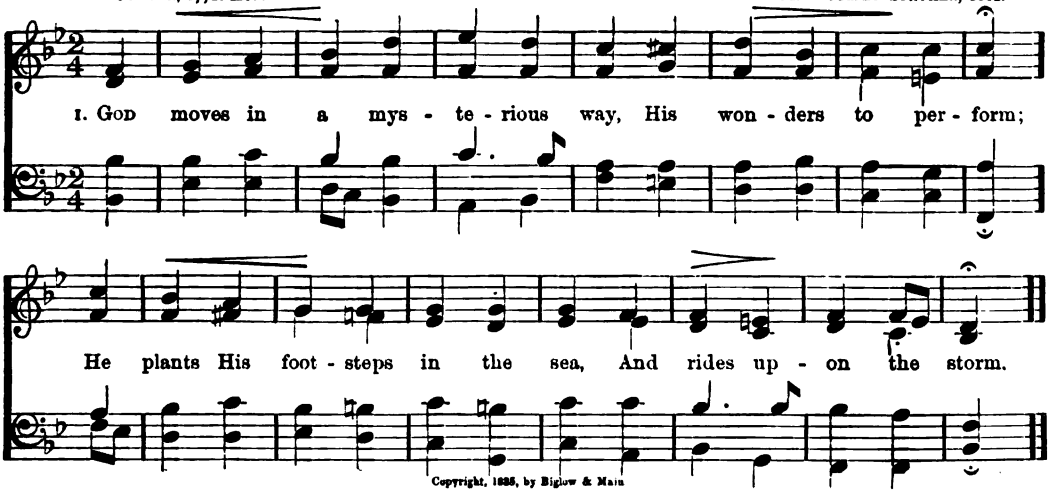
2 Wondrous in majesty,
Wisdom and might,
Lo! 't was Thy voice that said,
"Let there be light."
Vast realms and numberless,
Lord, are Thine own,
Nations and sceptred kings
Bow at Thy throne.
High over, etc.

3 Thine is a perfect law.
Thy word is pure.
Righteous are all Thy ways.
Thy judgments sure.
Mercy and Truth abide
Ever with Thee.
Love like a river flows,—
Deep as the sea.
High over, etc.

91 God moves in a mysterious way.

C. M. *"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."* **Abdiel.**

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772. *Abr.* M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882.



2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds, ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head!

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

92

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally He rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And He, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

4 The Lord will give His people strength,
Whereby they shall increase;
And He will bless His chosen flock
With everlasting peace.

THOMAS STERNHOLD, 1549. *Abr., Alt.*

93 The spacious firmament on high.

"He healeth the broken in heart. He telleth the number of the stars. His understanding is infinite."

L. M. D. — JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

Creation. — FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1795.

1st.

1. { THE spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky;
{ And spangled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - (*Omit.....*)

2nd

nal pro - claim. Th' un-wea - ried Sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's

Ped.

power dis - play, And pub - lish - es, to ev - ery land, The work of an Al - might-y hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening Earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What tho in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What tho no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,—
"The Hand that made us is divine!"

94 Since o'er Thy footstool here.

6.6.6.6.8.8. *"His children shall have a place of refuge."* **Holyoke.**

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG, 1824. *Alt.* BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1884.

Moderato.

Great God.....

1. SINCE o'er Thy foot - stool here, Great God, such gems are strewn, Oh, what mag-

So bril - liant

nif - i - cence Must glow a - bout Thy throne! So brilliant these but

There o - - - - cean

drops of light— There o - cean tides roll deep and bright.

Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2 If night's blue-curtained sky,
With constellations wrought,
Like royal canopy,
With matchless diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer vail,
What splendors at the shrine must dwell!

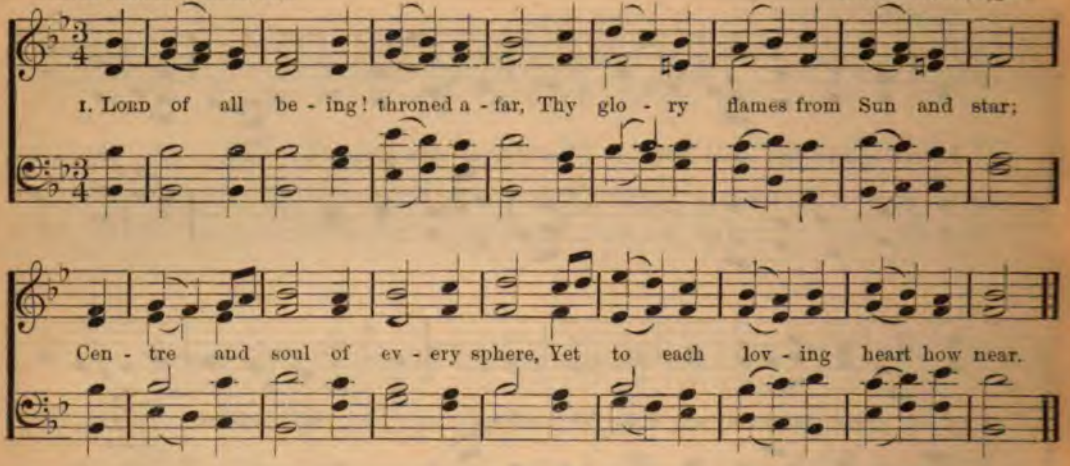
3 Can these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays!
These spirits so impure
Upon Thy brightness gaze!
In mercy, Lord, anoint our sight,
And robe us for that world of light!

Praise to God.

95 Lord of all being! throned afar.

L. M. *"How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God."* **Wareham.**

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1848. WILLIAM KNAPP, 1738.



2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thine ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

96

1 THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place Thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, Thou dost make us share
Thy smiles, Thy counsels, and Thy care.

3 To Thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts at Thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as Thine.

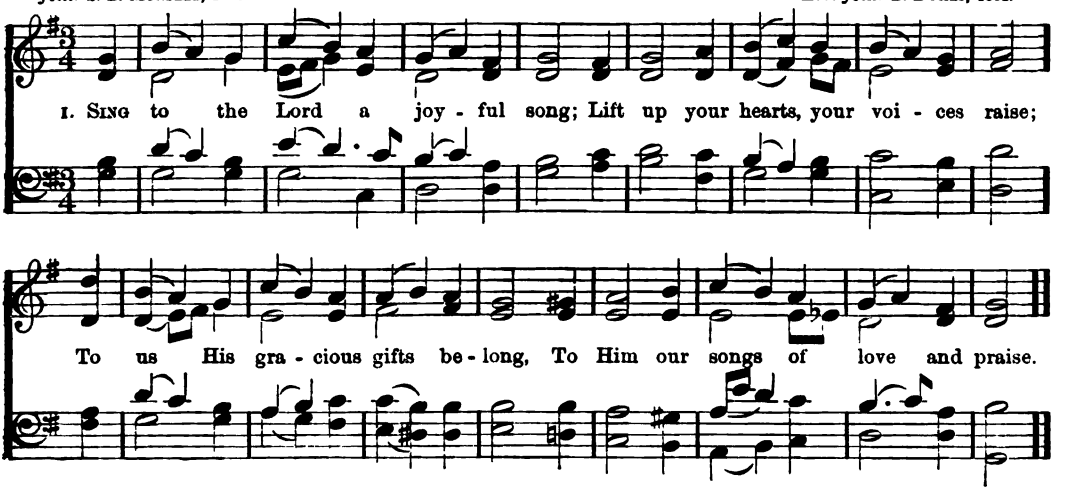
4 Give us, O Lord, within Thy house
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or if that joy no more be known,
Oh, let us meet around Thy throne!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755. *Alt.*

97 Sing to the Lord a joyful song.

L. M. *"Let such as love Thy salvation say continually, the Lord be magnified."* **Intercession.**

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862. *ARR.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1862.



2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for it is fair.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for it is true.

4 For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love His sweet em-
Sing to our God, for He is love, [ploy,
Exalt His name, for it is joy.

5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine and never die.

98

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends His angels from on high,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3 High o'er the Earth Thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
Thy truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

4 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on Earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

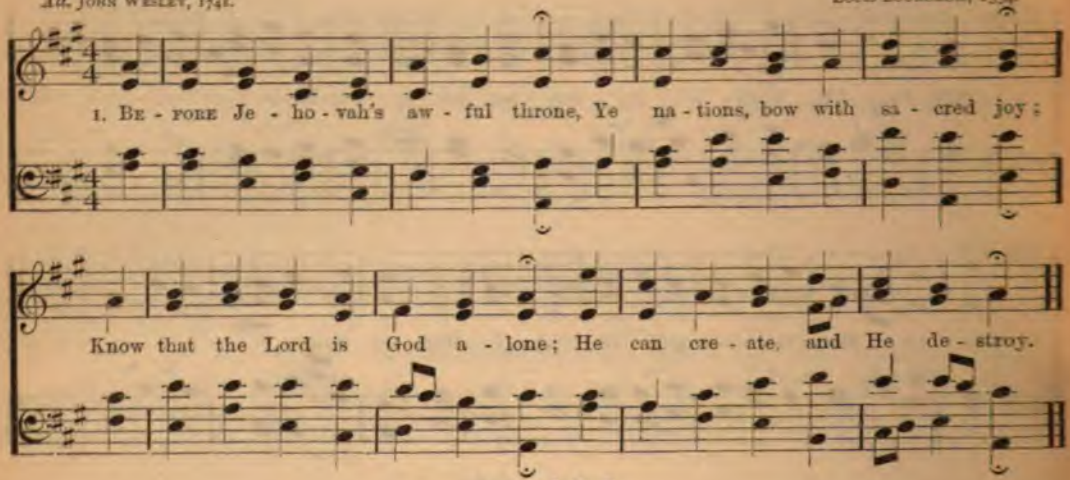
ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.*

99 Before Jehovah's awful throne.

L. M. "*Thou hast avouched the Lord this day to be thy God.*" Old Hundredth.

Isaac Watts, 1719. *Abr.*
Alt. John Wesley, 1741.

The Genevan Psalter.
Louis Bourgeois, 1554.



2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And Earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

100

1 All people, that on Earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe, 1561.

101

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise.
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Thro every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy Word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

102

1 O GOD! Thou art my God alone;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

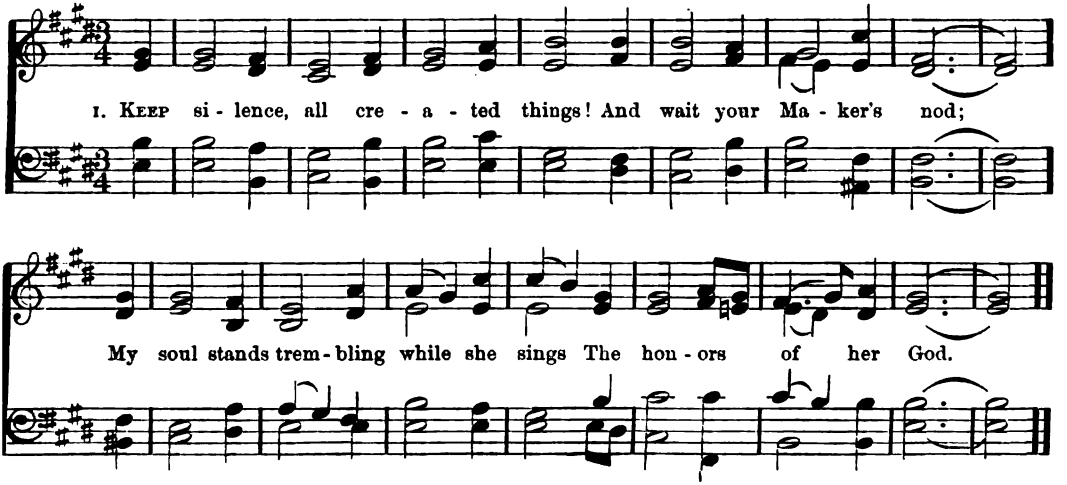
2 Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in Heaven above,
Or what on Earth, compared with Thee?

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. *Abr.*

103 Keep silence, all created things!

C. M. *"My lips quivered at the voice."* **Meditation.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1706. *Abr.* SAMUEL P. TUCKERMAN, 1843. *Arr.*



2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds un-
Hang on His firm decree. [known,
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

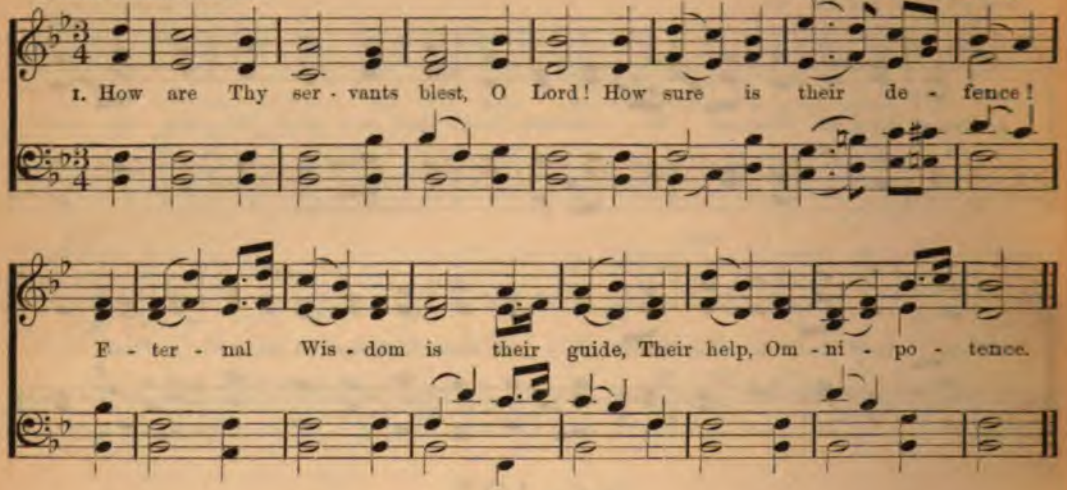
3 My God! I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

4 In Thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

108 How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!

C. M. *"I know the thoughts that I think toward you."* Bemerton.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712. *Abr.* HENRY W. GREATOREX, 1849.



2 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

3 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roared at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

4 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

5 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

109

1 FATHER, I well may praise Thy name
In sounds of flowing song,
And in glad words aloud proclaim
That I to Thee belong.

2 Each little hill then holds its gift
Forth to my joying eyes,
Each mighty mountain will uplift
My spirit to the skies.

3 The sun will cast great crowns of light
On waves that anthems roar;
The dusky billows break at night
In flashes on the shore.

4 All hues, all harmonies divine,
The holy Earth about,
Their souls will send forth into mine,
My soul to widen out.

5 This living soul, which I call mine,
Doth feel and know and love;
It is an utterance of Thine,
A breathing from above!

6 So I would fill a higher part,
Self-acting, like to Thee,
And therefore stir my inmost heart
To live in action free.

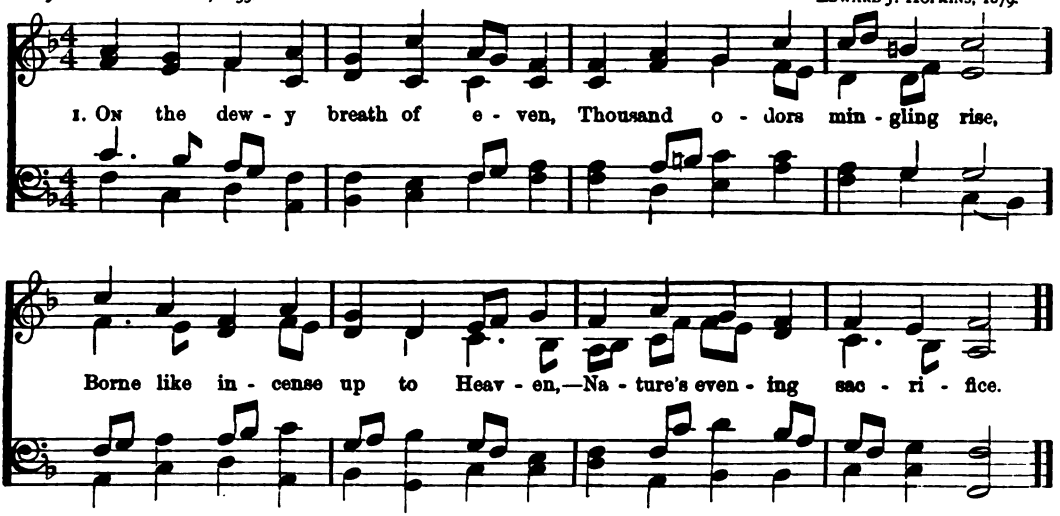
7 So thro the grace of Him who willed
To do Thy will on Earth,
With truth my spirit shall be filled,
And reach its place of birth.

GEORGE MACDONALD, 1867. *Abr.*

110 On the dewy breath of even.

8.7.8.7. "*Mine eyes are unto Thee.*" **Wraysbury.**

JULIA ANNE ELLIOTT, 1835. EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1879.



2 With her balmy offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be
To Thy throne, O Lord, ascending,—
Incense of our hearts to Thee.

3 Thou, whose favors without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let Thine eye, which knows not slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

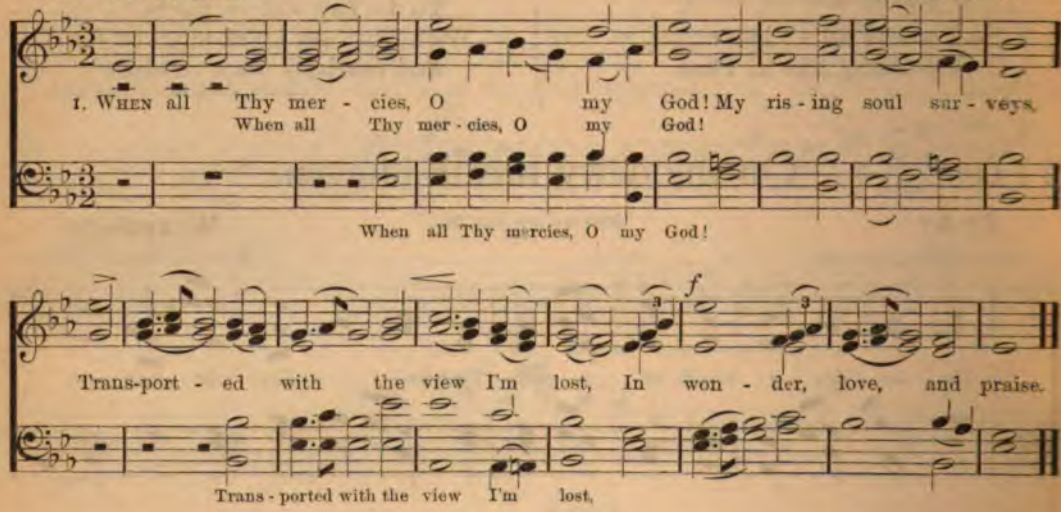
4 Then, tho conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath the Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in placid faith.

5 And, when life is closing round us,
Dark with anguish, faint with fear,
Let Thy beams of love surround us,
Let us know Thee, feel Thee near.

111 When all Thy mercies, O my God.

C. M. *"When I said 'My foot slippeth!' Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up."* **Geneva.**

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1728. *Abr.* JOHN COLE, 1800.



2 Oh how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flowed.

5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe
And led me up to man.

6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

7 Thro every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

8 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

9 Thro all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

Praise to God.

"The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet. He rebuketh the sea."

112

1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and, in His heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

3 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

4 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1806. *Abr.*

113 I love my God, but with no love of mine.

10s & 6s, P. *"By the love of the Spirit."* **Guyon.**

French, JEANNIE BOUVIER GUYON, 1710.
Tr. ANON, 1837.

WILLIAM H. WALTER, 1872.

Andante.

1. I LOVE my God, but with no love of mine, For I have none to give. I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,

For by Thy life I live. I am as nothing, and rejoice to be; Emptied and lost, and swallow'd up in Thee.

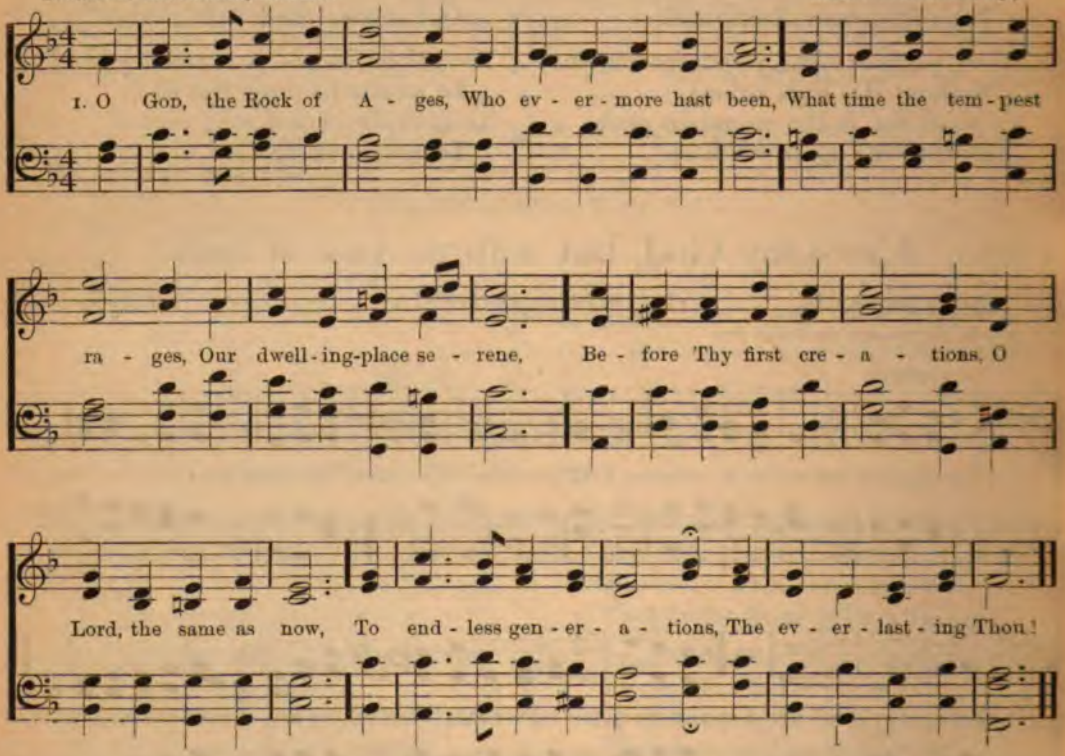
2 Thou, Lord, alone art all Thy children need
And there is none beside;
From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed,
In Thee the blest abide;
Fountain of life and all abounding grace,
Our Source, our Centre, and our Dwelling-place!

114 O God, the Rock of Ages.

*"O Lord, the Hope of Israel, all that forsake Thee shall be ashamed, * * * they have forsaken the Fountain of living waters."*

7s & 6s, D. — EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1866. *Abr.*

Cœli Gloriantur. — ROBERT P. STEWART, 1874.



2 Our years are like the shadows
O'er sunny hills that fly,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die.—
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

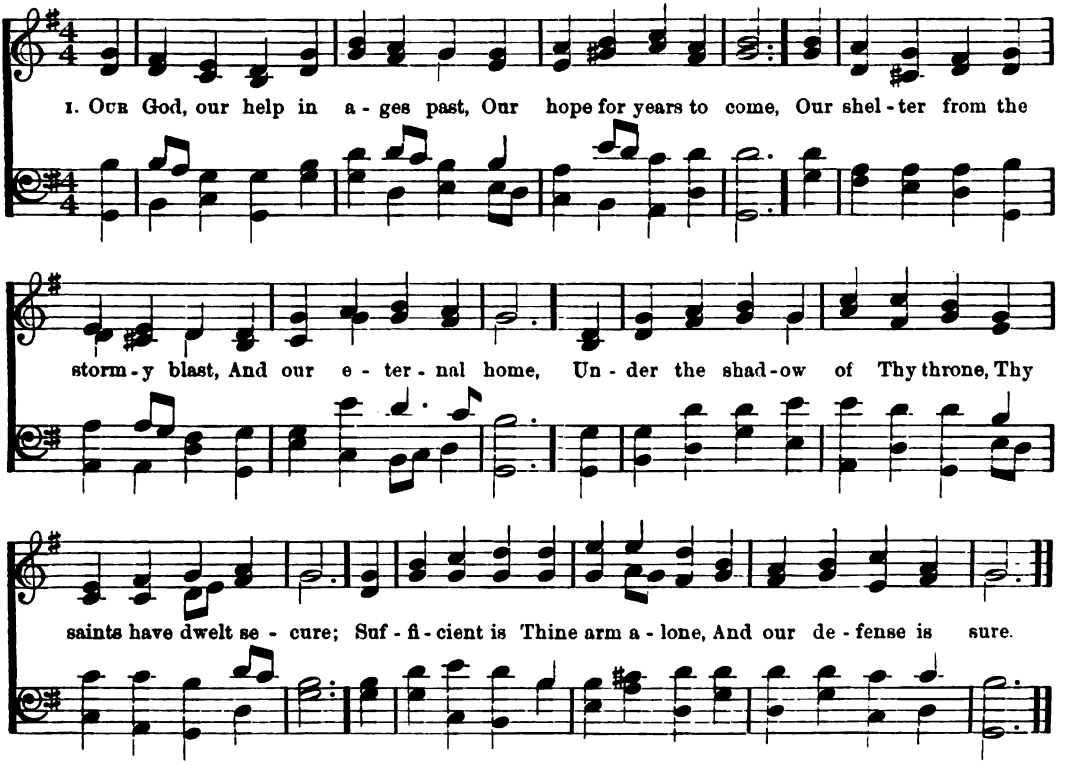
3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest;
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blest.

115 Our God, our help in ages past.

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

C. M. D. — ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

Norwich ("Old 137th.") — JOHN DAYE'S PSALTER, 1562.



2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or Earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone,—
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising Sun.

3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away.
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies, at the opening day.
Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home!

116 Lord! Thou hast been Thy people's rest.

"Thou art the same."

8.7.8.7.8.8.7. "Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr."

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1821. NICHOLAS DECIUS, 1539.
Har. FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1835.

Largo.

1. LORD! Thou hast been Thy peo - ple's rest, Thro all their gen - e - ra - tions.
Their ref - uge when by dan - gers prest, Their hope in trib - u - la - tions;

Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth, Or ev - er Thou hadst formed the Earth,

Art God from ev - er - last - ing!

2 Lo! Thou hast set before Thine eyes
All our misdeeds and errors;
Our secret sins from darkness rise,
At Thine awakening terrors.
Who shall abide the trying hour?
Who knows the thunder of Thy power?
'Ve flee unto Thy mercy!

3 Lord! teach us so to mark our days
That we may prize them duly;
So guide our feet in wisdom's ways
That we may love Thee truly;
Return, O Lord, our griefs behold,
And with Thy goodness, as of old,
Oh satisfy us early!

4 Restore our comforts as our fears,
Our joy as our affliction;
Give to Thy Church thro changing years,
Increasing benediction.
Thy glorious beauty there reveal,
And with Thy perfect image seal
Thy servants and their labors.

117

"The fashion of this world passeth away."

1 ACROSS the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting;
We come to Thee the Life and Light,
In solemn worship meeting;
And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.

2 Before Thee, Lord, subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.

3 And while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us;
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us;
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To re-unite us all, at last,
And to our lost restore us.

4 We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of Thy mercies;
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
Our grateful song rehearses; [Stay
For Thou hast been our Strength and
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

5 Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward thro our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us;
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

JAMES HAMILTON, 1865. *Abr.*

118

1 To God on high be thanks and praise,
For mercies none can sever,
Whereby no foe a hand can raise,
And harm can reach us never.
To Him with joy our hearts ascend,
The Source of peace that knows no end,
Forever and forever!

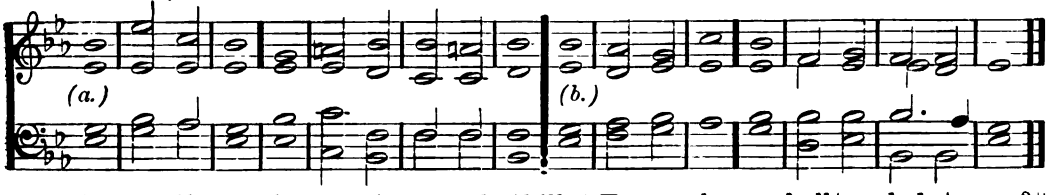
From NICHOLAS DECIUS, 1529.

119 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.

"That ye may stand perfect and fully assured in all the will of God."

Double Chant. PSALM CXXI: 1–4.

Robinson's Chant. JOHN ROBINSON, 1740.



1 *(a.)* I WILL lift up mine eyes | unto · · the | hills, || From | whence shall | my help | come? ||
(b.) My help cometh | from the | Lord || Which | made— | Heaven · · and | Earth.
2 *(a.)* He will not suffer thy | foot · · to be | moved; || He that | keepeth · · thee | will not |
(b.) Behold, He that | keepeth | Israel || Shall neither | slumber | nor— | sleep. [slumber. ||

120 The God of Abraham praise.

6.6.8.4, D. *"If ye are Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed."* **Uriel.**

THOMAS OLIVERS, 1772. *Abr.* M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883.

1. THE God of A - bra'm praise, Who reigns en - throned a - bove, The An - cient of e -
ter - nal days, And God of Love! JE - HO-VAH,—great I AM! By Earth and
Heav'n con - fest; I bow, and bless the sa - cred Name, For ev - er blest!

f

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2 He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle wings upborne,
To Heav'n ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

121

1 O THOU who didst prepare
The ocean's caverned cell,
And teach the gathering waters there
To meet and dwell,
Tossed in our reeling bark
Upon the treacherous sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And sing to Thee.

The Trinity.

"These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

2 To peaceful rest we go,
And close our tranquil eyes;
Tho deep beneath the waters flow,
And circling rise.
Tho swells the flowing tide,
And threatens far above,
We know in whom our souls confide
With fearless love.

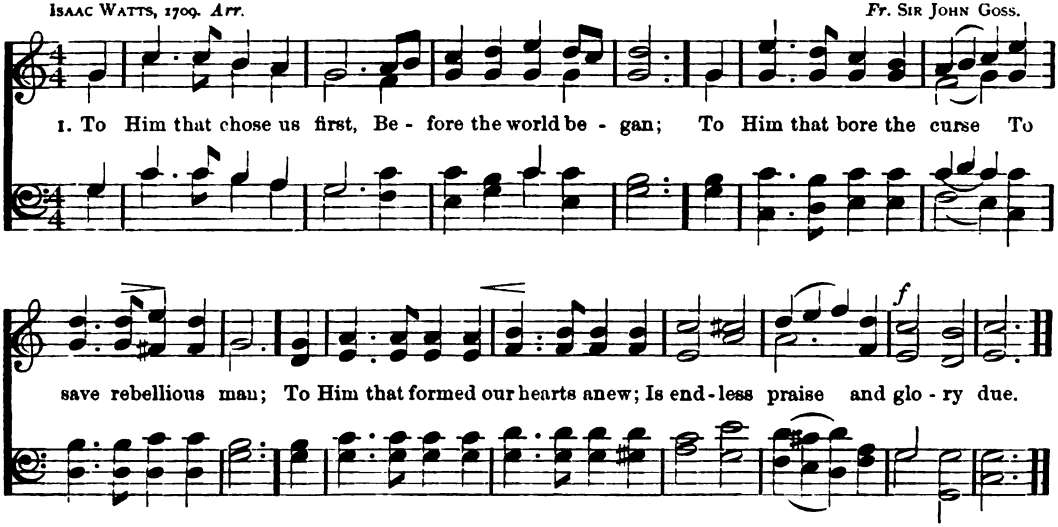
3 Snatched from a darker deep
And waves of wilder foam,
Thou, Lord, our trusting souls wilt keep,
And waft them home;—
Home where no storm can sound,
Nor angry waters roar,
Nor troublous billows heave around
That peaceful shore.

CHARLOTTE ELIZ. TONNA, 1829. *Abr.*

122 To Him that chose us first.

6.6.6.6.8.8. *"That we should be unto the praise of His glory."* **Arthur's Seat.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Arr.* *Fr.* SIR JOHN GOSS.



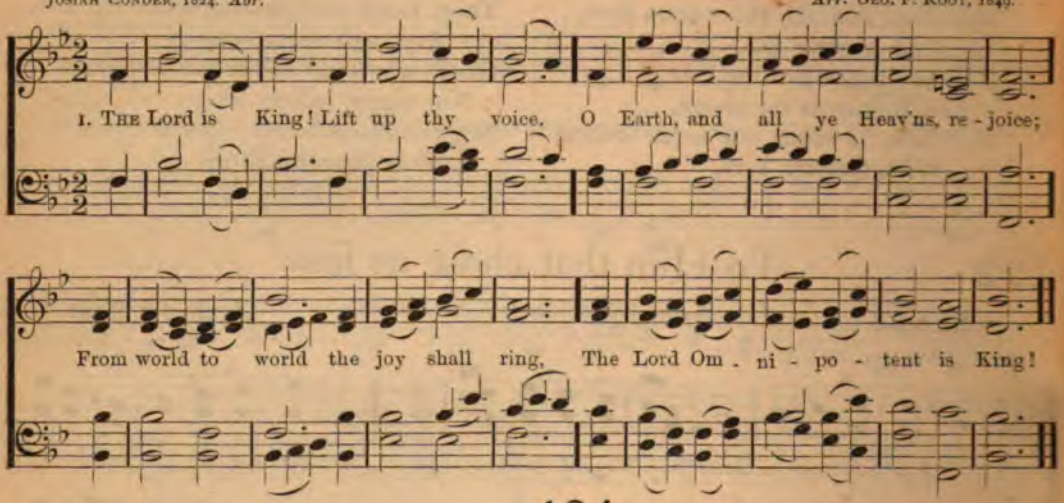
2 The Father's love shall run
Thro our immortal songs;
We bring to God, the Son,
Hosannas on our tongues;
Our lips address the Spirit's name,
With equal praise, and zeal the same.

3 Almighty God! to Thee
Be endless honors done,—
The undivided Three,
The great, mysterious One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

123 The Lord is King! Lift up Thy voice.

L. M. *"Who hath blessed us with every spiritual blessing."* **Octavius.**

JOSIAH CONDER, 1824. *Abr.* L. VAN BEETHOVEN, 1813. *Arr.* GEO. F. ROOT, 1849.



2 The Lord is King. Who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King. Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the Earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,—
There is no boundary between.

5 Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

124

1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

EDWARD COOPER, 1808.

125

1 O Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy Name,
For ever be Thy Name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring thro Earth and Heav'n.

4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue!

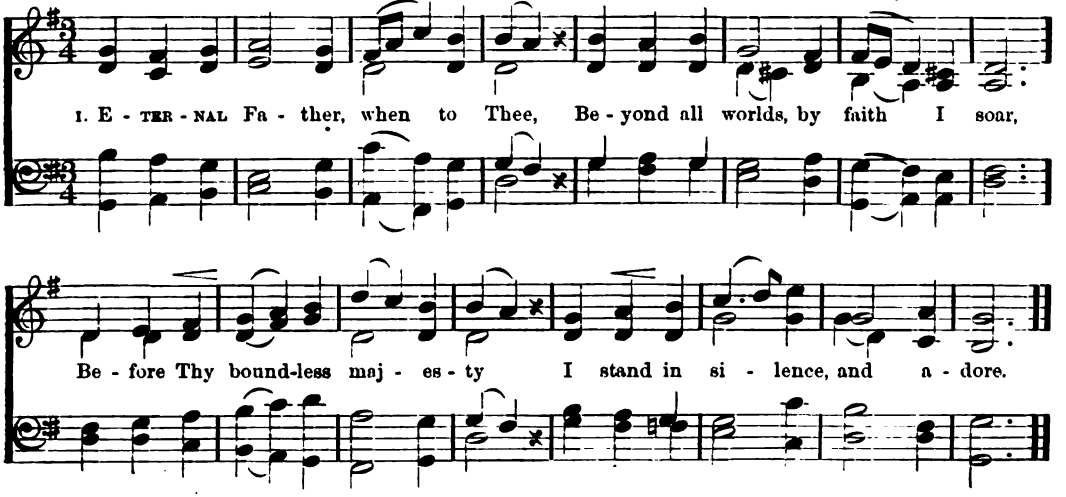
James Wallis Eastburn, 1819.

126 Eternal Father, when to Thee.

"Praying in the Holy Spirit, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."

L. M. **Bowen.**

Hervey D. Ganse, 1872. Franz Joseph Haydn.



2 But, Saviour, Thou art by my side;
Thy voice I hear, Thy face I see.
Thou art my friend, my daily guide;
God over all, yet *God with me.*

3 And Thou, Great Spirit, in my heart
Dost make Thy temple day by day.
The Holy Ghost of God Thou art:
Yet dwellest in this house of clay.

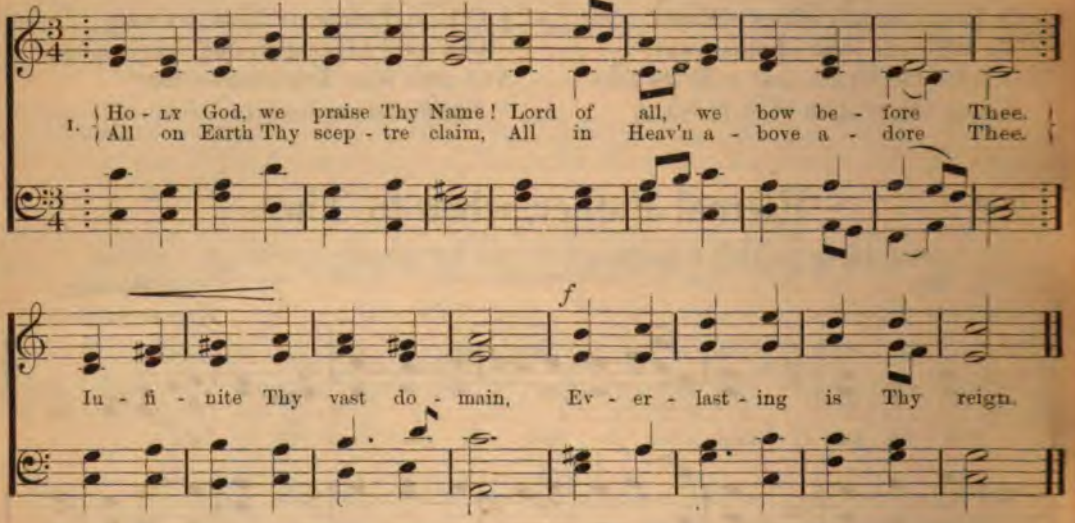
4 Blest Trinity, in whom alone
All things created move or rest,
High in the Heavens Thou hast Thy throne,
Thou hast Thy throne within my breast.

127 Holy God, we praise Thy name.

7.8.7.8.7.7. *"I will sing praises unto my God, while I have any being."* **Zuversicht.**

THE TE DEUM, 4th CENTURY.
Tr. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH, 1853.

JOHANN CRUGER, 1653.



2 Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
Angel-choirs above are raising.
Cherubim and seraphim
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heavens with sweet accord;
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!

3 Lo! the Apostolic train
Join Thy sacred Name to hallow!
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed martyrs follow;
And from morn till set of Sun,
Thro the Church the song goes on.

4 Thou art King of Glory, Christ!
Son of God, yet born of Mary,
For us sinners sacrificed,
And to death a tributary,
First to break the bars of death,
Thou hast opened Heaven to faith.

5 From Thy high, celestial home,
Judge of all, again returning,
We believe that Thou shalt come,
On the dreadful Doom's-day morning,
When Thy voice shall shake the Earth
And the startled dead come forth.

6 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded.
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee;
Never, Lord, abandon me.

128 Meet and right it is to sing.

7s & 6s, P. *"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."* **Excelsius.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749 *Abr.* JOHN H. CORNELL, 1872.

Con moto.

1. MEET and right it is to sing, In ev - ery time and place, Glo - ry to our heavenly King,—The God of truth and grace; Join we, then, with sweet ac - cord, All in one thanksgiv - ing join:— Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! E - ter - nal praise be Thine.

By permission of E. & J. B. Young & Co.

2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease.
Angels, and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One,
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall,
O'erwhelmed, before Thy throne!

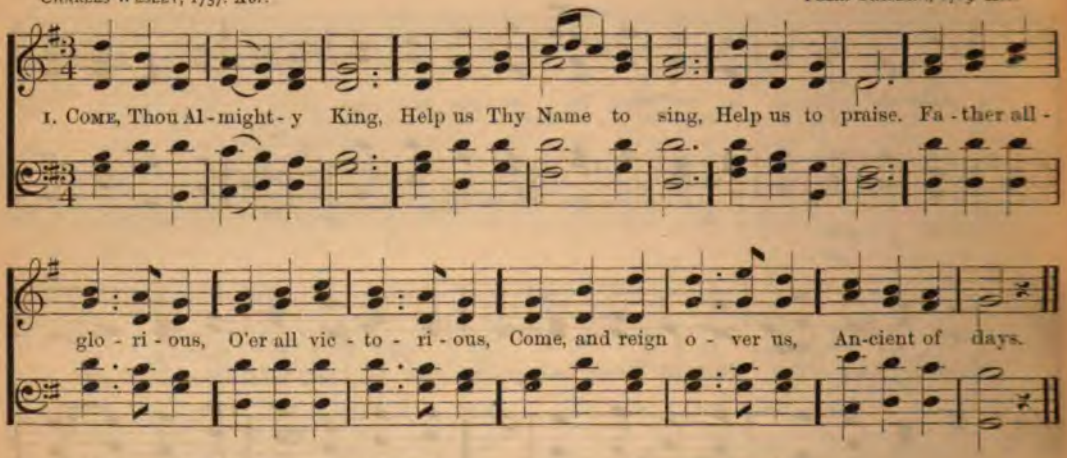
3 Father, God! Thy love we praise,
Which gave Thy Son to die.
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify.
Spirit, Comforter Divine!
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And Earth is turned to Heaven.

129 Come, Thou Almighty King.

"The Holy Ghost which He poured out upon us richly thro Jesus Christ."

6s & 4s. CHARLES WESLEY, 1757. *Abr.*

Italian Hymn. FELIX GIARDINI, 1769. *Alt.*



2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend.
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy Word success;
Spirit of Holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour.
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of Power.

4 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
His Sovereign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

130

1 FATHER, as here we bow,
Hark to our praises now,
Hear Thou our prayer.
While this new page we turn,
More of Thy grace to learn,
Our souls united yearn
To bless Thy care!

2 Lord Christ, our minds uplift
To covet Thy best gift,
Unselfish love!
Great Shepherd of the sheep,
Our flock and pastor keep,
By fields and fountains deep
Lead all above.

3 O Living Spirit! rule
Our hearts in this life-school,
Its little while.
Then call us home to dwell,
Where each Nathanael,
Of one great Israel,
Stands clean of guile.

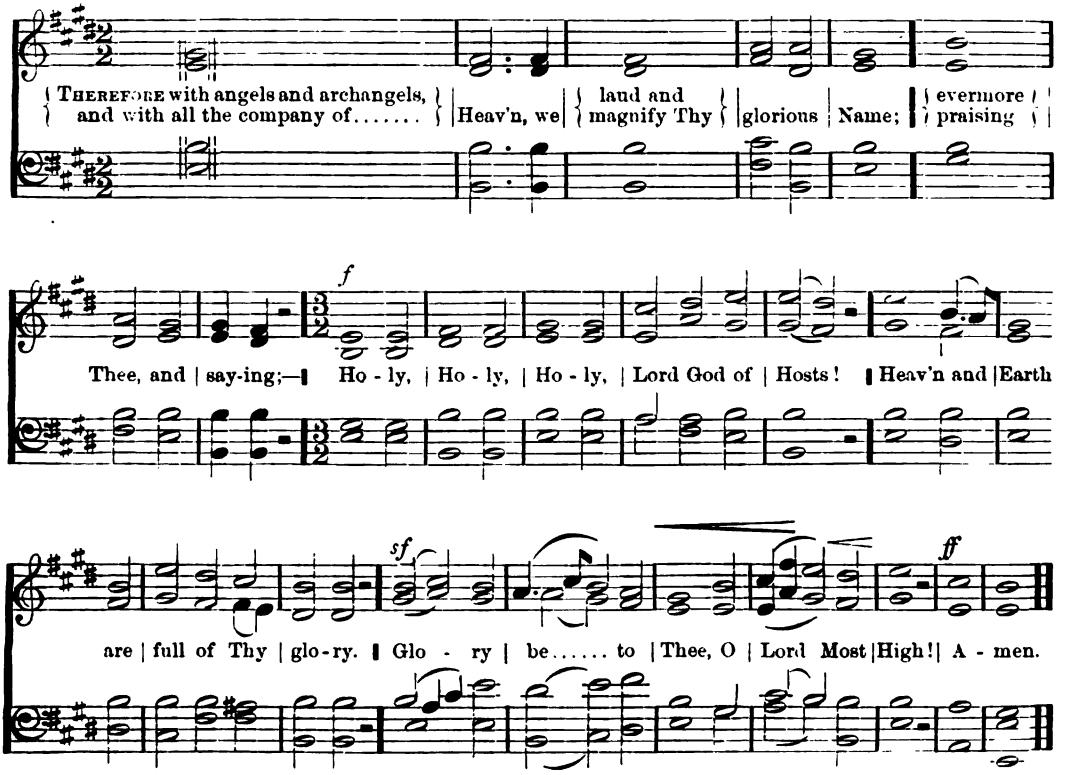
4 God! glorious and triune,
Our lips and lives attune
For constant praise.
Creator, Ransom, Guide,
Guard us on every side,
All that we need provide,
To endless days.

M. W. Stryker, 1886.

131 Therefore with angels and archangels.

Chant. *"They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness."* **The Trisagion.**

The Third Century, A. D. John Camidge.



132 Glory be to God on high.

"Being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath poured forth this which ye see and hear."

Chant. **Gloria in Excelsis.**

THE SECOND CENTURY, A.D. (ALL THE VOICES IN UNISON.)

1. GLORY be to ..... God on high, and on Earth ..... peace, good- will toward men!
2. We praise Thee, we bless / Thee, we ..... worship Thee. We glorify Thee, we give / thanks to ..... Thee for Thy great glory!

3. O Lord God, ... heaven-ly King, God the ..... Fa - ther Al - mighty!
4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Je - sus Christ, O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father!

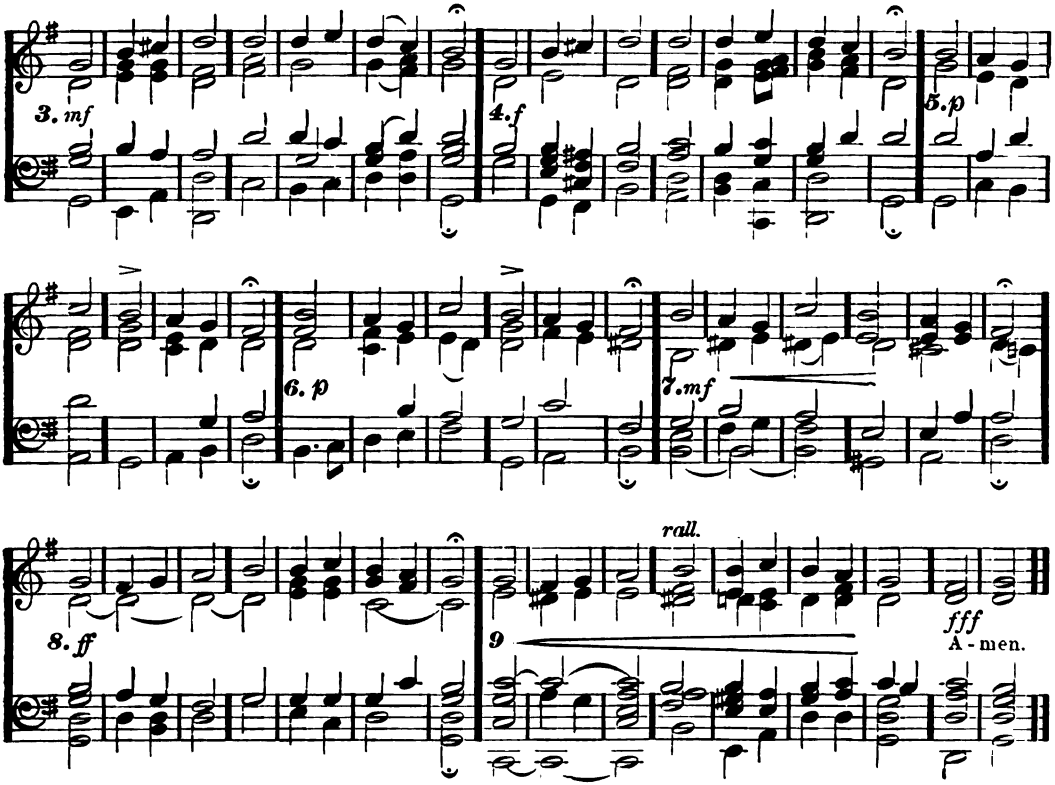
5. That takest away the ..... sins of the world! Have mercy up - on us;
6. Thou that takest away the ..... sins of the world! Re - - - ceive our prayer;
7. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father! Have mercy up - on us;

8. For Thou ..... only art Ho-ly; Thou ..... on - ly art the Lord;
9. Thou only, O Christ! with the Ho - ly Ghost, Art most high in the glory of God the Father. A - men.

ORGAN PART. *Harmony by* JOSEPH PEARCE.

f 1. *f* 2. *ff*

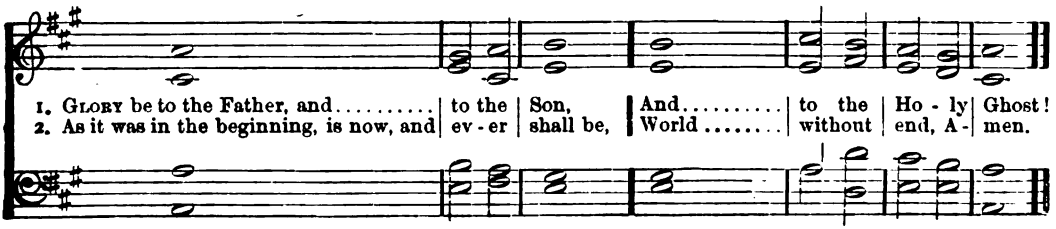
The Trinity.



133 Glory be to the Father.

"He hath set eternity in their heart."

Single Chant. **The Gloria Patri.**



134 Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel.

"Israel shall blossom, and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit."

8.8.8.8.8.8. **Veni Immanuel.**

LATIN, 12th CENTURY.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1861. *Abr.*

CHARLES GOUNOD, 1872.

Supplicando.

1. DRAW nigh, draw nigh, Im - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el,
That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.
Re - joice! re - joice! Im - man - u - el Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el!

2 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morning Star,
And bring us comfort from afar;
And banish far from us the gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gate unfolds to Thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path of misery
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of Might,
Who once, from Sinai's flaming height,
Didst give the trembling tribes Thy law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

The Advent.

135 Joy to the world! The Lord is come!

C. M. *"This is the Heir."* **Antioch.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Arr. fr.* GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1741.

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come! Let Earth re-ceive her King. Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And Heav'n and Na-ture sing, And Heaven and Na-ture sing, And Heaven, and Heaven and Na-ture sing.

And Heav'n and Na-ture sing, And Heav'n and Na-sure sing.

2 Joy to the Earth,—the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

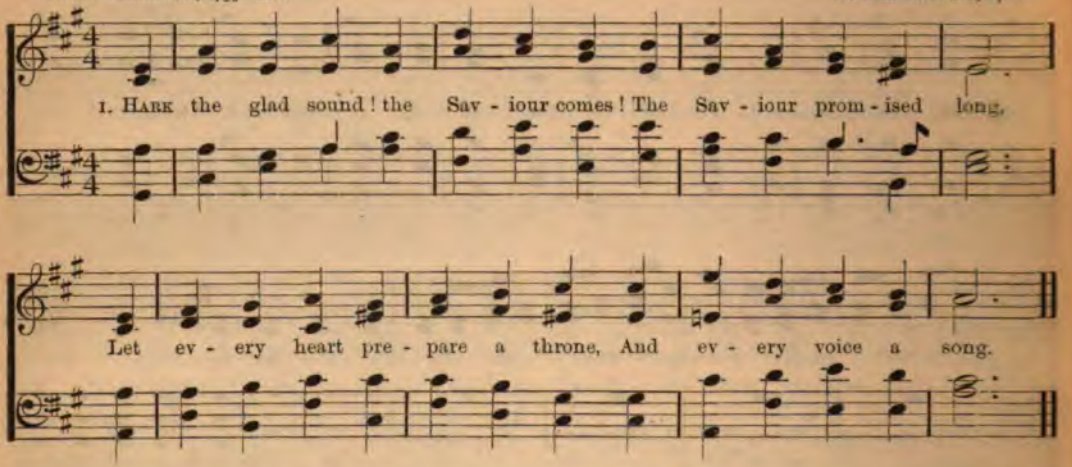
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

136 Hark the glad sound! The Saviour comes!

C. M. *"They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward"* **Lancaster.**

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1735. *Abr.* SAMUEL HOWARD, 1762.



2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovéd Name.

137

1 O THOU, who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;

2 Altho by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

3 As yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust Thy word
That blessèd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter, as Thou art.

JOHN M. NEALE, 1850.

138

1 AS SHADOWS, cast by cloud and Sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

2 And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that Earth can boast
Just glisten,—and are gone.

3 Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

4 O Father, may that holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the Earth with light.

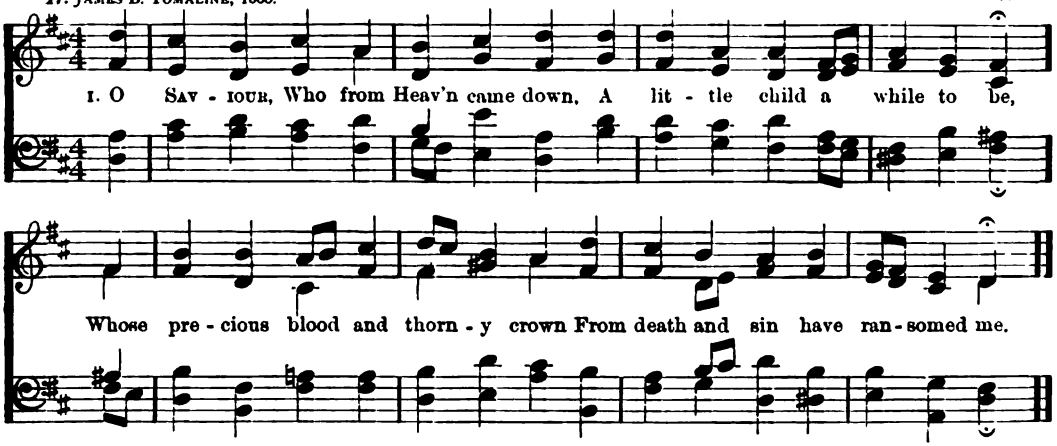
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1875.

139 O Saviour, Who from Heaven came down.

L. M. *"There was no room for them in the inn!"* **Incarnation.**

Ger. NICOLAUS L. VON ZINZENDORF, *d.* 1760.
Tr. JAMES B. TOMALINE, 1860.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1535.



2 Teach me, dear Saviour, some return
Of lowly service for Thy love,
Such as a thankful child may learn,
Such as Thy Spirit shall approve.

3 Young hearts I hear them say are claimed
For God's own Altar by Thy word;
May I lay there my own, unblamed,
And wilt Thou lift it Heav'nward, Lord!

140

1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds thro the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light:

2 Hark, from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant alleluias stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High Heaven with songs of triumph rang,
While thus they struck their harps, and sang;—

4 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
Renewed, creation smiles again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!"

THOMAS CAMPBELL, 1820. *Abr.*

141 While shepherds watched their flocks.

C. M. D. *"Unto all them that obey Him, the Author of eternal salvation."* **Bethlehem.**

NAHUM TATE, 1703. OLD ENGLISH CAROL.

1. WHILE shepherd's watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The An - gel of the Lord came down And glo - ry shone a - round. "Fear not," said he; (for might - y dread Had seized their troubled mind;) "Glad tidings of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind."

2 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;—
And this shall be the sign;
The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All humbly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.

3 Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song;
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the Earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to [men
Begin, and never cease!"

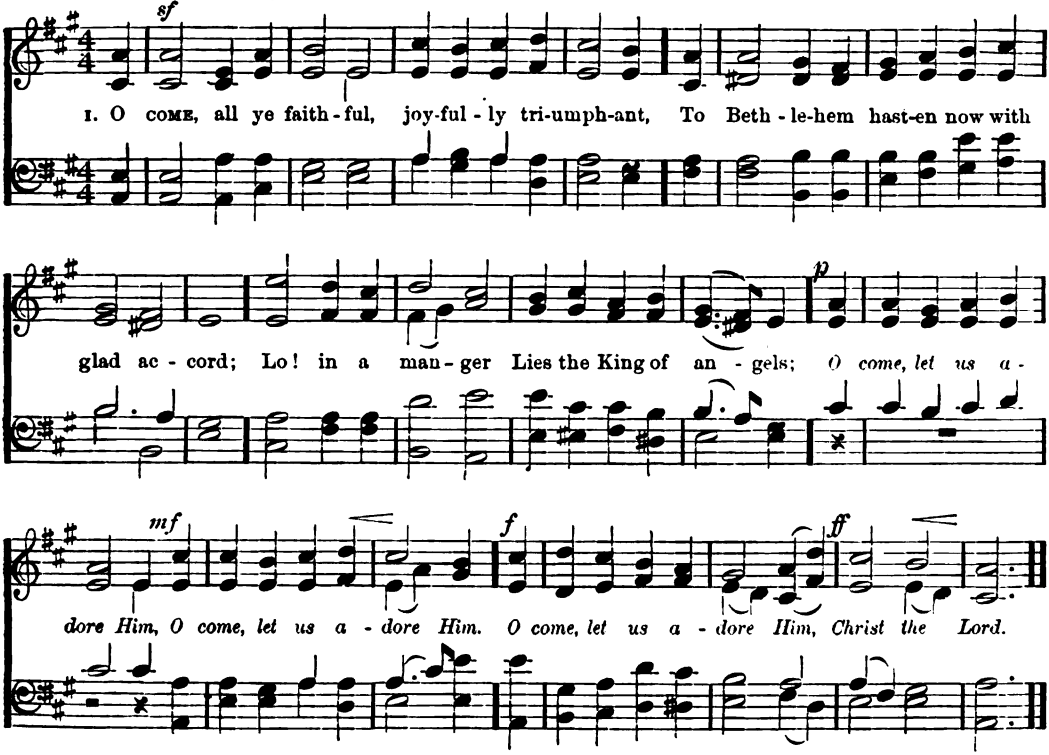
The Nativity.

142 O come, all ye faithful.

P. M. *"To guide our feet into the way of peace."* **Adeste Fideles.**

Latin, 15th or 16th Century.
Tr. Frederick Oakeley, 1841. *Abr. & Alt.*

Marc Antoine Portogallo, 1790.



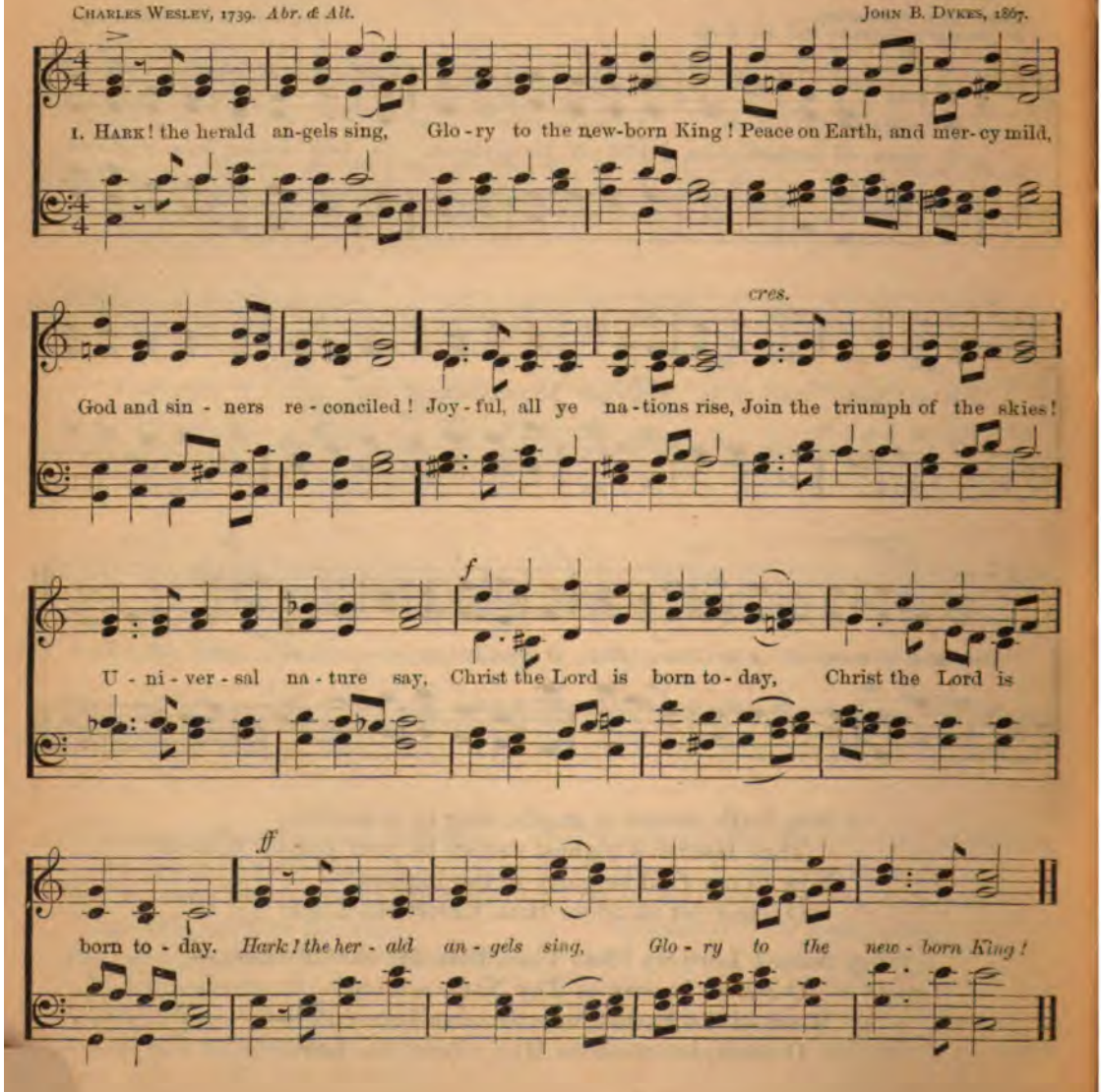
2 Sing forth, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Thro Heaven's highest arches be your praises poured!
Now to our God be glory in the highest!—
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

3 Amen! Lord we bless Thee, born for our salvation,—
O Jesus, forever be Thy Name adored!
Word of the Father, now for man Incarnate;—
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

143 Hark! the herald angels sing.

7s, D. *"Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."* **Good Tidings.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739. *Abr. & Alt.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1867.



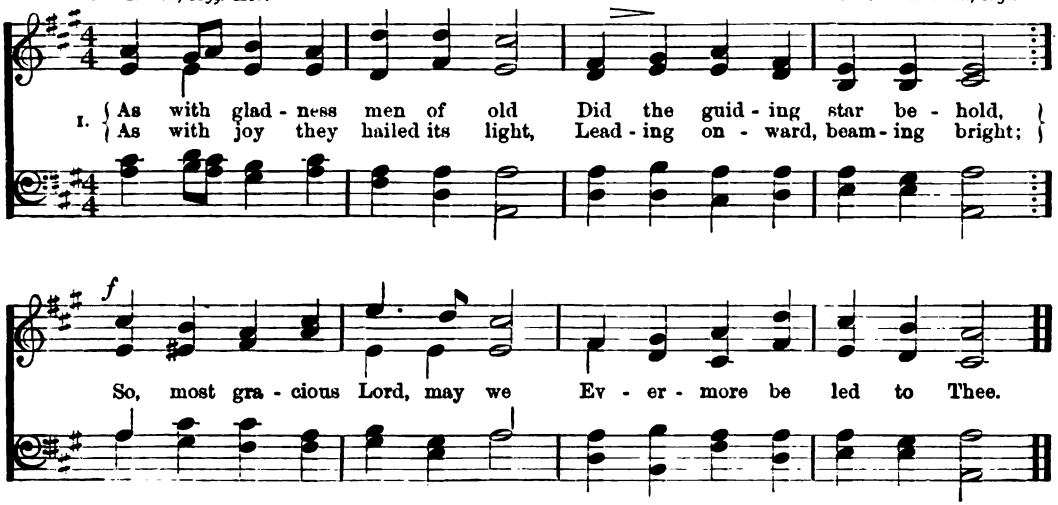
2 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of Earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! etc.

3 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home.
Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head.
Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore,
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.
Hark! etc.

144 As with gladness, men of old.

7·7·7·7·7·7. *"Then shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel."* **Dix.**

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1859. *Abr.* CONRAD KOCHER, 1838.



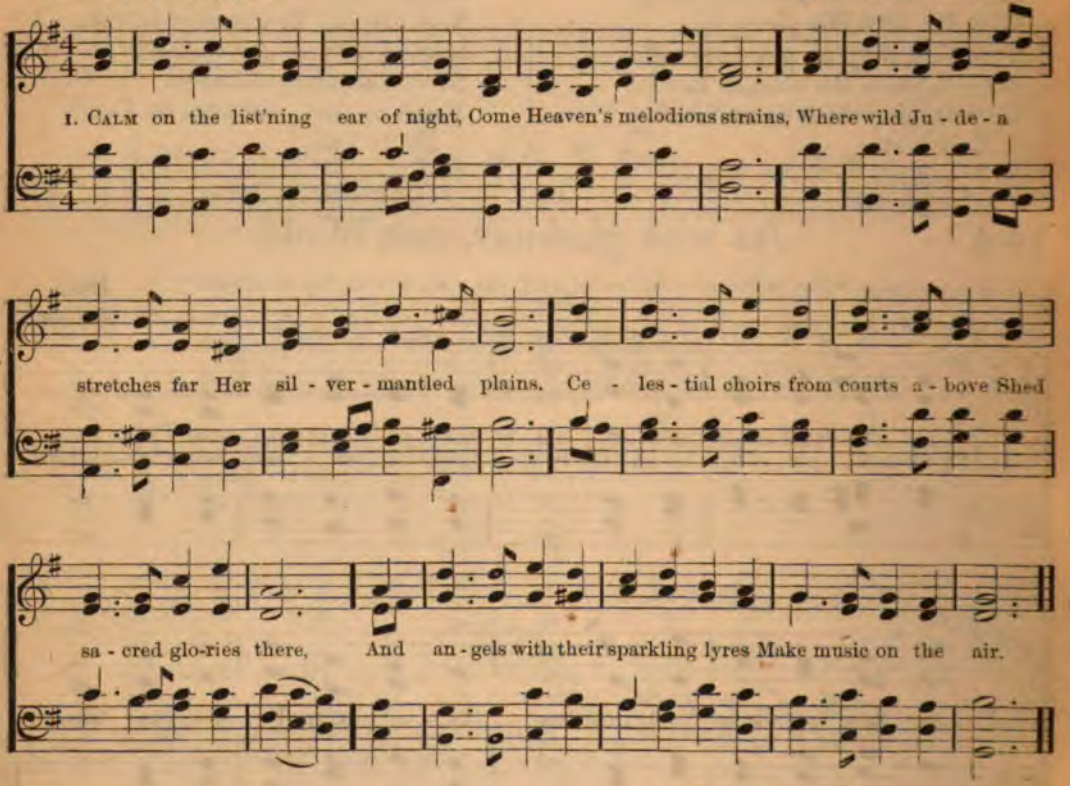
2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom Heaven and Earth adore;
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee, our heavenly King.

145 Calm on the listening ear of night.

C. M. D. *"I am the root and offspring of David, the bright, the Morning Star."* **St. Ursula.**

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1834. *Abr.* FREDERICK WESTLAKE, 1872.



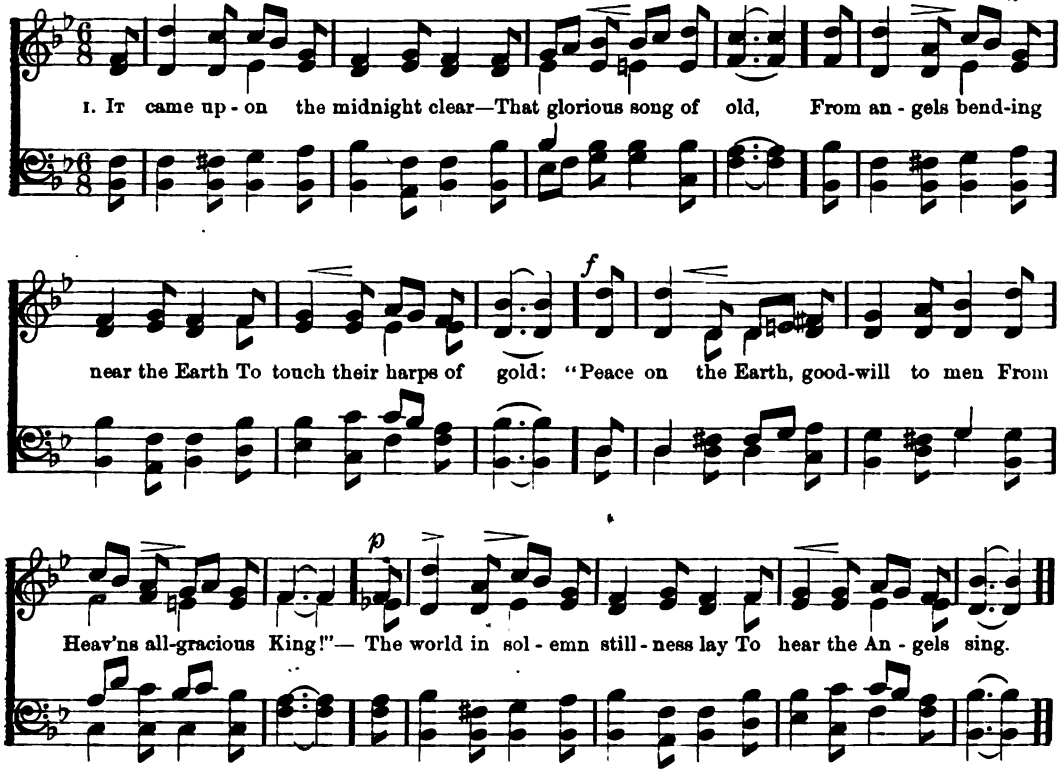
2 The answ'ring hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Dayspring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem,
The Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn!
This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
Oh, catch the anthem that from Heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!

146 It came upon the midnight clear.

C. M. D. *"When the kindness of God our Saviour, and His love toward man appeared."* **Carol.**

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1849. *Abr.* RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, 1849.



2 Still thro the cloven skies they came,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds,
The blessèd angels sing.

3 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

147 Hark! what mean those holy voices.

"Thro His name every one that believeth on Him shall receive remission of sins."

8s & 7s, D. — JOHN CAWOOD, 1819.

The Hymn to Joy. — LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1824.

1. HARK! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet-ly warb-ling in the skies? Sure, th'angel - ic host re - joic - es— Loud-est Al - le - lu - ias rise. List - en to the won-drous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy:—"Glory in the high-est, glo-ry; Glo - ry be to God most high!"

2 "Peace on Earth, good-will from Heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and Earth His glory sing:
Glad, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

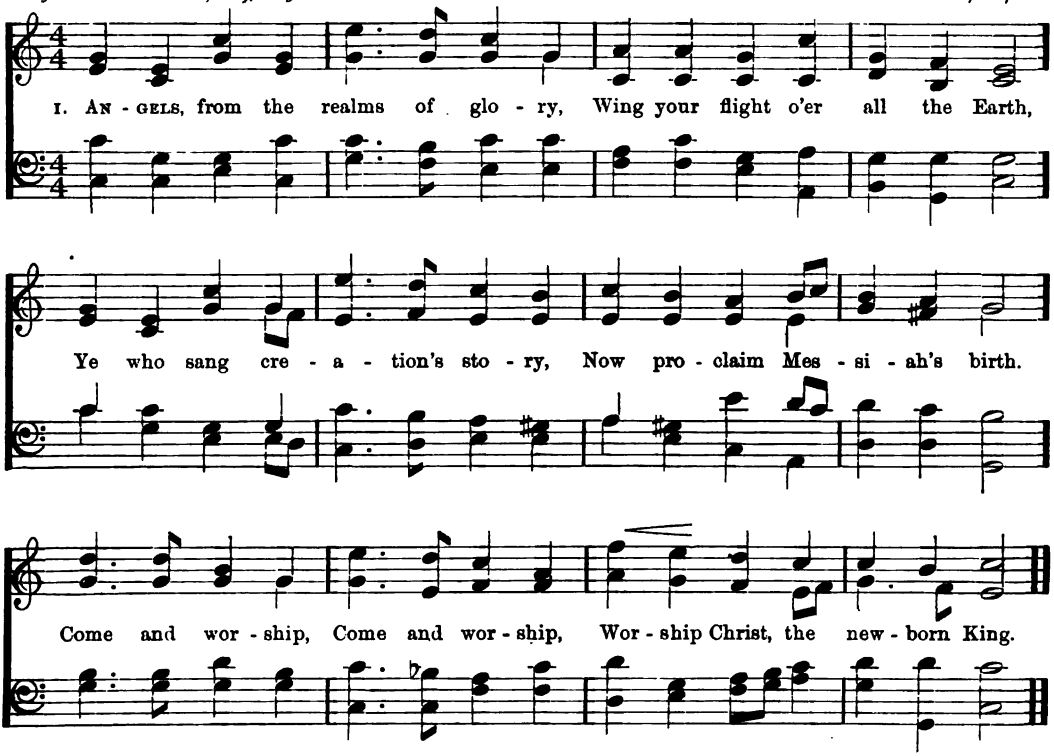
3 "Hasten, mortals! to adore Him;
Learn His name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven you sing before Him,—
Glory be to God most high!"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the Earth.

The Nativity.

148 Angels, from the realms of glory.

8s, 7s & 4. *"To shine upon them that sit in darkness."* **Regent Square.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819, 1825. *Abr.* HENRY SMART, 1867.



2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

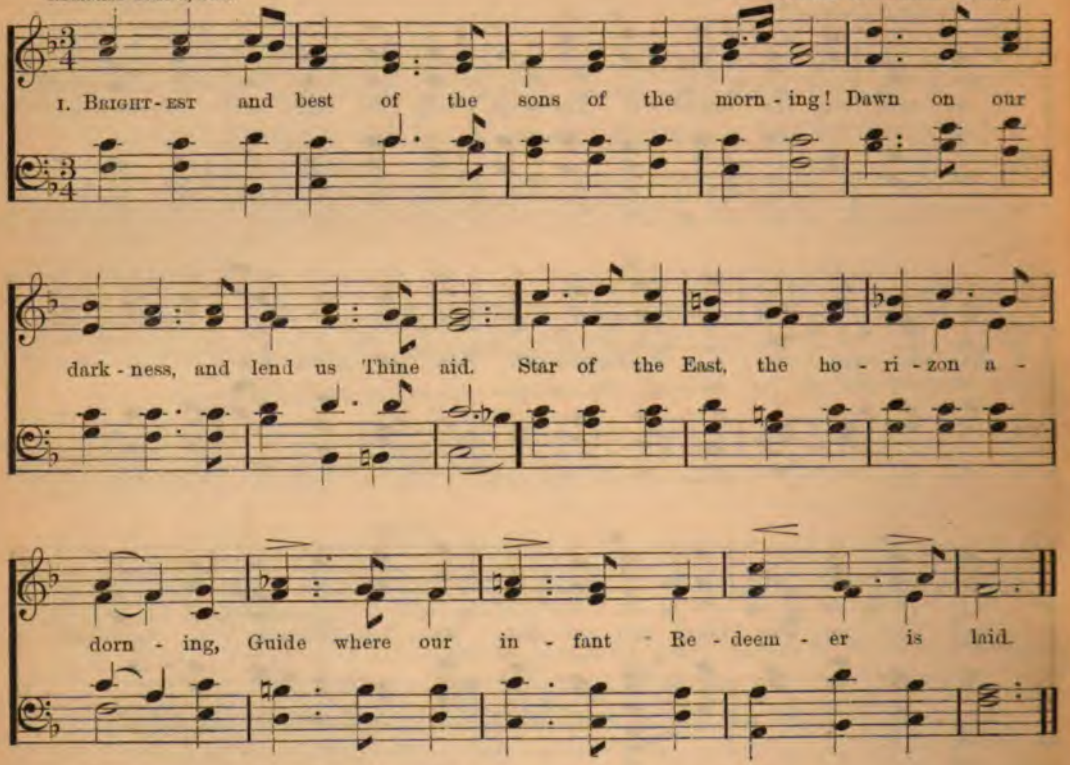
3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar.
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

149 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.

11.10.11.10. *"Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."* St. Laura.

Reginald Heber, 1811. William Alex. Barrett, 1850.



2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

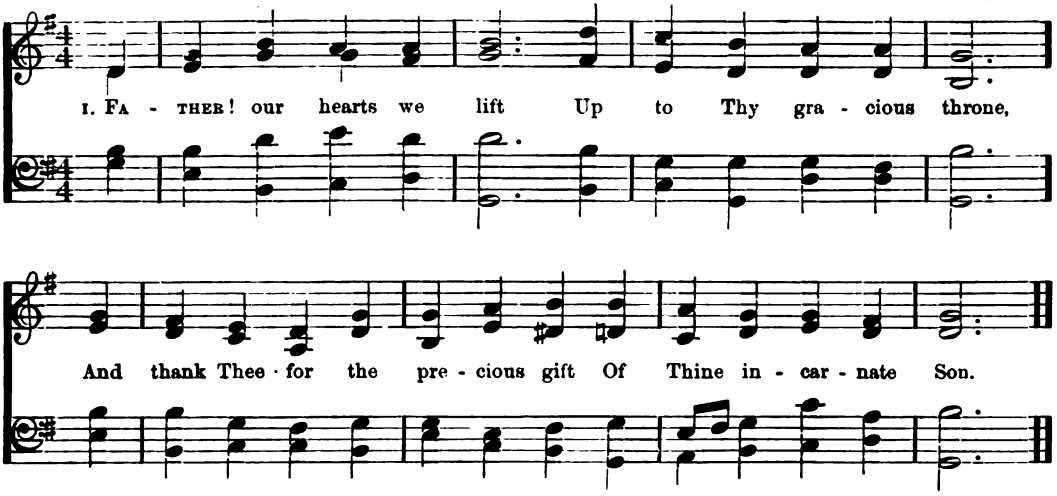
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid.
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

150 Father! our hearts we lift.

S. M. — *"Who shall declare His generation."* — St. Michael.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745. — The Genevan Psalter. LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551



2 Jesus, the Holy Child,
Doth by His birth declare
That God and man are reconciled,
And one in Him we are.

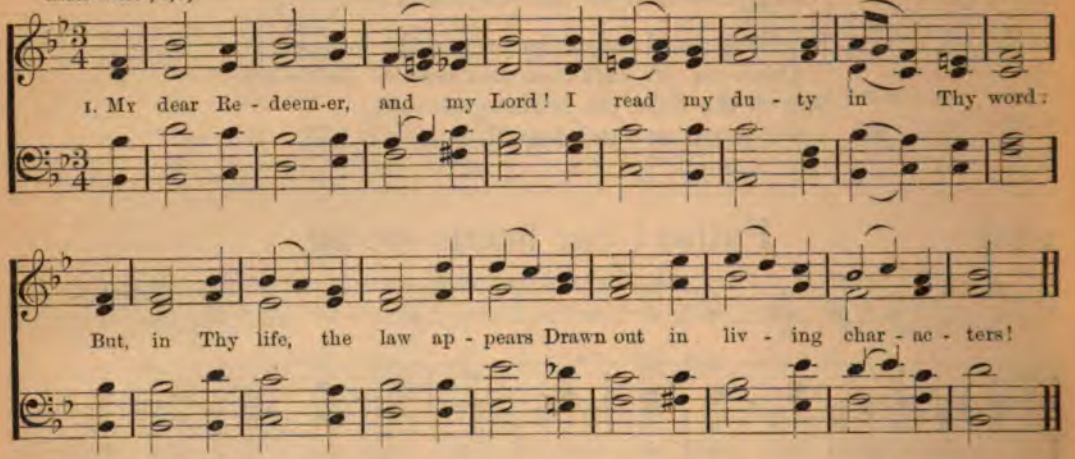
3 A peace on Earth He brings
Which never more shall end.
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares Himself our Friend.

4 Oh! may we all receive
The new-born Prince of peace,
And meekly in His spirit live,
And in His love increase!

151 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord!

L. M. *"All wondered at the words of grace which proceeded out of His mouth."* **Germany.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1825. *Arr.*



2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory, too.

4 Be Thou my pattern. Make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

152

1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine!
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God.

2 Oh who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh who like Thee did ever go
So patient, thro a world of woe?

3 Oh who like Thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee:
Yet love thro all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever, on the road,
To trace Thy footsteps, O my God.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1840.

153

"That thy goodness should not be of necessity but of free will."

1 How shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessèd footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above?

2 Lord, should my path thro suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine:
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

3 Oh let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest, not Thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

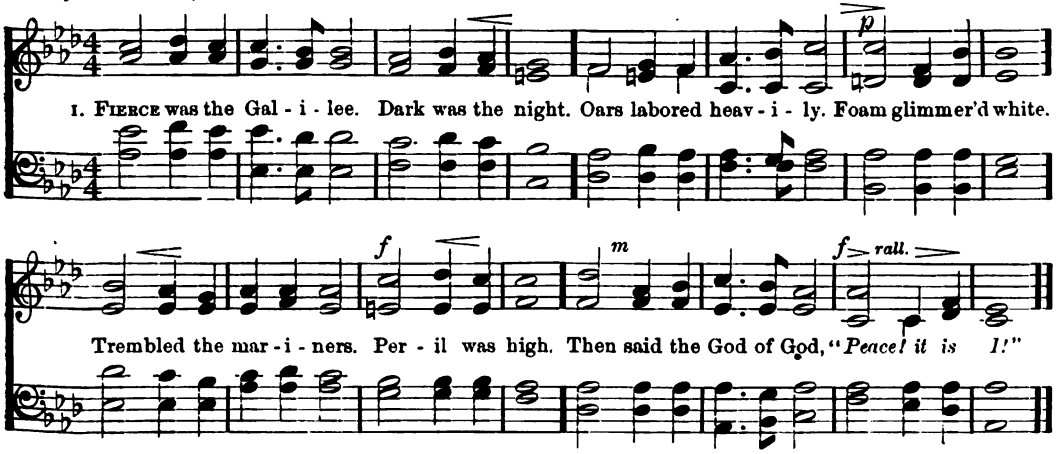
JOSIAH CONDER, 1822. *Abr.*

154 Fierce was the Galilee.

6s & 4s, D. *"Who then is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?"* **Faith.**

Gk. ANATOLIUS, 458.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1862. *Alt.*

JAMES FLINT, 1873.



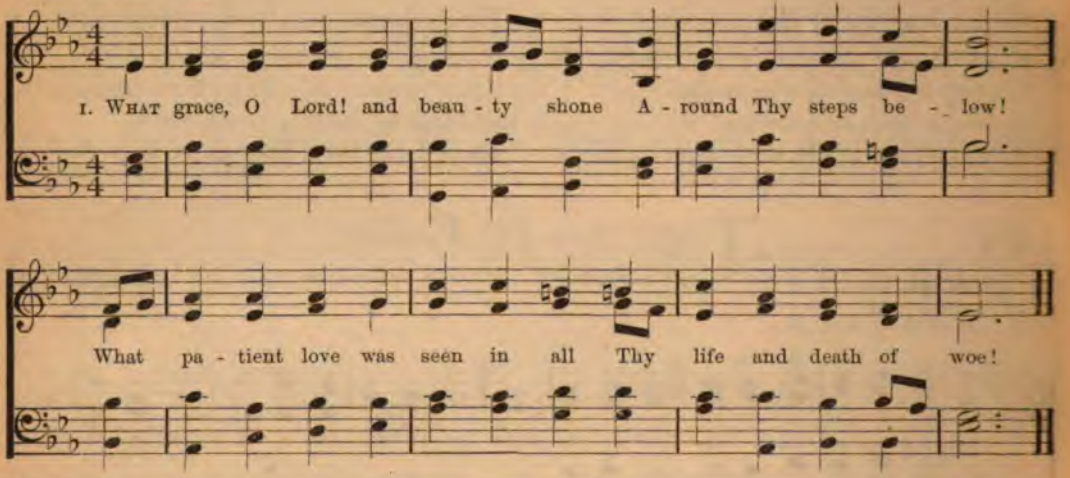
2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euraquilo,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of light,
m. *"Peace! it is I!"*

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me.
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea.
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, Thou Truth of truth,
p. *"Peace! it is I!"*

155 What grace, O Lord! and beauty shone.

C. M. *"Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is My brother."* **Horsley.**

EDWARD DENNY, 1839. WILLIAM HORSLEY, 1815.



2 Forever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that springs
From union, Lord, with Thee.

156

1 THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.

2 And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath.

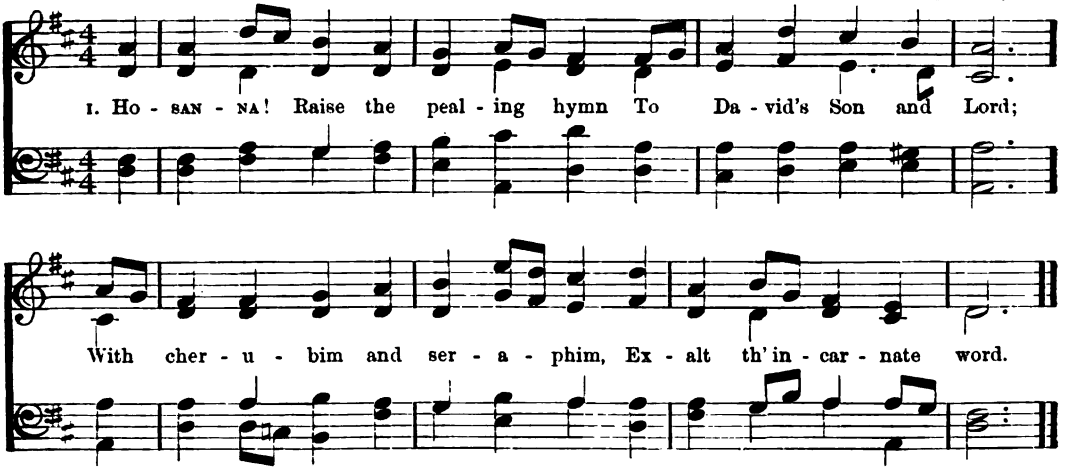
4 To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong
May praise Thee evermore.

EDWARD H. PLUMTRE, 1865. *Abr.*

157 Hosanna! Raise the pealing hymn.

C. M. "*The Desire of all nations.*" Lanarkshire.

WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL, 1833. MITCHISON'S HARMONY, Glasgow, 1849.



2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest!
How vast Thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood our life, Thy word our feast,
Thy name our only plea.

3 Hosanna! Master! lo! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing:
But hearts to be Thine own.

4 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

5 O Saviour! if redeemed by Thee
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas thro eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

158

1 COME, Thou, with purifying fire,
And swift-dividing sword,
Thou of all nations the Desire,
Earth waits Thy cleansing word.

2 Struck by the lightning of Thy glance,
Let old oppressions die;
Before Thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

3 Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as not before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in His poor.

4 How late Thy bright and awful brow
Breaks thro these clouds of sin;
Hail, Truth divine! we know Thee *now*,
Angel of God, come in!

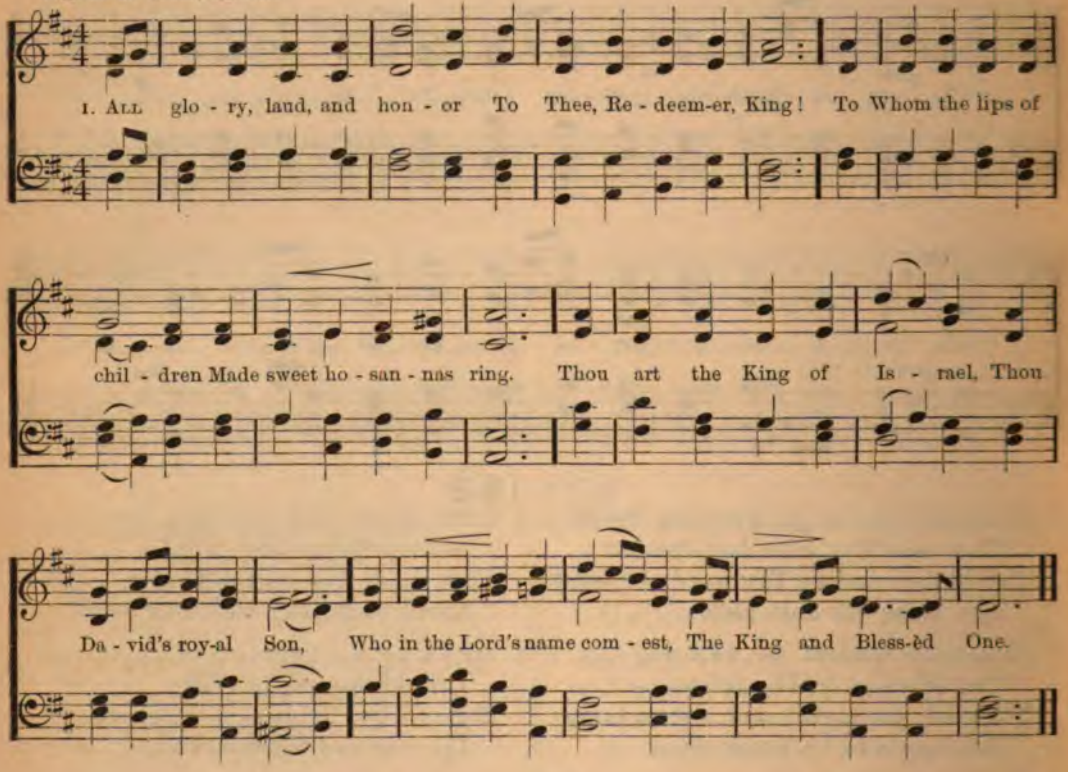
ELIZA SCUDDER, 1860. *Abr.*

159 All glory, laud, and honor.

7s & 6s, D. *"He is just and having salvation, lowly and riding upon an ass."* St. Alkmund.

Lat. THEODULPH, 821.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1856. *Alt.*

JOHN S. SIDEBOTHAM, 1863.



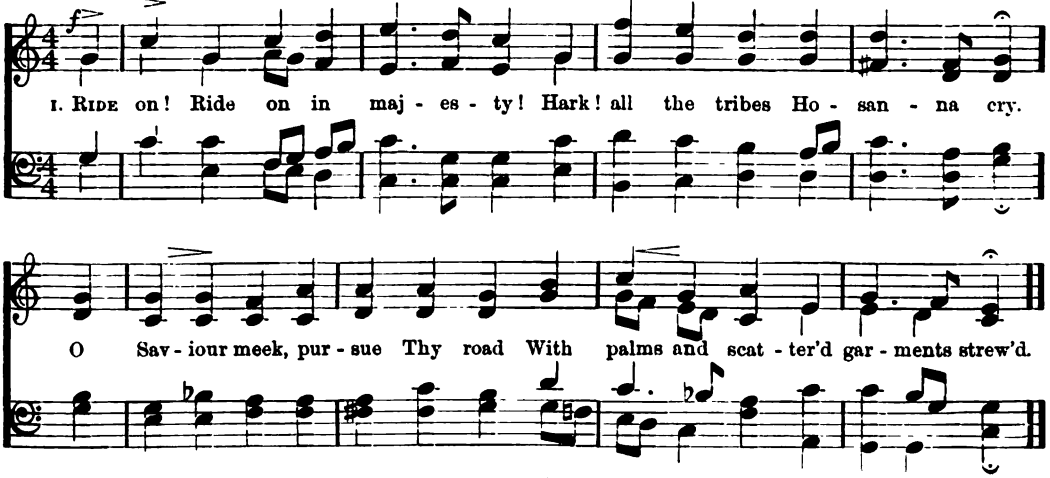
2 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise, and prayer, and anthems,
Before Thee we present.

3 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
With all Thy wide creation,
We'll celebrate Thy praise;
We'll sing of Thy salvation
Thro everlasting days.

160 Ride on! Ride on in majesty.

L. M. "This is Jesus the King." **Drostane.**

Henry Hart Milman, 1821. John B. Dykes, 1859.



2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die.
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The wingéd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh.
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die.
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

161

1 The royal banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow,
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

3 Upon its arms, so widely flung,
This dying world's Redeemer hung,
Who only could our ransom pay,
And spoil the Spoiler of his prey.

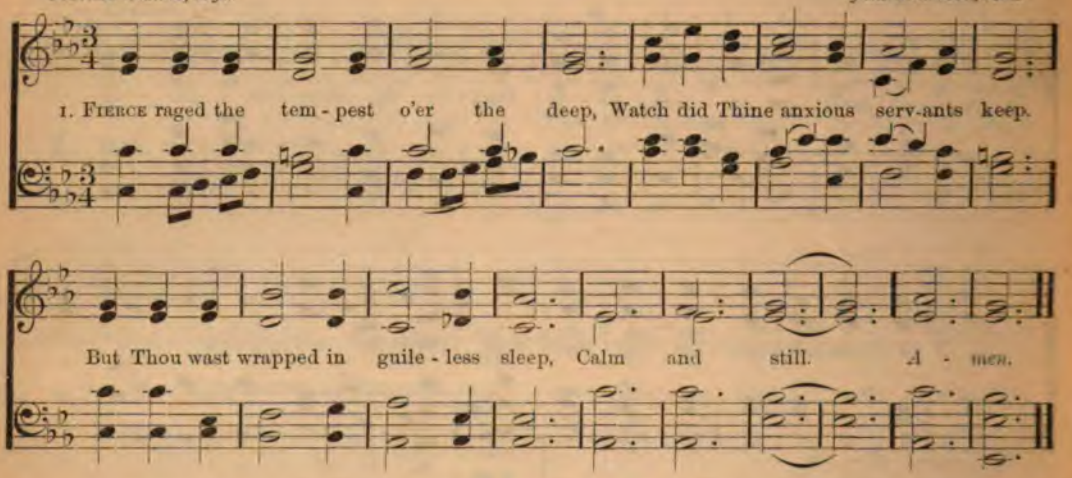
4 To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done.
Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore,
Them keep and govern evermore.

Lat. Venantius Fortunatus, *cir.* 575.
Tr. John M Neale, 1851. *Alt.*

162 Fierce raged the tempest.

8.8.8.3. *"Why are ye fearful? Have ye not yet faith?"* **St. Aelred.**

GODFREY THRING, 1858. JOHN B. DYKES, 1862.



2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high.
"Peace, be still."

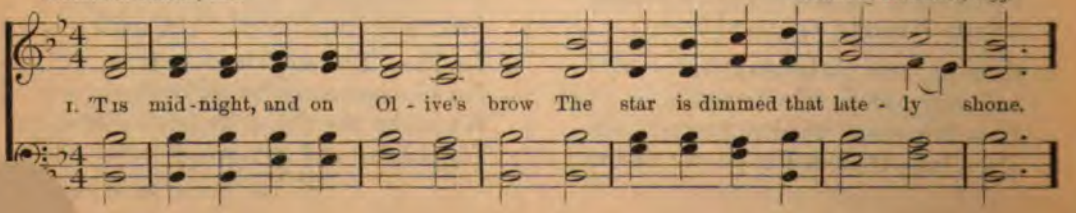
3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows cease to leap,
At thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still." *Amen.*

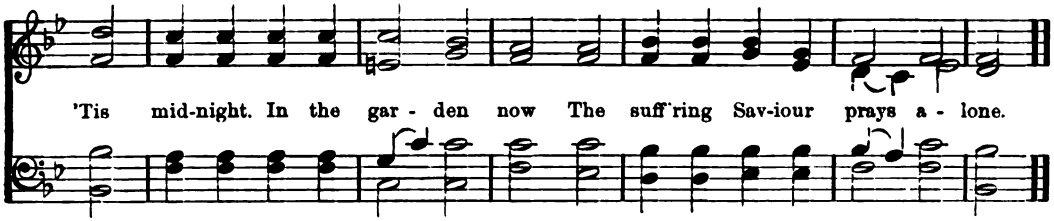
163 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow.

L. M. *"That by the grace of God, He should taste death for every man."* **Olive's Brow.**

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, 1821. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1853.



Christ's Ministry.



2 'Tis midnight, and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

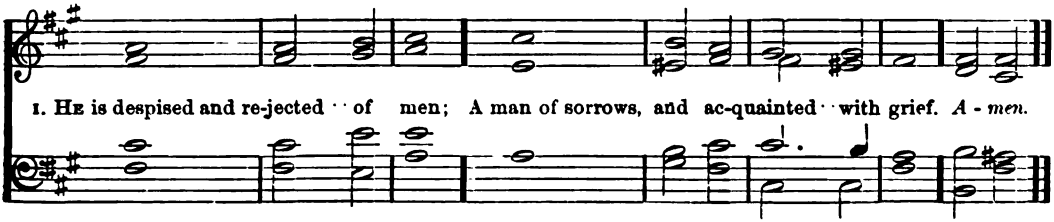
3 'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood:
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight, and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know:
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

164 He is despised and rejected of men.

Single Chant. *"God will provide a Lamb."* **Blow's Chant**

ISAIAH 53: 3—6. JOHN BLOW, 1670.



2 And as one from whom men | hide their | face; ||
He was despisèd, and | we es- | teemèd ·· Him | not. ||

3 Surely He hath borne our griefs, and | carried ·· our | sorrows. ||
Yet we did esteem Him stricken, | smitten ·· of | God, · and af- | flicted. ||

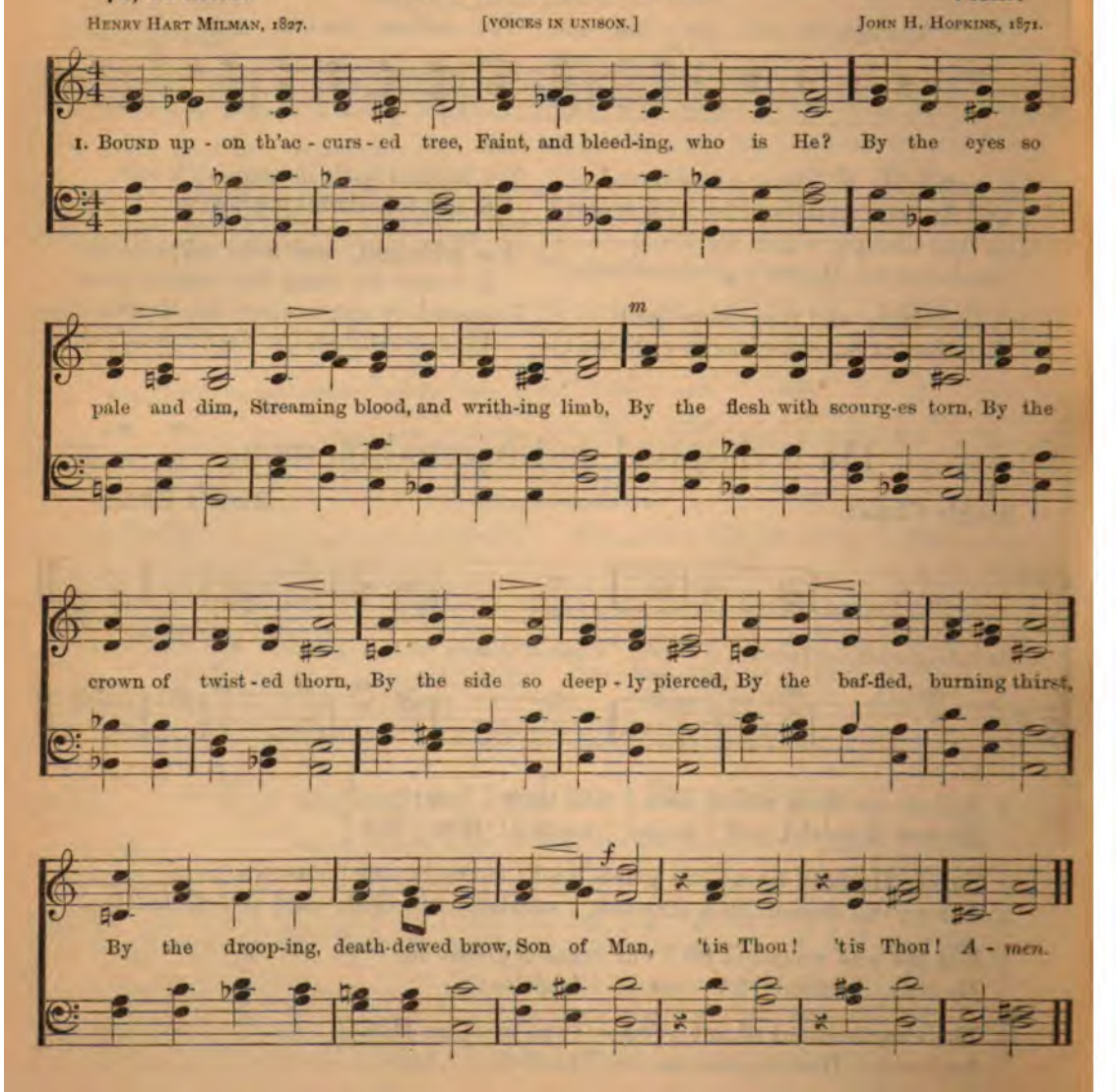
4 But He was wounded for | our trans- | gressions, ||
He was | bruisèd ·· for | our in- | iquities; ||

5 The chastisement of our | peace ·· was up- | on Him; ||
And with | His stripes | we are | healèd. || *Amen.* ||

165 Bound upon th'accursèd tree.

7s, 10 lines. *"Certainly this was a righteous man!"* Vicar.

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1827. [VOICES IN UNISON.] JOHN H. HOPKINS, 1871.



2 Bound upon th' accurséd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the Sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By the Earth enwrapt in gloom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,—
Eden promised, ere He died,
To the felon at His side;—
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow!
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

3 Bound upon th' accurséd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"*Lord! they know not what they do!*"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou! *Amen.*

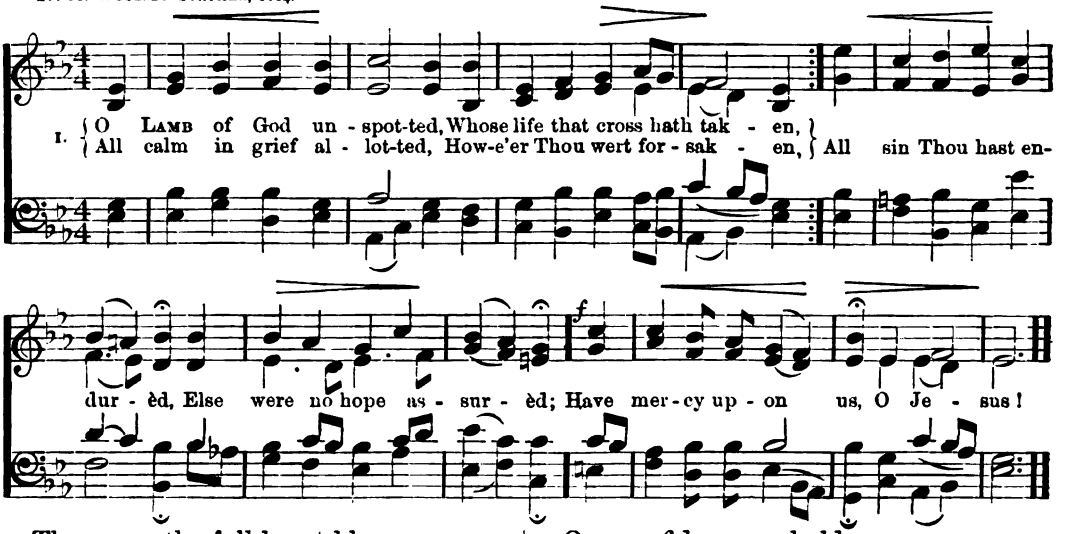
166 O Lamb of God, unspotted.

"*Him who knew no sin, He made to be sin on our behalf; that we might become the righteousness of God in Him.*"

7s & 9, P. **Agnus Dei.**

Ger. Nicolaus Decius, 1523.
Tr. M. Woolsey Stryker, 1884.

Nicolaus Decius, 1541.



2 Thy name the full heart blesses,
That Thou relief so thoro
Hast wrought for our distresses.
Give us a godly sorrow,
That we our sins may vanquish,
Remembering Thine anguish;
Have mercy upon us, O Jesus

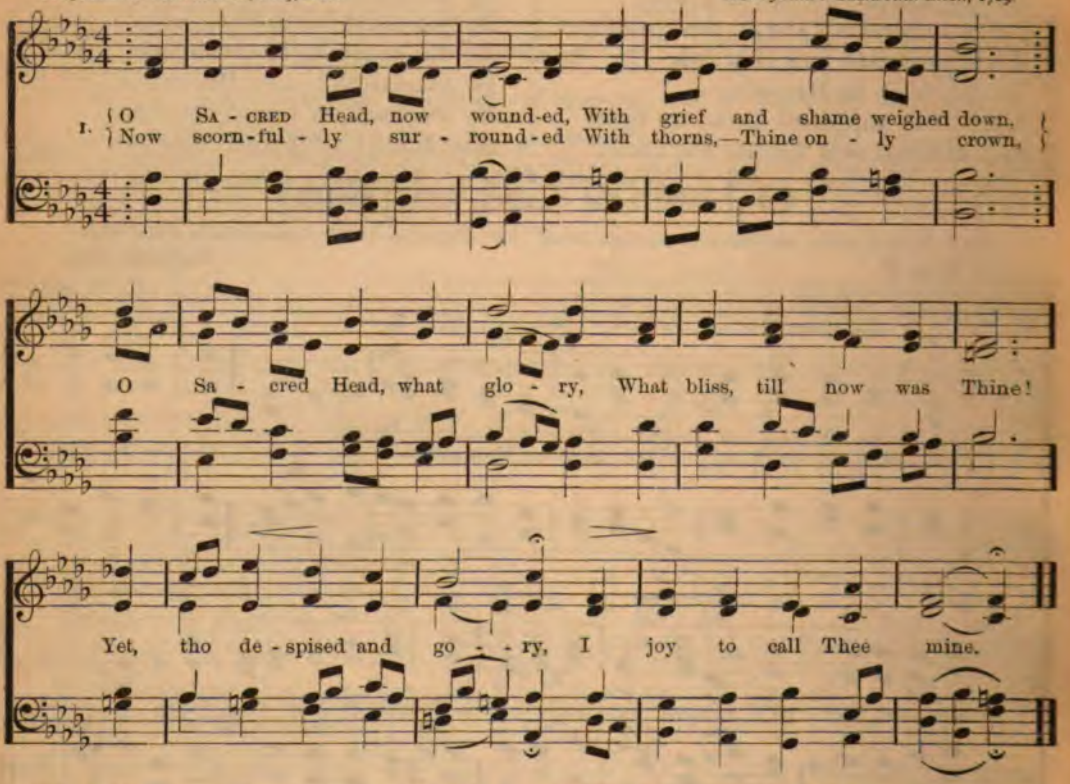
3 Our confidence embolden
Thro Thy vicarious grieving,
That, steadfastly upholden,
And ne'er Thy presence leaving,
We die at last unshaken,
And safe in Heaven awaken;
Grant unto us Thy peace, O Jesus!

167 O sacred Head, now wounded.

"This is My blood of the covenant which is shed for many unto remission of sins."

7s & 6s, D.
Ger. (a trans. from the Latin) PAUL GERHARDT, 1656.
Tr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, 1829, *Abr.*

Passion Chorale.
JOHANN LEONARD HASLER, 1601.
Har. JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1729.



2 What Thou, my Lord! hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place.
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

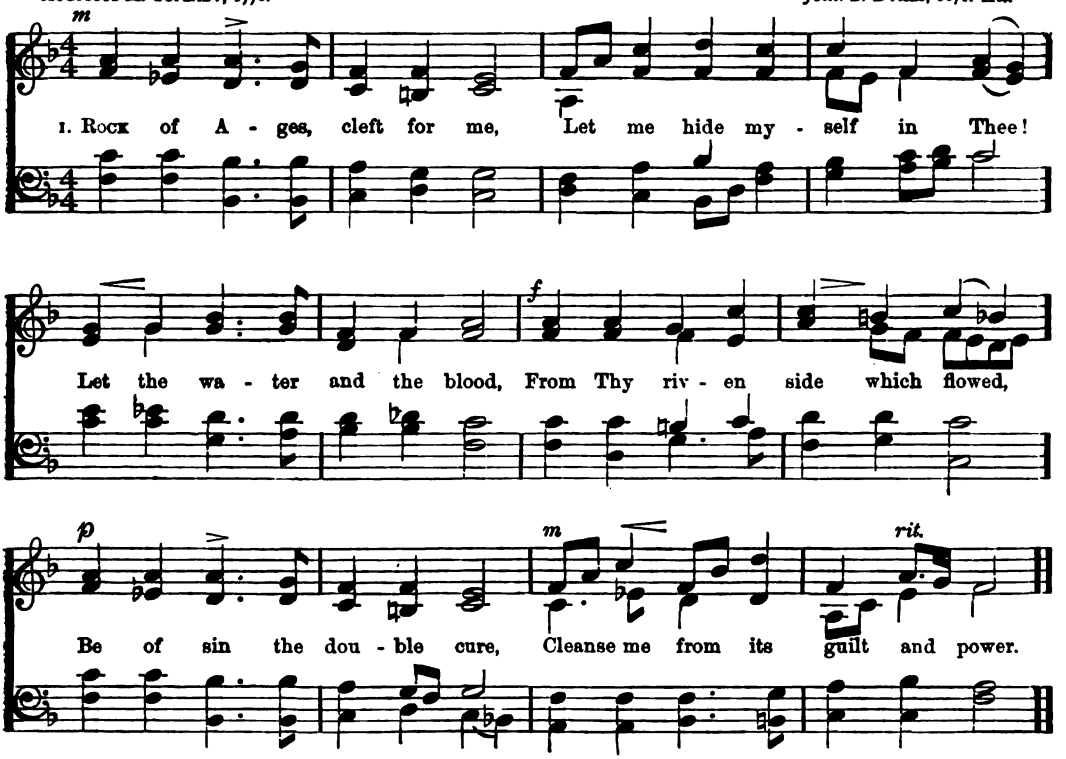
3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend!
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
Oh! make me Thine for ever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord! let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee!

168 Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

7·7·7·7·7·7.
AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776.

"I have laid help upon One that is mighty."

Rock of Ages.
JOHN B. DYKES, 1871. *Alt.*



2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,—
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

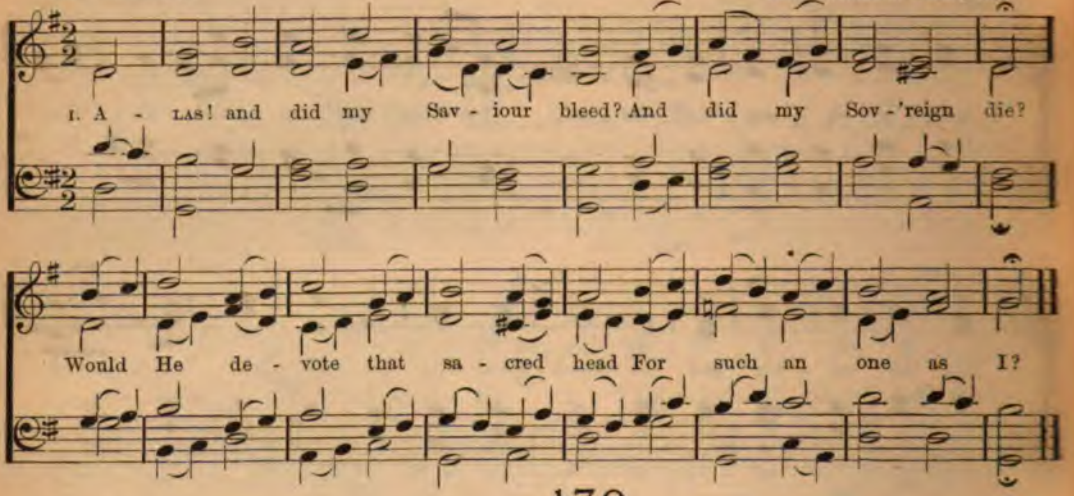
3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar thro realms unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

169 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?

C. M. *"Our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ."* **Medfield.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. WILLIAM MATHER, 1790. *Har.* RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1849.



3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the Tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the Sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear Cross appears;
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness!
And melt, mine eyes, to tears!

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

170

1 O JESUS, sweet the tears I shed,
While at Thy cross I kneel,
Gaze at Thy wounded, fainting head,
And all Thy sorrows feel.

2 'Twas for the sinful Thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand;
What love speaks from Thy dying eye,
And from each piercéd hand!

3 I know this cleansing blood of Thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me,—
For me, for all, O grace divine!
Who look by faith on Thee.

4 In patient hope, the Cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And Thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
On Thy great judgment-day.

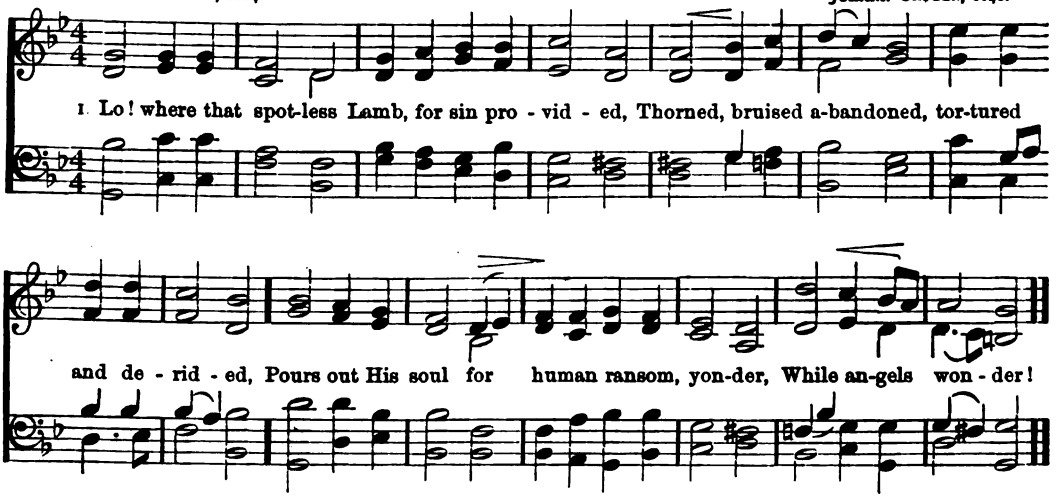
RAY PALMER, 1867. *Abr.*

171 Lo! where that spotless Lamb.

"Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into His glory?"

II.II.II.5. **"Herzliebster Jesu."**

M. Woolsey Stryker, 1884. Johann Cruger, 1640.



2 Jesus, what woe Thy love for us hath won Thee!
For God hath laid our chastisement upon Thee,
From our deep guilt Thy death its anguish borrows—
Thou Man of Sorrows!

3 Crucified Saviour, by Thy mortal passion,
By the dark travail that hath wrought salvation,
Hear, Lord, a sinner, all his shame deploring,
Thy grace adoring!

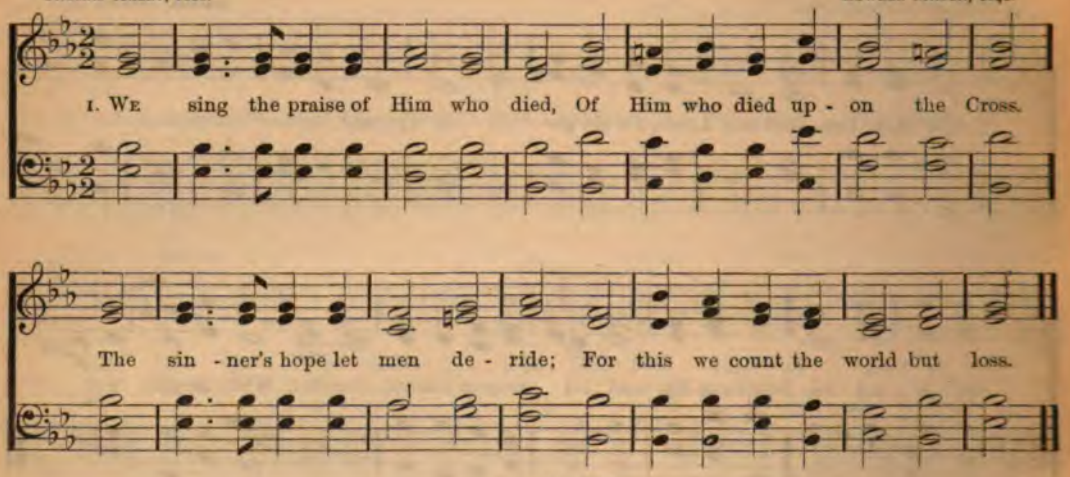
4 Christ, I have wronged Thee! penitent, heart-broken,
Justly condemned;—yet be Thy mercy spoken!
O Prince of Life, let this Thy strange enthronement
Be mine atonement!

5 Glories undimmed are Thine, Thou King of Ages,
Whose name Thy Church in thankful hymns engages.
To God, thro Thee, in constant sacrifices,
Her praise uprises!

172 We sing the praise of Him who died.

L. M. *"It is the blood that maketh atonement by reason of the life."* **Ashwell.**

THOMAS KELLY, 1820. LOWELL MASON, 1842.



2 Inscribed upon that Cross we see,
In shining letters, GOD IS LOVE!
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross! It takes our guilt away.
It holds the fainting spirit up.
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight.
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in Heaven above!

173

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Abr.*

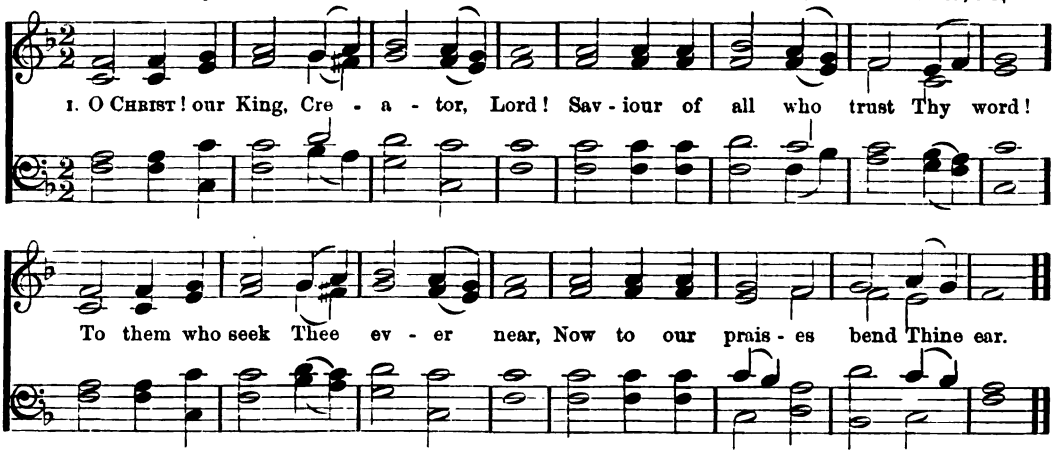
174 O Christ! our King, Creator, Lord!

"That a death having taken place for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first covenant, they that have been called may receive the promise of the eternal inheritance."

L. M. **Hamburg.**

Lat. Gregory the Great, *cir.* 600.
Tr. Ray Palmer, 1858.

First Gregorian Tone, A.D. 590.
Arr. Lowell Mason, 1824.



2 In Thy dear Cross a grace is found,—
It flows from every streaming wound,—
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

3 Thou didst create the stars of night,
Yet Thou hast veiled in flesh Thy light;
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When Thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking Earth acknowledged Thee;
When Thou didst there yield up Thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror, never more to die,
Us by Thy mighty power defend,
And reign thro ages without end.

175

1 Lord Jesus, when we stand afar,
And gaze upon Thy holy Cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
Oh, may we count the world as loss!

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord! uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below!

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men after Thee!

William W. How, 1854.

Christ's Grave.

176 All is o'er; the pain, the sorrow.

8.7.8.7.7.7. *"Make it as sure as ye can!"* **Dresden.**

JOHN MOULTRIE, 1836. *Abr.* GERMAN, 1767.

1. ALL is o'er, the pain, the sor - row, Hu - man taunts and fiend-ish spite; Death shall be despoiled to - mor-row Of the prey he grasps to - night; Yet once more to seal his doom, Christ must sleep with-in the tomb. *A - - - - men, A - men, A - men.*

2 Close and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish,
Which on yonder cross He bore;
did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the Serpent's head.

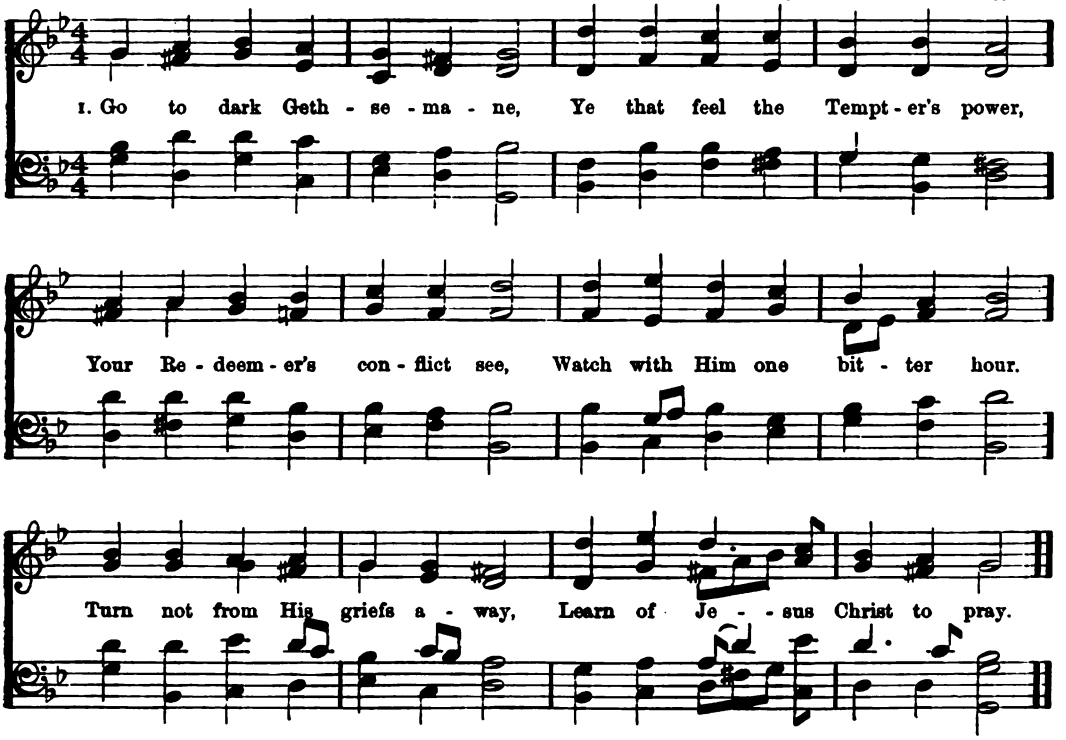
4 All night long, with plaintive voicing,
Chant His requiem soft and low;
Loftier strain of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow.
"Death and Hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign." *Amen.*

The Resurrection.

177 Go to dark Gethsemane.

7·7·7·7·7·7. "*Finished!*" **Calvary.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1820. JOHANN ROSENMÜLLER, 1655.



2 Follow to the judgment-hall.
View the Lord of life arraigned.
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete!
"*It is finished!*" hear Him cry.
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay.
All is solitude and gloom.
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen!—He meets our eyes!
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

178 Near the tomb where Christ hath been.

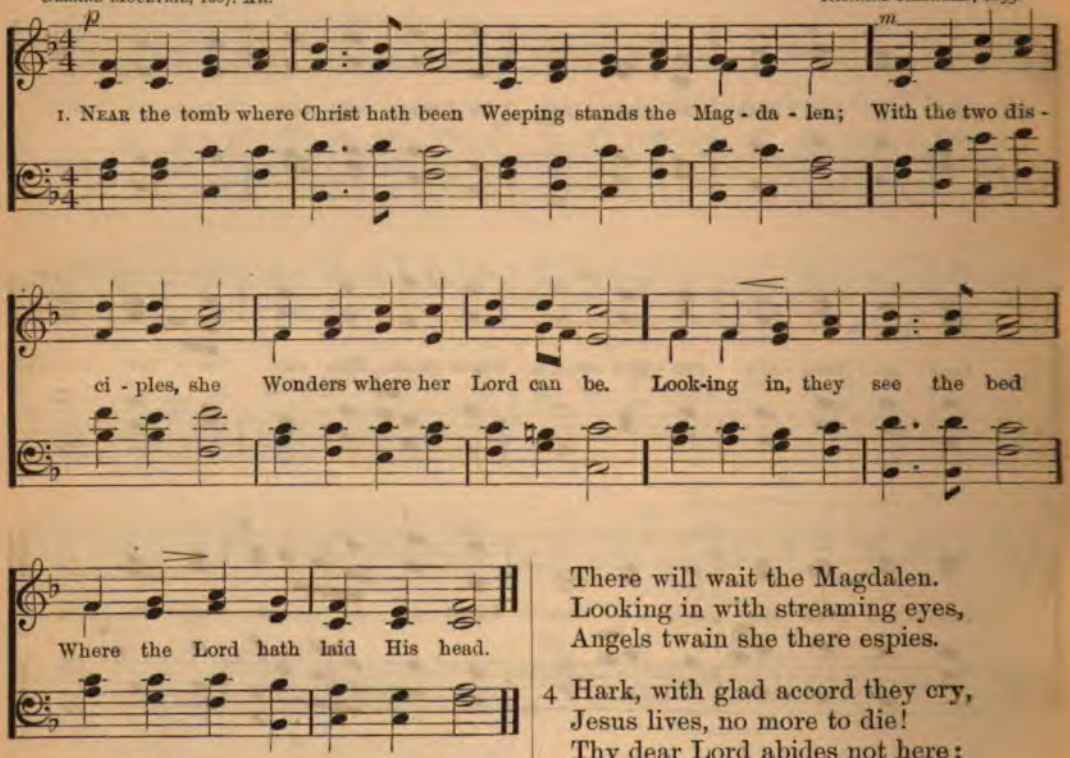
7·7·7·7·7·7.

GERARD MOULTRIE, 1867. *Alt.*

"My soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope."

Gethsemane.

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.



2 Stooping down they see no more
Than the clothes which wrapp'd Him o'er,
Clothes which wound His feet, His brow,
Death's white vestments, useless now.
Two depart: but love and faith
Stronger are than sight,—than death!

3 He was here; then she will wait
Watching early, watching late.
Where her Jesus last was seen,
There will wait the Magdalen.
Looking in with streaming eyes,
Angels twain she there espies.

4 Hark, with glad accord they cry,
Jesus lives, no more to die!
Thy dear Lord abides not here:
He is risen; do not fear.
Mary, wipe thy tears away,
See the place where Jesus lay.

5 Turning round she sees Him stand
In the garden close at hand.
"*Mary!*" 'tis His accent now.
"Master! It is Thou, 'tis Thou!"
We, with her, O Christ, adore,
Lord and Master, evermore!

The Resurrection.

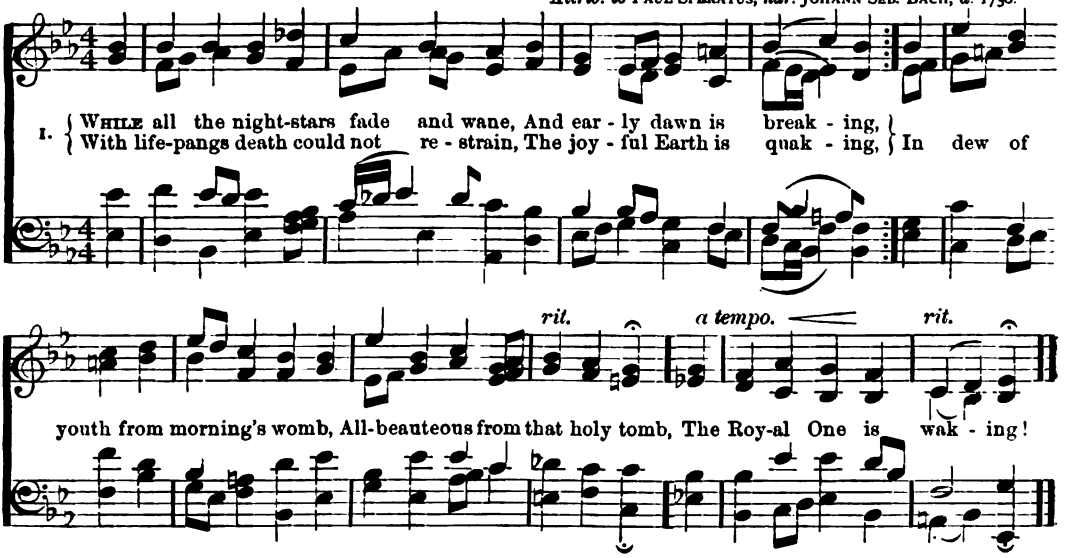
179 While all the night-stars fade and wane.

"The darkness is passing away, and the true light already shineth."

8.7.8.7.8.8.7. **"Es ist das Heil."**

M. Woolsey Stryker, 1884.

Mel. 1478. The Book of Eight Hymns, Wittenberg, 1524.
Attrib. to Paul Speratus, *har.* Johann Seb. Bach, *d.* 1750.



2 Behold, the stone is rolled away!
While eastern skies are glowing.
At last is come the first Lord's day,
Immortal light bestowing,
By dazzled guard and open door,
God's Son, alive forevermore,
The path of life is showing.

3 In snowy raiment angels twain
Their radiant watch are keeping,
While they who loved are drawn again
Where last they left Him sleeping.
But, lo, what news of joy and fear—
"Your Lord is ris'n, He is not here."
Forever ends their weeping!

4 With happy haste they tread the sward,
The wondrous charge repeating.
"*All hail!*" saith One. It is the Lord
Himself! their rapture greeting.
They clasp His feet. They doubt no more.
'Tis Jesus whom their souls adore,
Their faith in sight completing.

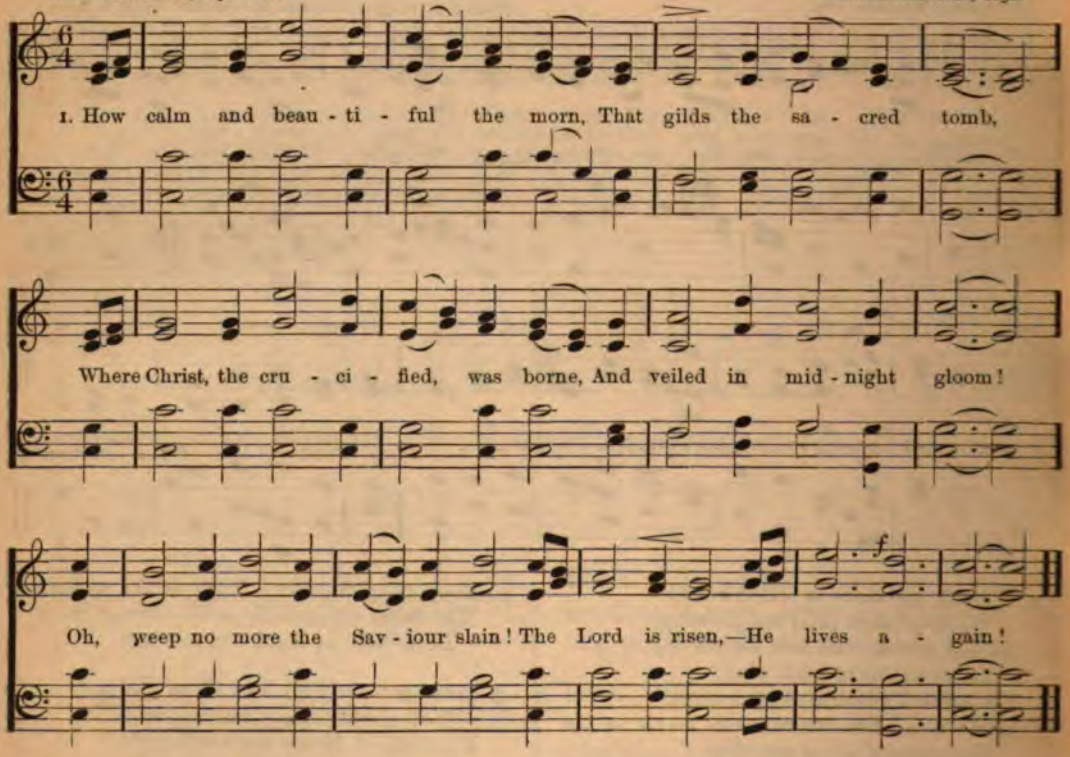
5 Peal forth the high victorious psalm,
With shouts of joy unbounded!
The song of Moses and the Lamb
Thro either world be sounded!
For us the grave shall voided be;
And trusting, Lord, for aye in Thee,
We ne'er shall be confounded.

6 With triumph soon we'll keep the feast
That shineth in perfection,
With fear's long lifetime bondage ceased,
By Jesus' strong protection.
Eternal arms are underneath.
We'll share the likeness of His death,
And of His resurrection.

180 How calm and beautiful the morn.

8.6.8.6.8.8. *"He also shewed Himself alive after His passion by many proofs."* **Hastings.**

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1832. *Abr.* THOMAS HASTINGS, 1832.



2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place, He is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred.
The gates of death were closed in vain.
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

3 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears.
Oh weep no more your comforts slain;
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

4 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since He has risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

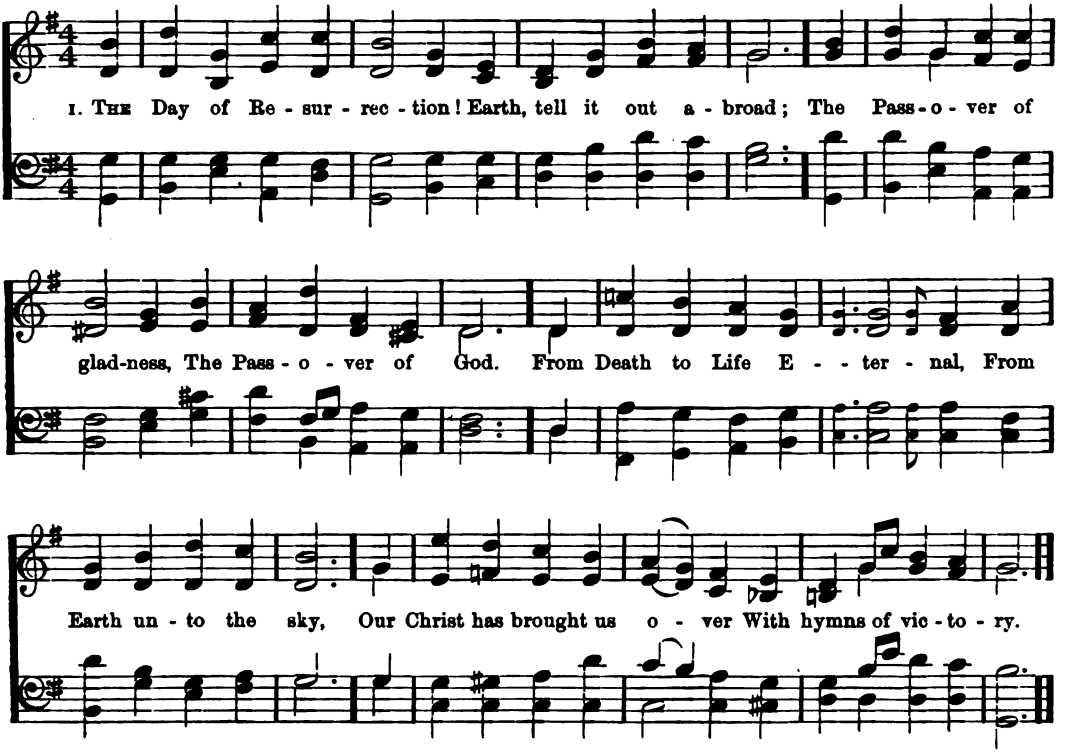
181 The Day of Resurrection.

"Which was turned unto them from sorrow to joy, and from mourning into a good day."

7s & 6s, D. **Rotterdam.**

Gk. John of Damascus, *cir.* 780.
Tr. John Mason Neale, 1862.

Berthold Tours, 1875.



2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "*All hail!*" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the Heavens be joyful;
Let Earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end!

182 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.

7s & 4s, P. *"Thou didst cleave the fountain and the flood."* Easter Hymn.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739. LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708.

Animato.

1. CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to - day, AL - - - - - LE - LU - IA! Sons of men, and an - gels, say; AL - - - - - LE - LU - IA! Raise your joys and tri-umphs high! AL - - - - - - LE - LU - IA! Sing, ye Heav'ns! and Earth, re-ply! AL - - - - - LE - LU - IA!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once He died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

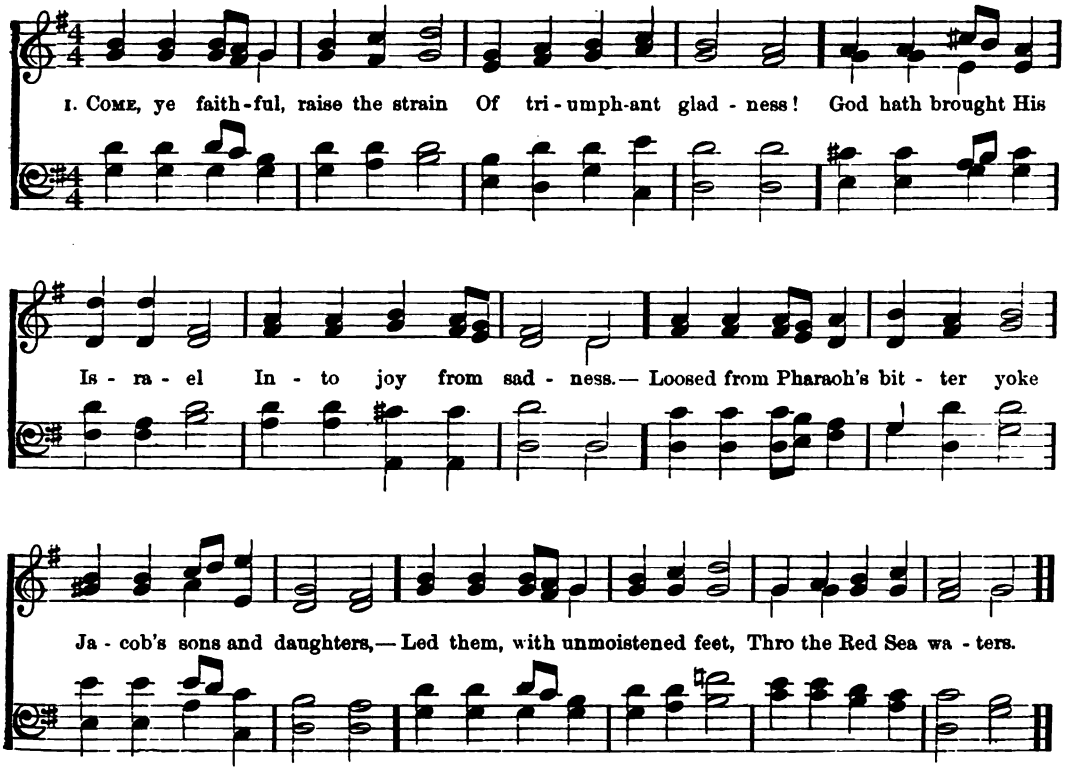
The Resurrection.

183 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.

7s & 6s, D. *"In Him is the Yea; wherefore also thro Him is the Amen."* **St. Kevin.**

Gk. John of Damascus, *cir.* 780.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1862, *Abr.*

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872.



2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days sleep in death
As the Sun hath risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

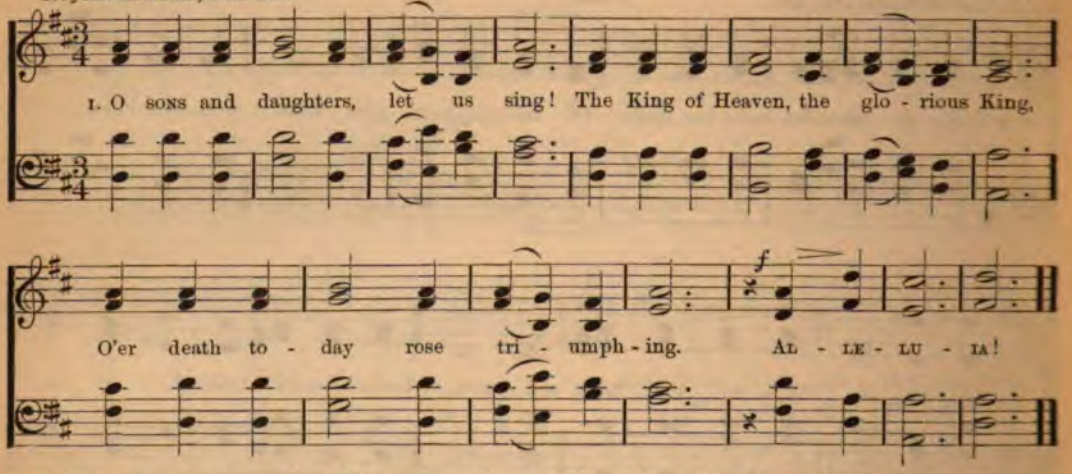
3 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
Thine own peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

184 O sons and daughters, let us sing.

8.8.8.4. "*Open Thou mine eyes.*" **Victory.**

Lat. Twelfth Century.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1861. *Abr.*

GIOVANNI PALESTRINA, 1545.



2 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
He doubted if it were the Lord,
Until He came and spake the word.

3 How blest are they who do not see,
And yet whose faith is firm in Thee,
For they shall live eternally.

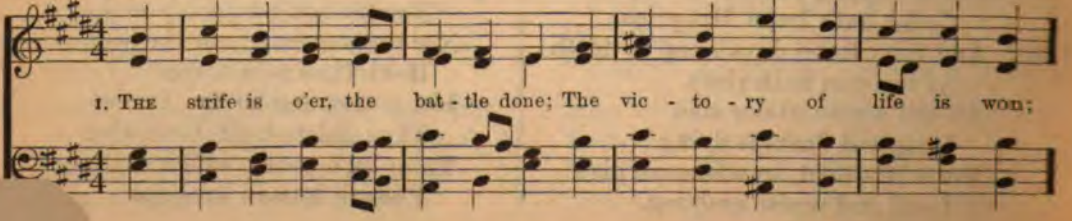
4 On this most holy day of days,
To Thee our heart and voice we raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.

185 The strife is o'er, the battle done.

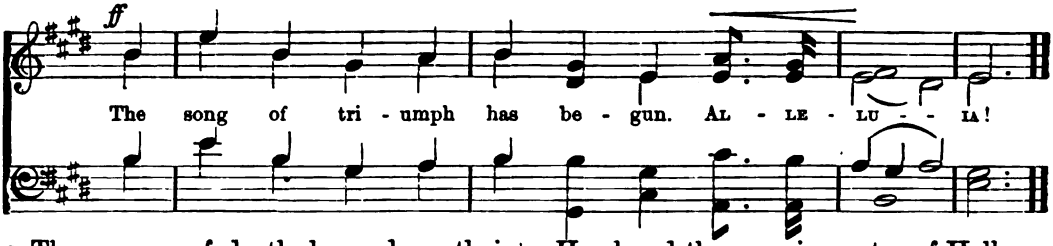
8.8.8.4. "*The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.*" **Eton.**

Lat. Twelfth Century.
Tr. FRANCIS POTT, 1860.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872. *Abr.*



The Resurrection.



2 The powers of death have done their worst:
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead.
All glory to our risen Head!

4 He closed the yawning gates of Hell,
The bars from Heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!

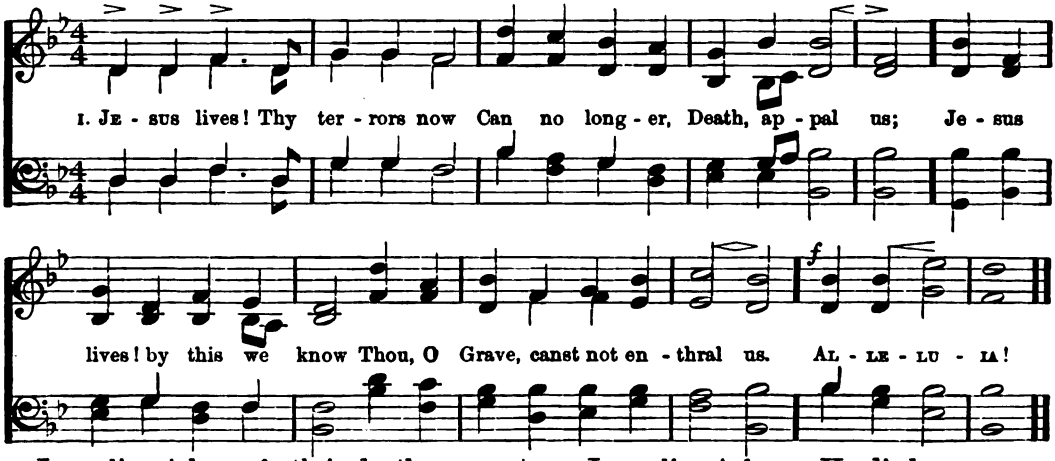
5 Lord! by the stripes that wounded Thee,
From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may all Thy glory see!

186 Jesus lives! Thy terrors now.

7.8.7.8.4. "*It was turned to the contrary.*" **St. Albinus.**

Ger. CHRISTIAN F. GELLERT, 1740.
Tr. FRANCES E. COX, 1841. *Abr.*

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1872.



2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass our gloomy portal.

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

187 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

"The Spirit of Christ testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glories that should follow them."

P. M.

ARCHER T. GURNEY, 1862.

Resurrexit.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1873.

Animato.

1. CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen! He hath burst His bonds in twain! Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en!

Earth and Heav'n prolong the strain! He who suffered pain and loss, In His love to us, Dy - ing on the

sf

bit - ter Cross, Lives vic - to - ri - ous! *Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His*

f *ff*

bonds in twain! Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Earth and Heav'n pro - long the strain!

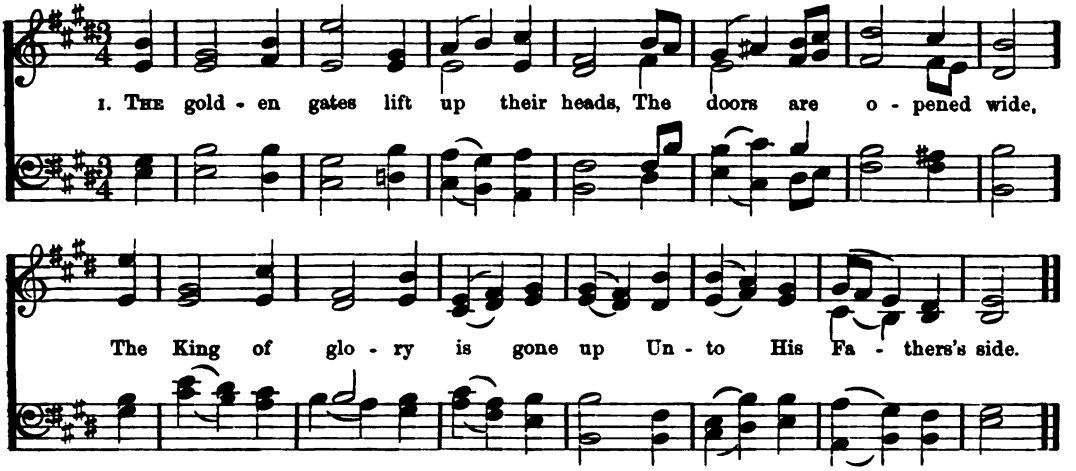
2 Lo, the chains of death are broken!
Earth below and Heaven above
Joy anew in every token
Of Thy triumph, Lord of love!
He o'er Earth and Heaven shall reign
At His Father's side,
Till He cometh once again,
Bridegroom, to His Bride.
Christ is risen! etc.

3 Angel legions, downward thronging,
Hail the Lord of Earth and skies!
Ye who watched with holy longing
Till your Sun again should rise,—
He is risen! Earth, rejoice!
Sing, ye starry train!
All things living find a voice!
Jesus lives again!
Christ is risen! etc.

188 The golden gates lift up their heads.

C. M. *"If it be of God ye cannot overthrow it."* **Belgrave.**

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1858. WILLIAM HORSLEY, 1828.



2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That vails Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below
Our hearts may be in Heaven.

5 That where Thou art at God's right hand
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

189 Our Lord is risen from the dead.

L. M. D. *"The Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed."* **Ascension.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1741. MAX PIUTTI, 1880.

Marcato.

1. OUR Lord is ris - en from the dead; Our Je - sus is gone up on high; The powers of Hell are captive led, Dragged to the por-tals of the sky; There His triumphal chariot waits, And an-gels chant the sol-emn lay:—"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates! Ye ev - er - last-ing doors! give way."

f *ff*

Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

2 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in."
"Who is the King of glory?—who?"
"The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
World, sin, and death, and Hell o'erthrew;
And JESUS is the Conqueror's name."

3 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."
"Who is the King of glory?—who?"—
"The Lord, of glorious power possest;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest."

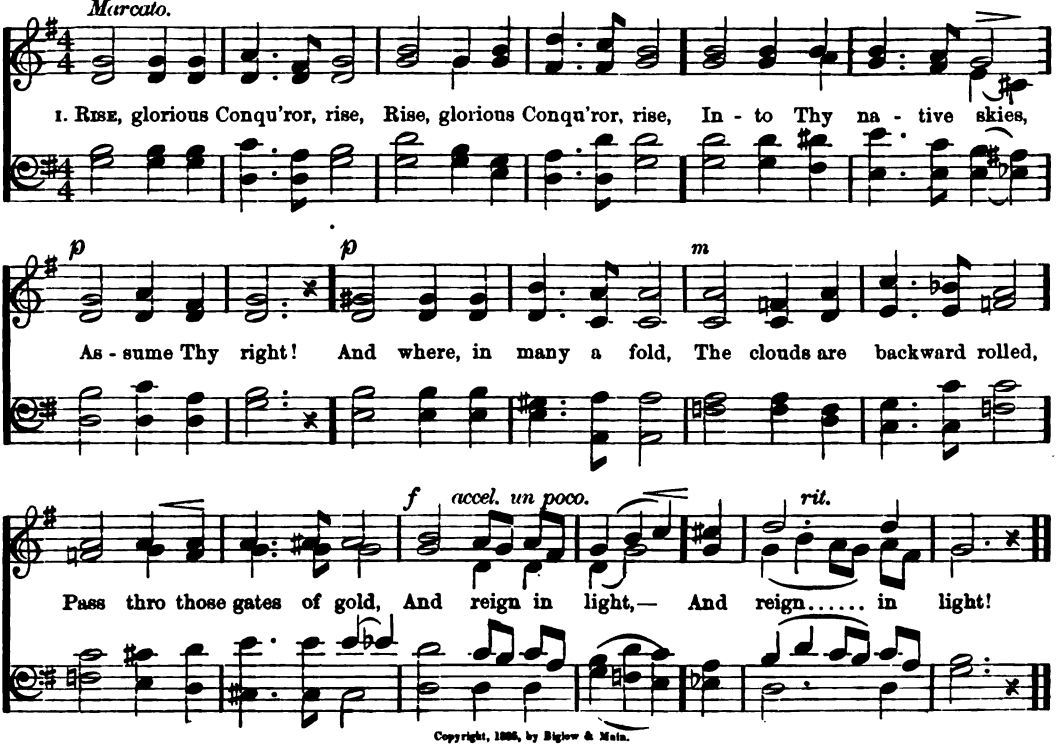
The Ascension.

190 Rise, glorious Conqueror.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning. Thou hast the dew of Thy youth."

6s & 4s, P. **Pittsfield.**

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848. *Abr.* BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1875.



Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2 Enter, Incarnate God!
Enter, Incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The Serpent down.
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour, triumphant go,
And take Thy crown!
And take Thy crown!

3 Lion of Judah! hail!
Lion of Judah! hail!
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age.
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres;
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thine heritage.
Amen! Amen!

The Ascension.

191 See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph!

8s & 7s, D. *"Thanks be to God which always leadeth us in triumph in Christ."* **Deerhurst.**

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1863. *Abr.* JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.

1. SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph! See the King in roy - al state, Rid - ing on the clouds His cha-riot, To His heavenly pal - ace gate! Hark! the choirs of an-gel voi - ces Joy-ful Al - le - lu - ias sing, And the por-tals high are lift - ed, To receive their heavenly King.

2 Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There to sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord! in Thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

3 So at last, when He appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles',
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of Heaven,
And may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning,
And may reign forever there.

The Ascension.

192 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.

"Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

8s, 7s & 4. THOMAS KELLY, 1804.

Benediction. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1791.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious! See the Man of Sor - rows now,
From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious; Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow.
f marcato. *ff*
Crown Him! crown Him! crown Him! crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings.
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of Heaven rings.
||: Crown Him! crown Him! :||
Crown the Saviour "King of Kings."

3 Sinners in derison crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name.
||: Crown Him! crown Him! :||
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

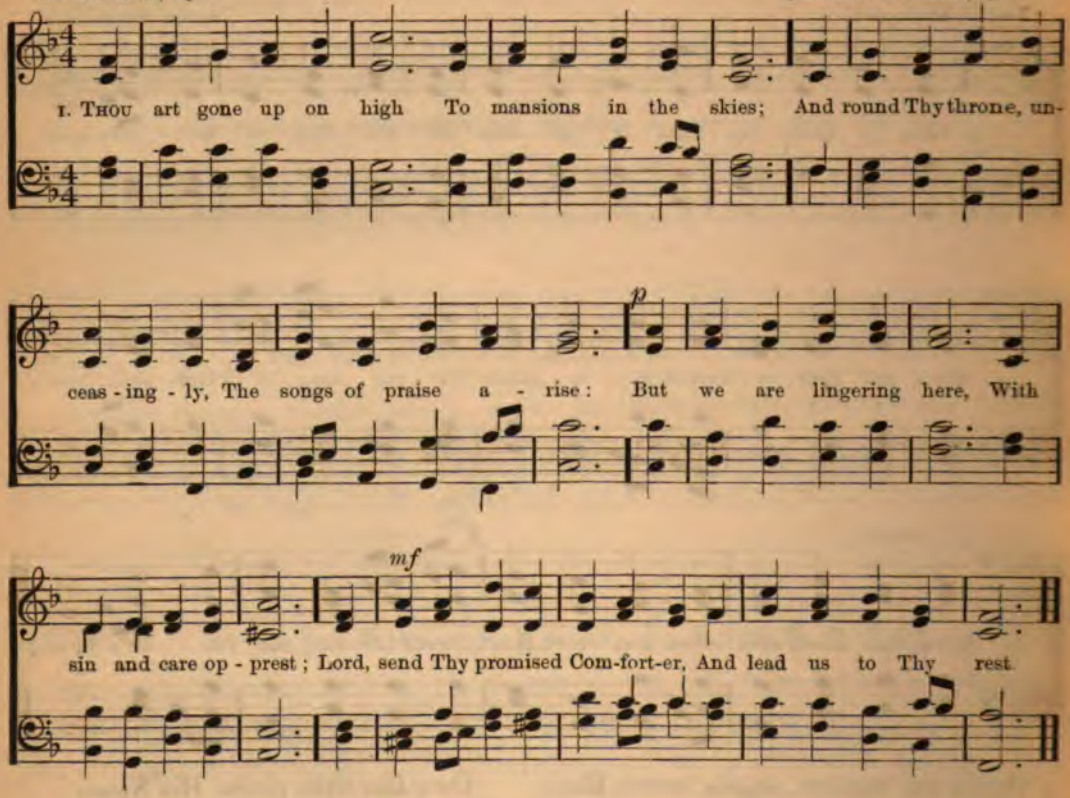
4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station.
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
||: Crown Him! crown Him! :||
"King of kings, and Lord of lords.

The Ascension.

193 Thou art gone up on high.

S. M. D. *"While He blest them, He parted from them."* **"Old 25th."**

EMMA L. TOKE, 1851. JOHN DAYE'S PSALTER, 1562.



2 Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou didst first come down,
Thro Earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be:
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Oh, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high!

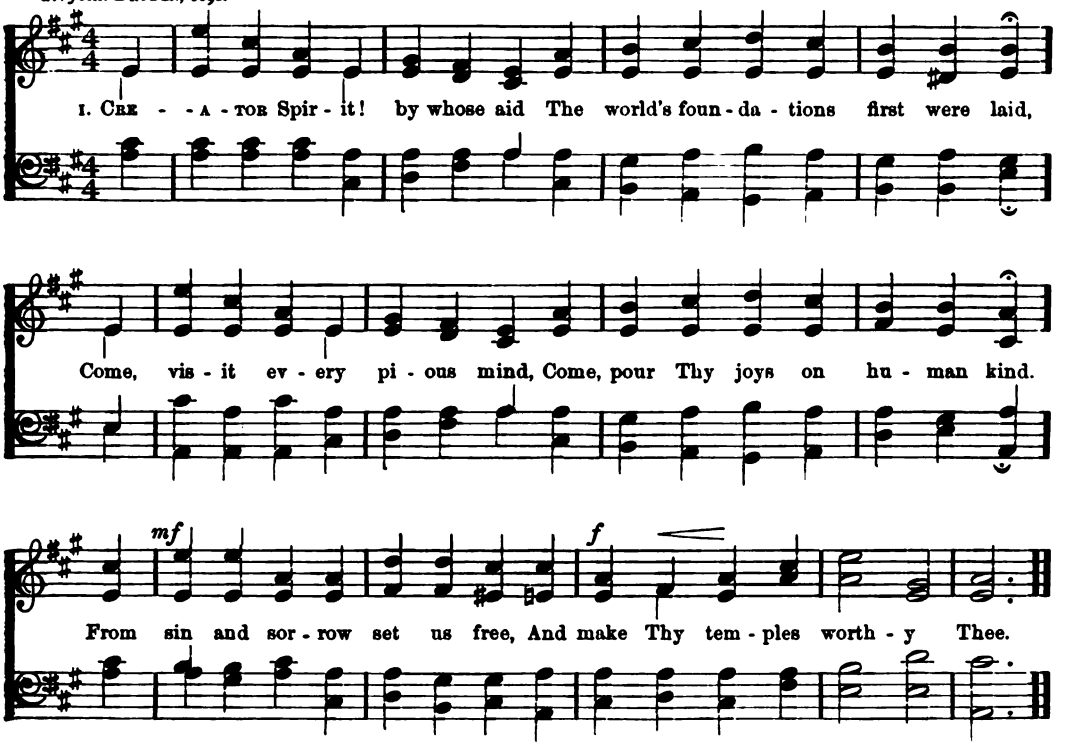
The Holy Ghost.

194 Creator Spirit! by whose aid.

8.8.8.8.8.8. *"That ye may abound in hope in the power of the Holy Ghost."* **Bethune.**

Lat. Rabanus Maurus, *d.* 856.
Tr. John Dryden, 1690.

Uziah C. Burnap, 1868.



2 O Source of uncreated light!
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire.
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Refine and purge our earthly parts:
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe.
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by Thee.

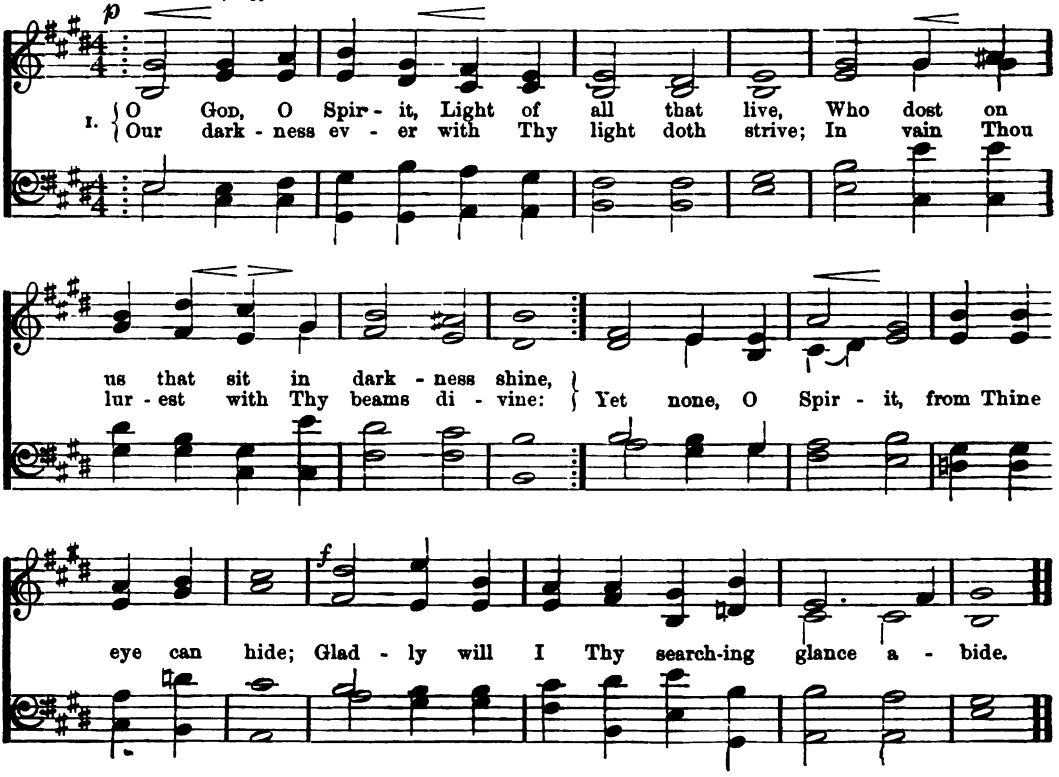
4 Immortal honors, endless fame,
Attend th' almighty Father's name!
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

195 O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live.

10.10.10.10.10.10. *"A habitation of God in the Spirit."* **Affiance.**

Ger. GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1855, *Abr.*

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.



2 Search all my hidden parts, whate'er impure
Thy light discovers there, do Thou destroy;
The bitt'rest pain I willingly endure,
Such pain is followed by eternal joy.
O Breath! from out the eternal silence blow,
The precious fulness of my God bestow.

3 Oh let my thoughts, my actions, and my will
Obedient solely to Thine impulse move;

The Holy Ghost.

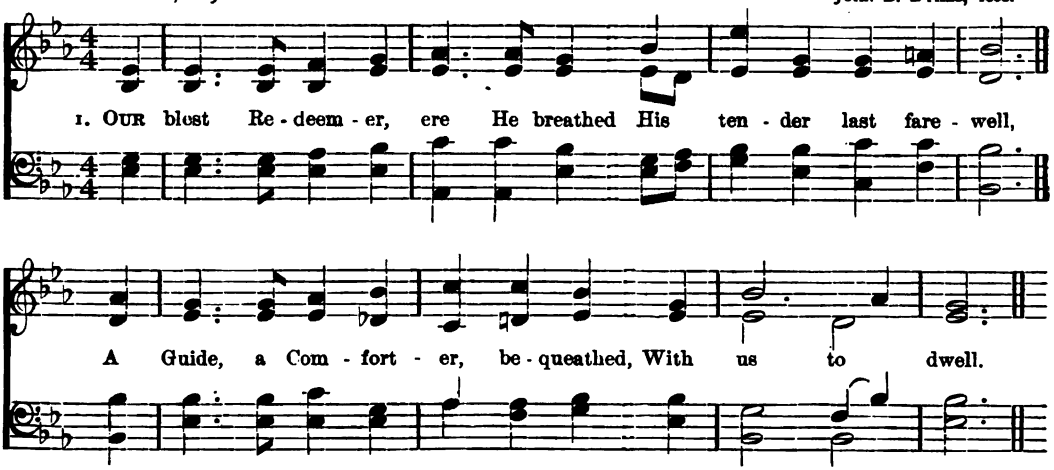
My heart and senses keep Thou blameless still,
Fixt and absorbed in God's unuttered love.
Thy praying, teaching, striving, in my heart
Let me not quench, nor make Thee to depart.

196 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.

"I will not leave you orphans."

8.6.8.4. **St. Cuthbert.**

HARRIET AUBER, 1829. JOHN B. DYKES, 1860.



2 He came in semblance of a dove
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On Earth to shed.

3 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless, too.

4 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

5 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, calms every [fear,
And speaks of Heav'n.

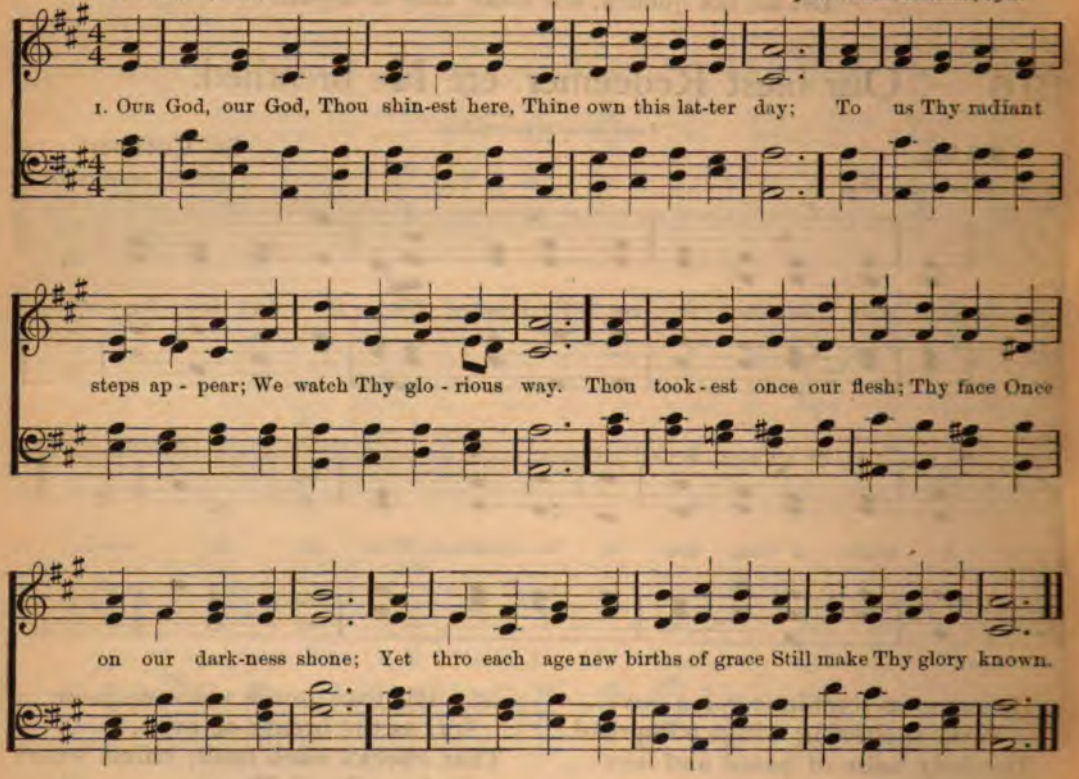
6 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,—
Are His alone.

7 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-[place,
And worthier Thee.

197 Our God, our God, Thou shinest here.

C. M. D. *"Come from the four winds, O Breath!"* **"Old 44th."**

THOMAS H. GILL, 1846. *Abr.* JOHN DAYE'S PSALTER, 1562.



2 Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy word.
Doth not the Spirit still descend,
And bring the heavenly fire?
Doth not He still the Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire?

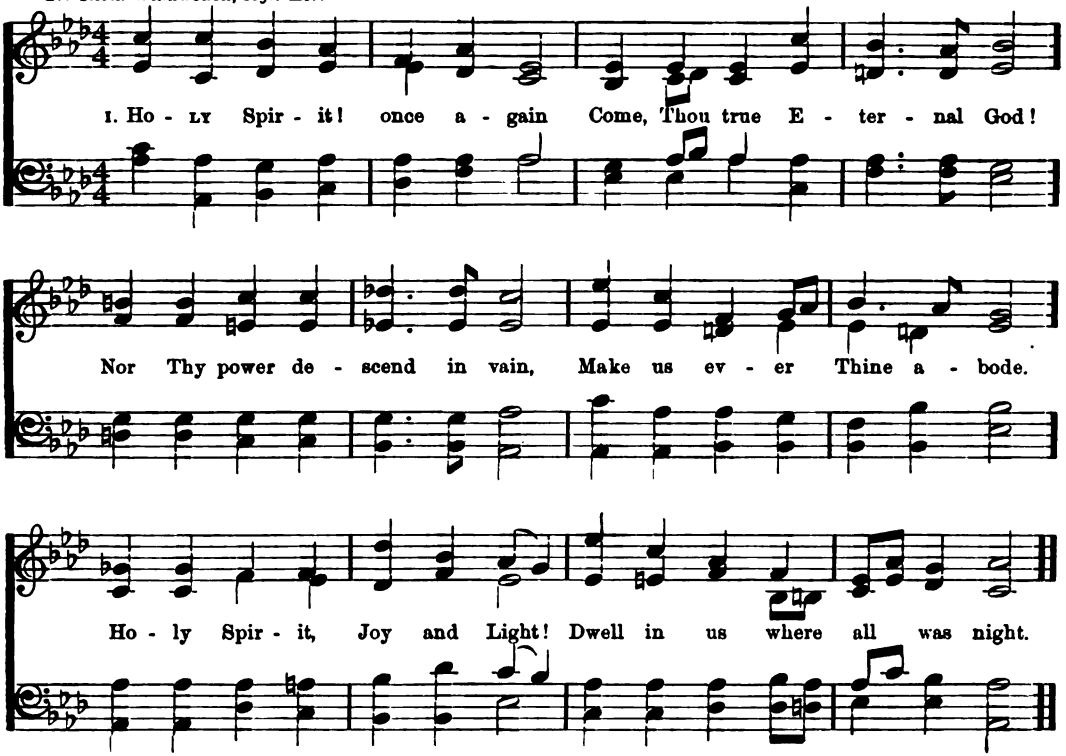
3 Come, Holy Ghost, in us arise;
Be This Thy mighty hour;
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power!
Pour down Thy fire in us to glow,
Thy might in us to dwell;
Again Thy works of wonder show,
Thy blessed secrets tell!

198 Holy Spirit! once again.

7.7.7.7.7.7. *"The Holy Spirit of promise, which is an Earnest of our inheritance."* **Glastonbury.**

Ger. Heinrich Held, 1661.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1858. *Abr.*

John B. Dykes, *d.* 1876.



2 Witness in our hearts that God
Counts us children thro His Son,
That our Father's gentle rod
Smites us for our good alone;
So when tried, perplext, distrest,
In His love we still may rest.

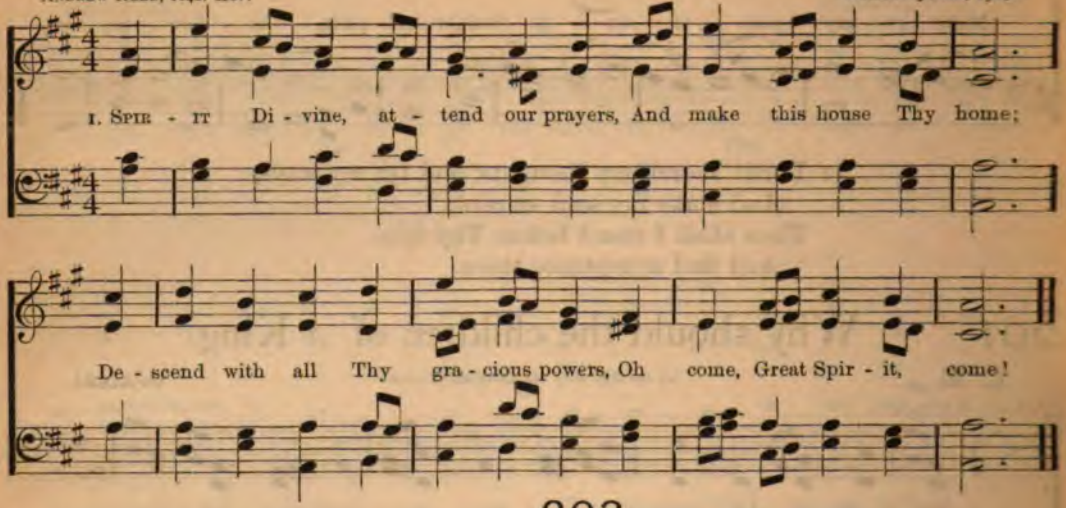
3 And when e'er a yearning strong
Presses out the bitter cry,
'Ah my God, how long, how long?'
Then O let me find Thee nigh,
And Thy words of healing balm
Bring me courage, patience, balm.

4 Lord! preserve us in the faith,
Suffer naught to drive us thence,
Neither Satan, scorn, nor death:
Be our God, and our Defence.
Tho the flesh resist Thy will,
Let Thy word be stronger still.

202 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers.

C. M. "*Lest haply we drift away.*" St. Stephen.

ANDREW REED, 1842. *Abr.* WILLIAM JONES, 1789.



2 Come as the light, to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe,
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame.
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known,
Wide as the human race.

5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh come, Great Spirit, come!

203

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers!
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Abr.*

204

"That thou mightest know the certainty of the things wherein thou wast instructed."

1 How precious is this Book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to Heaven.

2 Its truths reveal man's wandering ways,
And where our feet have trod,
And bring to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God!

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, thro all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

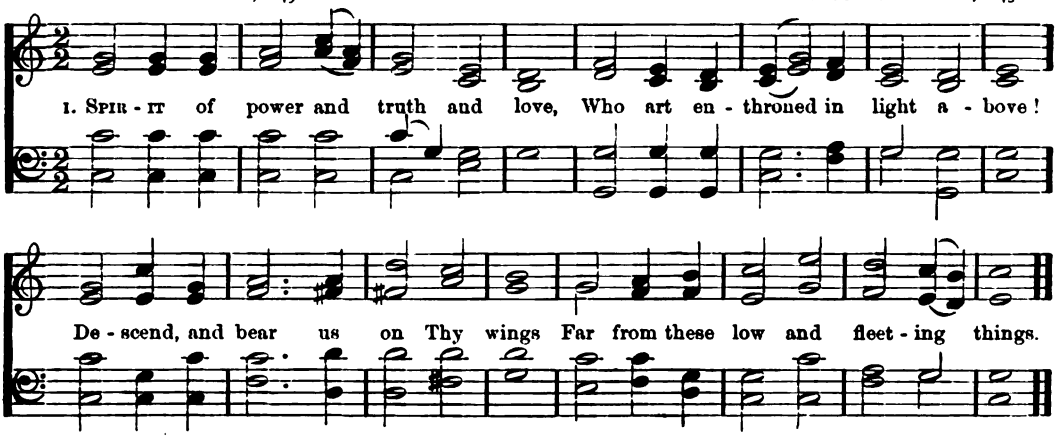
JOHN FAWCETT, 1782. *Abr.*

205 Spirit of power and truth and love.

"How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him!"

L. M. — WM. LINDSAY ALEXANDER, 1849.

Zephyr. — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1843.



2 'Tis Thine the wounded soul to heal,
'Tis Thine to make the hardened feel,
Thine to give light to blinded eyes,
And bid the groveling spirit rise.

3 When faith is weak and courage fails,
When grief or doubt our soul assails,
Who can, like Thee, our spirits cheer?
Great Comforter, be ever near!

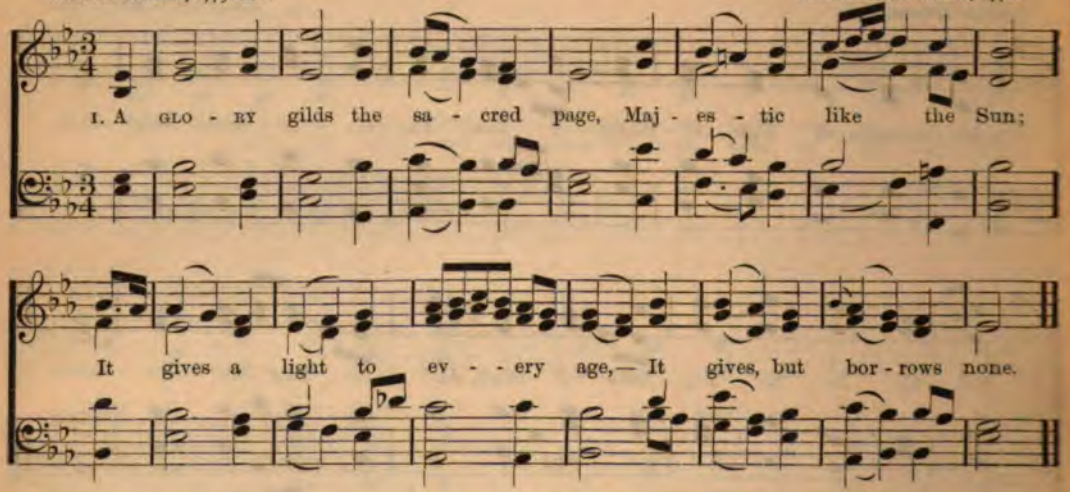
4 Come Holy Spirit, like the fire
With burning zeal our souls inspire.
Come, like the south wind breathing balm,
Our joys refresh, our passions calm.

5 Come, like the Sun's enlightening beam.
Come, like the cooling, cleansing stream.
With all Thy graces present be;—
Spirit of God, we wait for Thee!

209 A glory gilds the sacred page.

C. M. *"The writing which is written in the King's name may no man reverse."* **Liverpool.**

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. *Abr.* ROBERT WAINWRIGHT, 1770.



2 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

210

1 THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unveil Thy beauties to my sight;
That I may love Thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines:
But, in Thy sacred word,
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
Oh, come with blissful ray!
Break radiant thro the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

5 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight!
And still new beauties may I see
And still increasing light!

ANNE STEELE, 1760. *Abr.*

The Holy Ghost.

211

"O Earth, Earth, Earth, hear the word of the Lord."

1 THIS Volume, of my Father's grace,
Doth all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

2 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown.
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail.
My guide to everlasting life,
Thro all this gloomy vale.

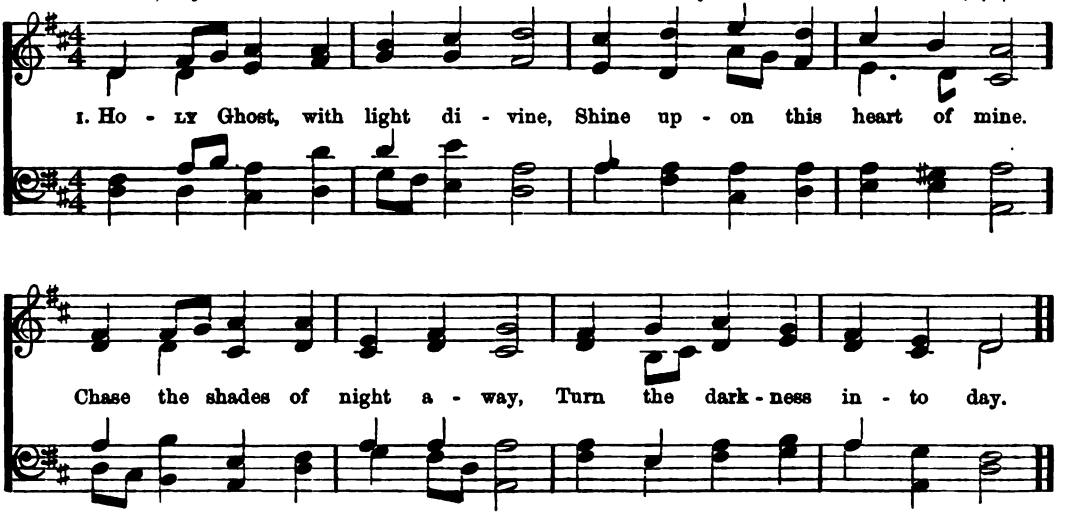
4 Oh, may Thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to Thy right hand.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Abr.*

212 Holy Ghost, with light divine.

7.7.7.7. *"A lamp shining in a dark place until the day dawn."* **Lubeck.**

ANDREW REED, 1825. JOHANN ANAST. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.



2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

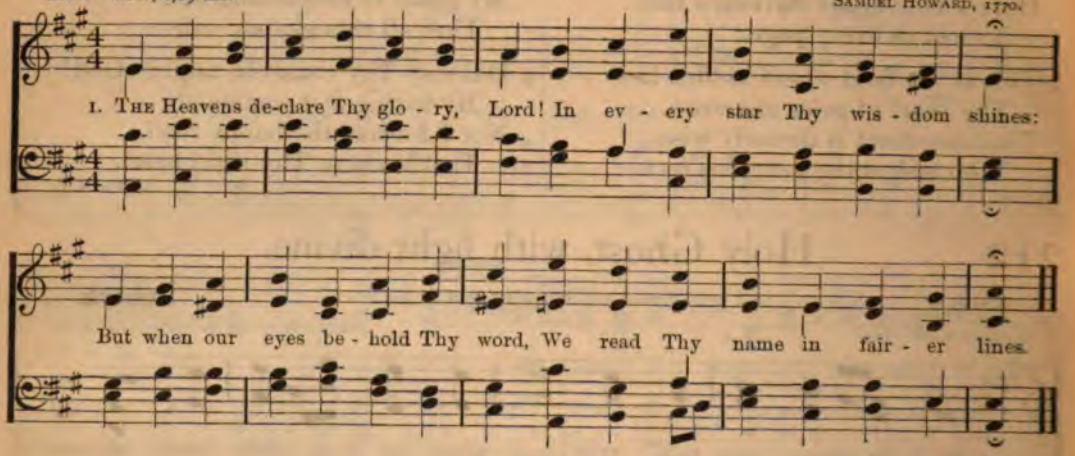
3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine.
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine.
Cast down every idol-throne.
Reign supreme and reign alone!

213 The Heavens declare Thy glory, Lord!

L. M. *"That no one may delude you with persuasiveness of speech."* **Norfolk.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.* SAMUEL HOWARD, 1770.



2 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

3 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro the world Thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, and feel the Sun.

214

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy Word.

2 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind Thy Gospel to my heart!

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Abr.*

215

1 UPON the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar:
But, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world!

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mist away.

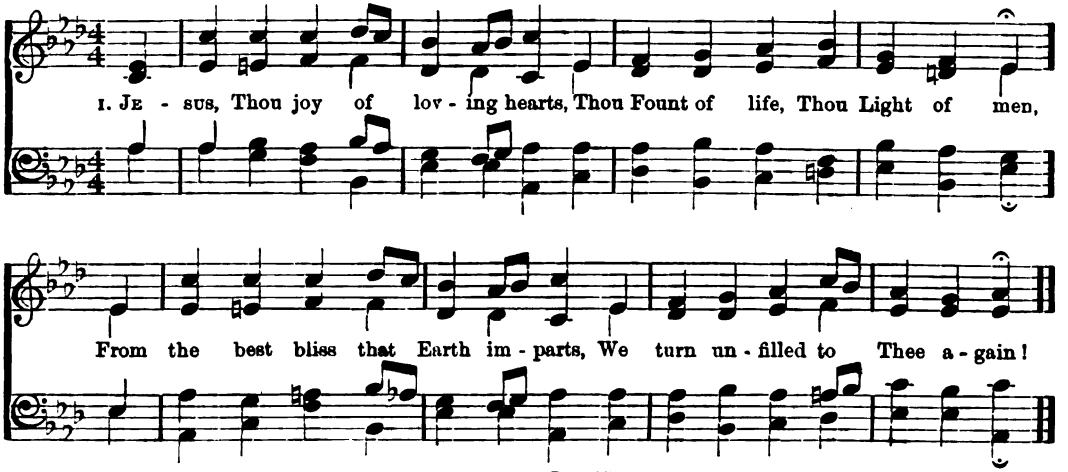
JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

216 Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts.

L. M. *"Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience."* **Canonbury.**

Lat. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1140.
Tr. Ray Palmer, 1858.

Robert Schumann, 1839.



2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood.
Thou savèst them that on Thee call.
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee,—All in all!

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still.
We drink of Thee the Fountain-Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright.
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

217

1 An open volume, Nature stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
And every labor of His hands
Shows something worthy of a God:

2 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the Cross 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines!

3 Oh! the sweet wonders of that Cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws [side.
From His dear wounds and bleeding

4 I would forever speak His name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

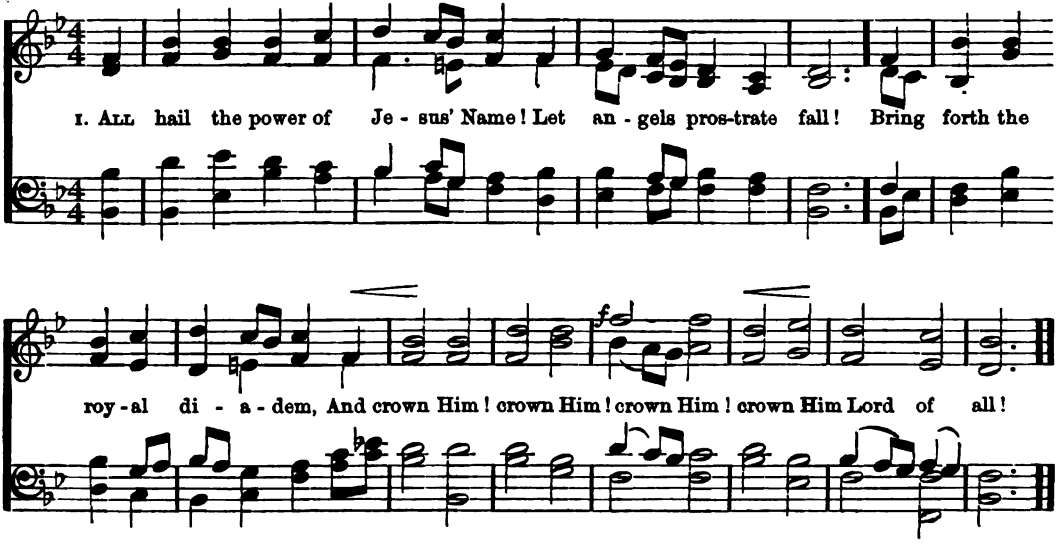
Praise to Christ.

218 All hail the power of Jesus' name.

C. M. *"Behold the Man!"* **Miles Lane.**

EDWARD PERRONET, 1779.
(The unchanged original text.)

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1779.
Har. JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light!
Who fixt this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man Divine;
And crown Him Lord of all.

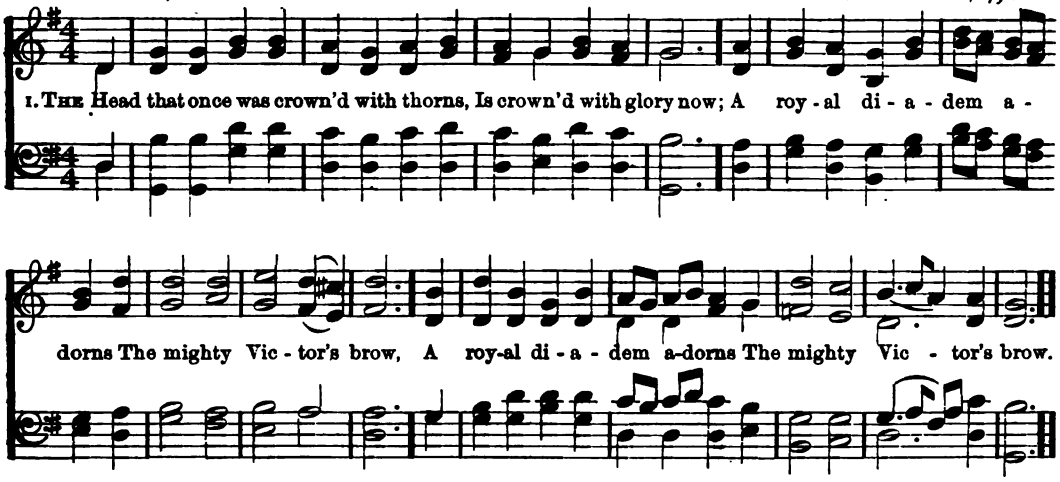
7 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him Lord of all.

8 Let every tribe and every tongue,
That bound Creation's call,
Now shout, in universal song,
The crownèd Lord of all.

219 The Head that once was crowned with thorns.

C. M. *"Far be it from me to glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."* Coronation.

THOMAS KELLY, 1820. OLIVER HOLDEN, 1792.



2 The highest place that Heaven affords
Is His,—is His by right;
"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
And Heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name;
Their joy, the joy of Heaven

5 The Cross He bore is life and health,
Tho shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

220

1 I've found the Pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my praise employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest and King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice
Offered Himself to God.

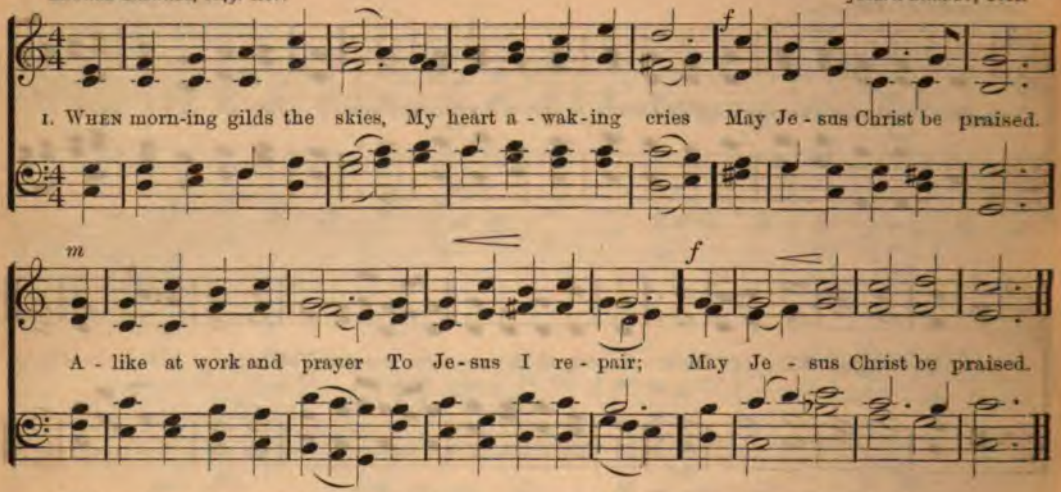
4 Christ Jesus is my All in All,
My Comfort and my Love;
My Life below, and He shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

JOHN MASON, 1663.

221 When morning gilds the skies.

6.6.6.6.6.6. "*Singing, with grace in your hearts, to the Lord.*" **Laudes Domini.**

EDWARD CASWALL, 1849. *Abr.* JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



2 Whene'er the sweet church-bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Oh, hark to what it sings!
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 To Thee, O God above,
I cry with glowing love;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 In Heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

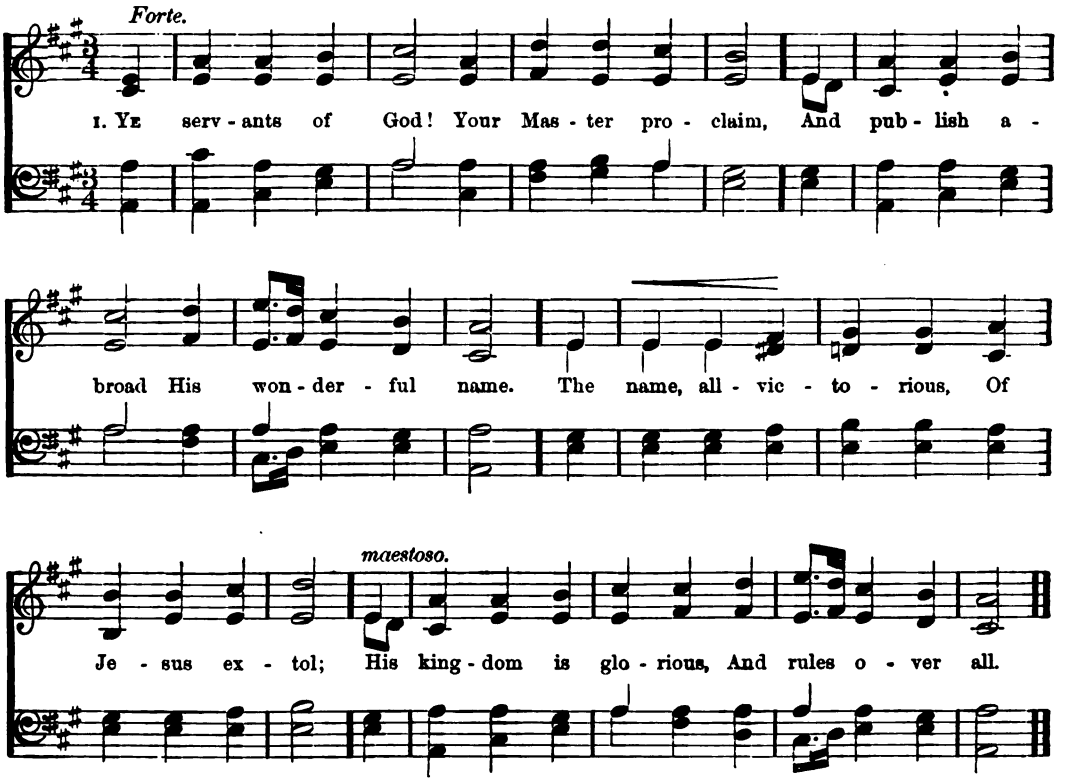
7 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
And when this life is gone,
Thro all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Praise to Christ.

222 Ye servants of God! your Master proclaim.

5.5.5.6, D. *"He is apparelled with majesty."* **Lyons.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1744. *Abr.* FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1770.



2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh;
His presence we have.
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus, our King.

3 Then let us adore,
And give Him His right,
All glory, and power,
And wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

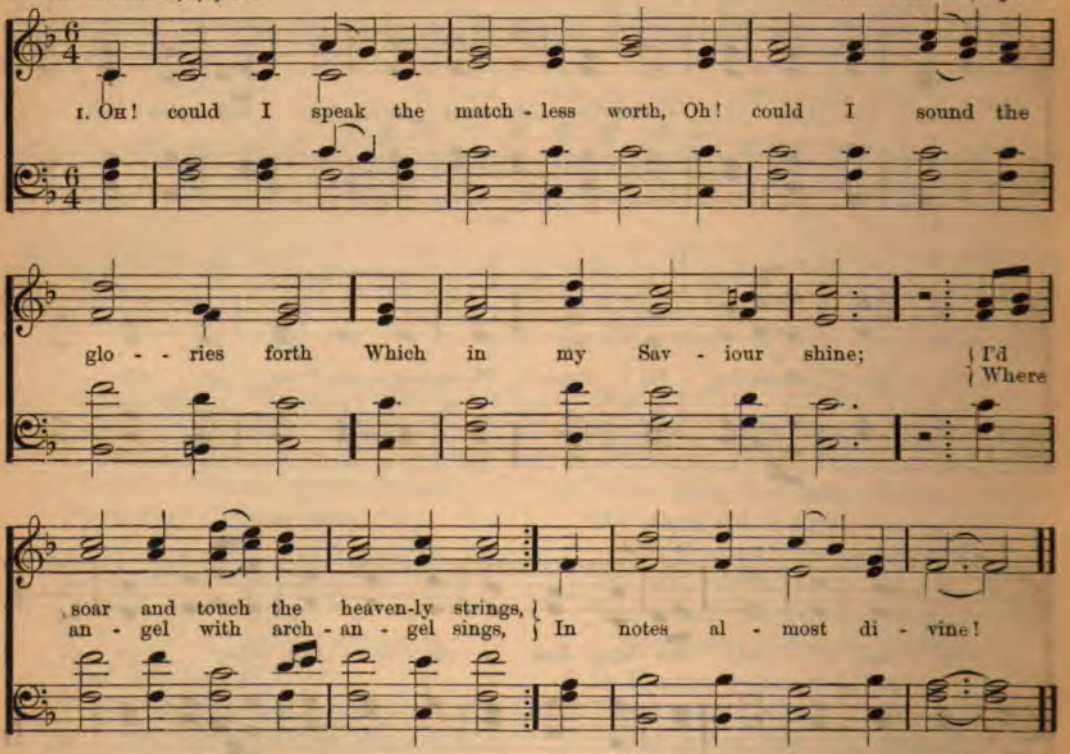
Praise to Christ.

223 Oh! could I speak the matchless worth.

"Thro Him then let us offer up a sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of lips which make confession to His name."

8.8.6.8.8.6. **Bremen.**

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789 *Alt.* THOMAS HASTINGS, 1836.



2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine.
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears
Exalted on His throne.
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days,
Make all His glories known.

4 Soon the delightful morn will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
There with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Praise to Christ.

224 How brightly glows the Morning-Star.

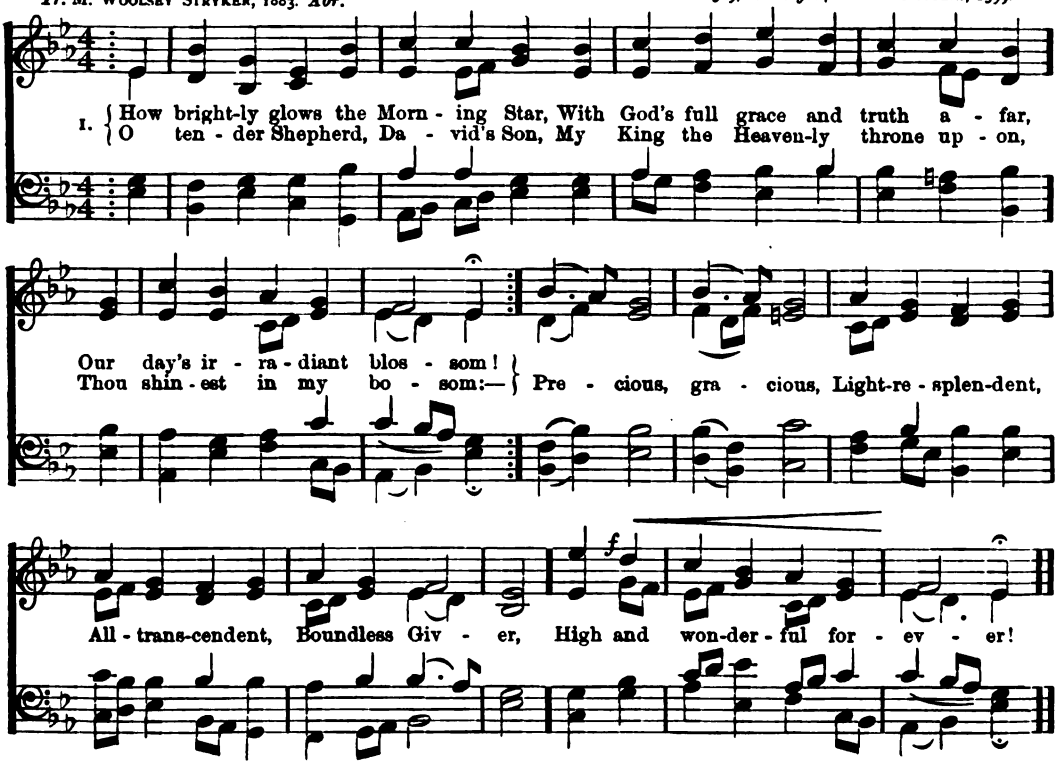
"Thro the tender mercy of our God, the Dayspring from on high hath visited us."

8s, 7s & 4s, P.

Ger. PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1597.
Tr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883. *Abr.*

Der Morgenstern.

Ger. 1569, *Enlarged*, PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1599.



2 Shed in my inmost heart abroad,
Thou heavenly Ray! Thou Light of God!
Thy love's illumination.
That I may evermore remain
Thy Body's member, Lord, ordain
My very heart's pulsation!
No rest my breast
Can discover, heavenly Lover!
Till it claimeth
Thee, whose love my love enflameth.

3 Lord Jesus! How I hail Thy name!
The First and Last, and still the same,
The End as the Beginning.
Thou, who with life atoned my price,
Shalt take me to Thy Paradise,
Thy piercèd hand-clasp winning.
Yea, Lord; aye, Lord;
Come to meet me, rapt to greet Thee.
Sound the warning
Soon, of love's eternal morning!

225 Jesus, Thy name I love.

6s & 4s. *"On whom we have set our hope that He will also still deliver us."* **Logos.**

JAMES G. DECK, 1842. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1881.

1. JE - SUS! Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove, Je - sus, my Lord! Oh! Thou art all to me; Noth-ing to please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

rit.

Copyright, 1881, by Biglow & Main.

2 Thou, blesséd Son of God!
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,—
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my Refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care?
Since Thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon Thou wilt come again;
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

226

1 CHRIST in His word draws near;
Hush, moaning voice of fear,
He bids Thee cease.
With songs sincere and sweet
Let us arise, and meet
Him who comes forth to greet
Our souls with peace.

2 Rising above thy care,
Meet Him, as in the air,
O weary heart!
Put on joy's sacred dress;
Lo, as He comes to bless,
Quite from thy weariness
Set free thou art!

3 For works of love and praise
He brings thee summer days,
Warm days and bright;
Winter is past and gone,
Now He, salvation's Sun,
Shineth on every one
With mercy's light.

4 From the bright sky above,
Clad in His robes of love,
'Tis He, our Lord!
Dim Earth itself grows clear,
As His light draweth near:
Oh let us hush, and hear
His holy word.

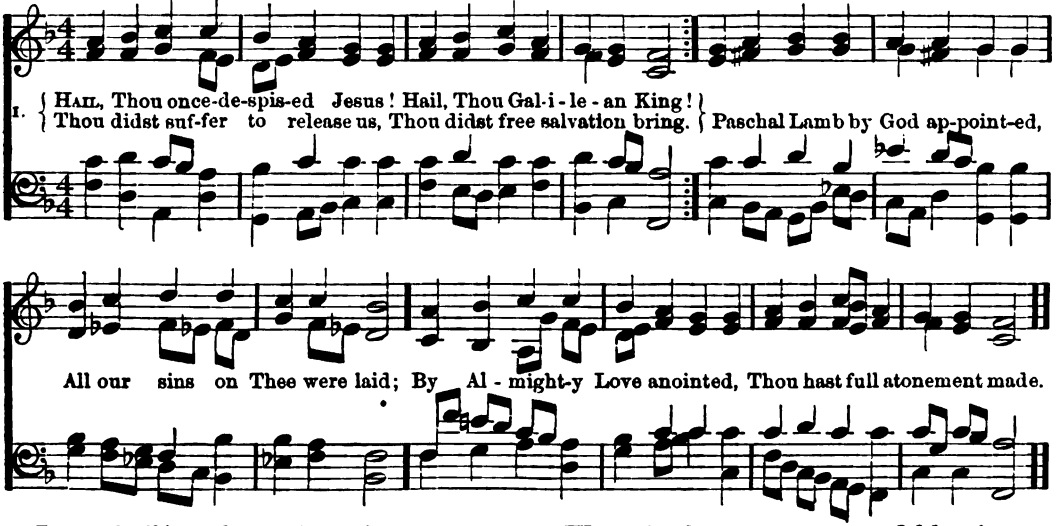
THOMAS TOKE LYNCH, 1855.

227 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus!

"Know assuredly that God hath made Him both Lord and Christ, this Jesus."

8s & 7s, D. **"Werde munter, mein Gemüthe."**

JOHN BAKEWELL, 1760. *Abr.* [VOICES IN UNISON.] JOHANN SCHOP, 1642. *Har.* JOHANN SEB. BACH.



2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till we stand in glory there.

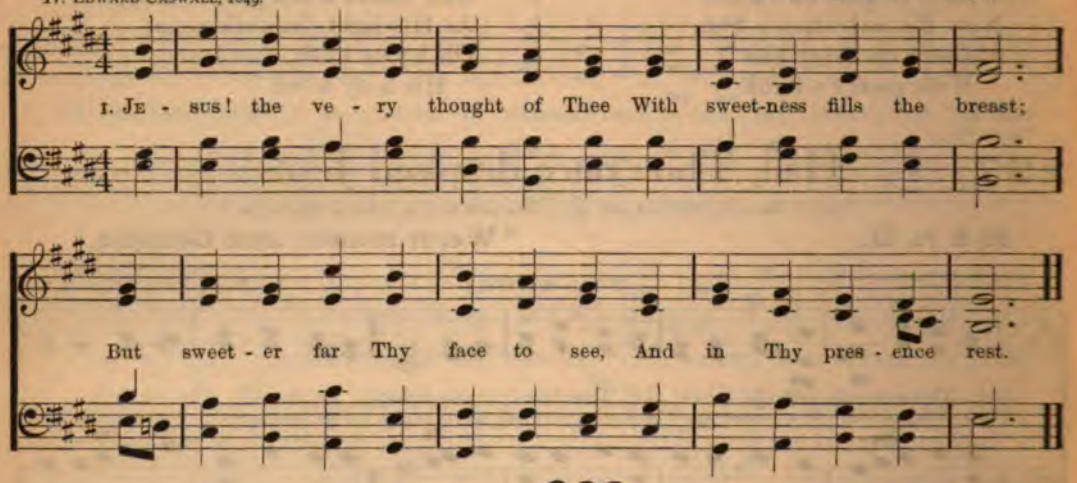
3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

228 Jesus, the very thought of Thee.

C. M. *"The Name which is above every name."* St. Peter.

Lat. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1140.
Tr. Edward Caswall, 1849.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826.



2 Nor voice can sing nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memr'y find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show.
The love of Jesus,—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And thro eternity!

229

1 My Saviour! my almighty Friend!
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of Thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in Thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul redeemed from sin and Hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

Isaac Watts, 1719. *Abr.*

230 Immortal Love! forever full.

"One is your Master, even the Christ."

1 IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing Sea!

2 Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came
And comprehendeth Love.

3 Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of Earth away!
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

4 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down,
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For Him no depths can drown.

5 In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His Witness is within.

6 Yea, warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

---

7 O LORD and Master of us all!
What'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

8 Deep strike Thy roots, O Heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of Man and God!

9 O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one,
As thro transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday Sun.

10 So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
We know in Thee the Fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

11 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray:
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

---

12 APART from Thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the Sun!

13 Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is Hell,
To walk with Thee is Heaven!

14 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word:
But simply following Thee.

15 Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies
The joy of doing good.

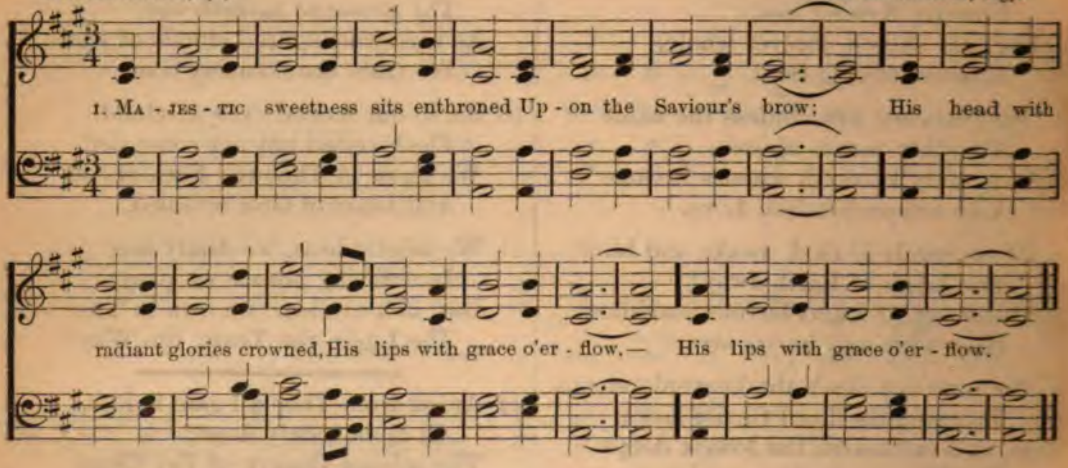
16 The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
Thine inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1867. *Abr.*

231 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.

C. M. *"I rejoice at Thy word as one that findeth great spoil."* **Ortonville.**

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.



2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief.
For me He bore the shameful Cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

232

1 OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, thro all the Earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name

3 JESUS! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

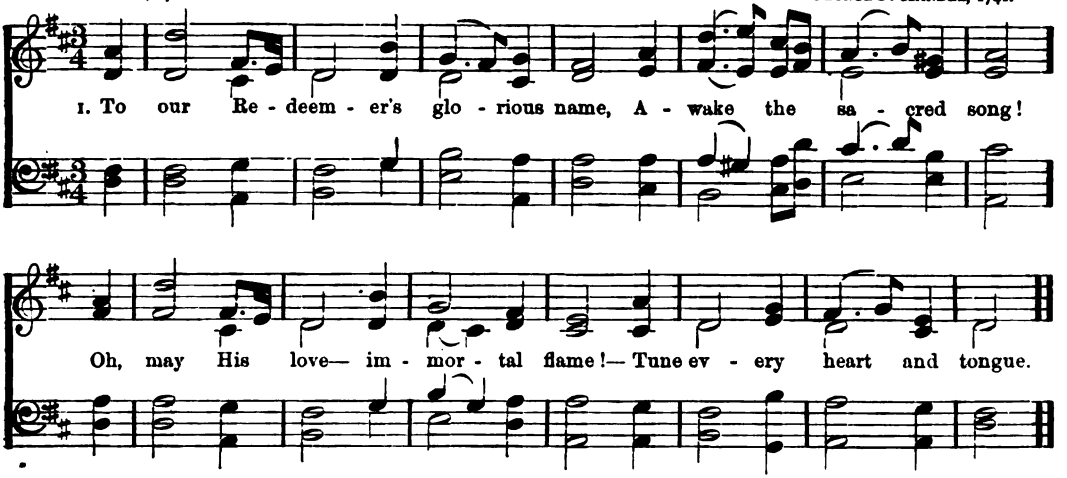
CHARLES WESLEY, 1739. *Abr.*

Praise to Christ.

233 To our Redeemer's glorious name.

C. M. *"In the fulness of the blessing of Christ."* **Bradford.**

ANNE STEELE, 1760. *Abr.* GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1741.



2 His love what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Be, Jesus, our supreme delight,
Thy praise our best employ.

4 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,—
'The Saviour died for me!'

5 On Thee alone my hope relies.
Beneath Thy Cross I fall.
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour and my All!

234

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me.
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head.
He brings salvation near.
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be,—
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;
I steadfastly believe.
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

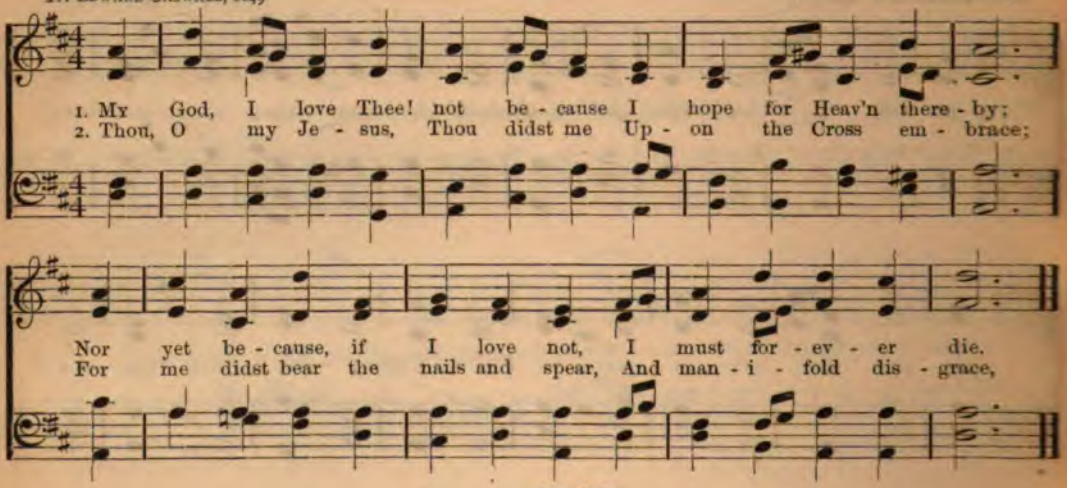
CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. *Abr.*

235 My God, I love Thee! not because.

C. M. "*He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation.*" **Würtemburg.**

Lat. Francis Xavier, 1542.
Tr. Edward Caswall, 1849

Johann Georg Frech, 1844.



3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy!

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well!
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Nor of escaping Hell;—

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward:
But, as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God
And my Eternal King.

236

1 Thou art the Way; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee,
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart.
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And them who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane, 1824.

Praise to Christ.

237 Hosanna to the Living Lord!

8.8.8.8.11. *"If these shall hold their peace, the stones will cry out."* **Hosanna.**

REGINALD HEBER, 1811. JOHN B. DYKES, 1876.

1. Ho - san - na to the Liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th'In - car - nate Word!

To Christ Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour, King, Let Earth, let Heav'n, Ho - san - na sing!

(After each stanza.)

f

Ho - san - na! Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - - est!

2 Hosanna, Lord, Thine angels cry.
Hosanna, Lord, Thy saints reply.
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred name.
Here we Thy parting promise claim.

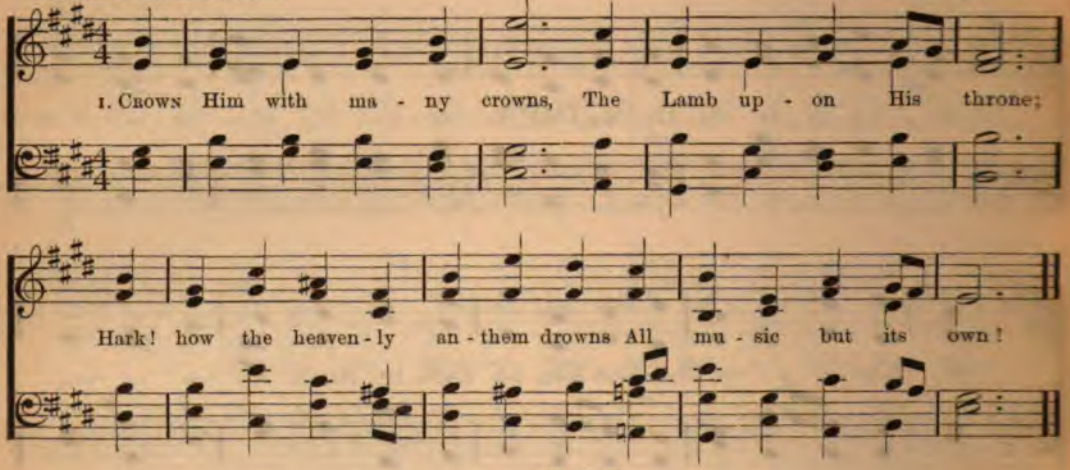
4 But chiefest in our cleanséd breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When Earth and Heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

238 Crown Him with many crowns.

S. M. "*Let all the angels of God worship Him.*" **Sunderland.**

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1847. *Abr.* HENRY SMART, 1868.



2 Awake, my soul! and sing
Of Him who died for Thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King,
Thro all eternity.

3 Crown Him, the Lord of love!
Behold His hands and side,—
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified.

4 Crown Him, the Lord of peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise.

5 Crown Him, the Lord of years!
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!

239

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue!
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"*Ye blessed children, come;*"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

WILLIAM HAMMOND, 1745.
Alt. MARTIN MADAN, 1760. *Abr.*

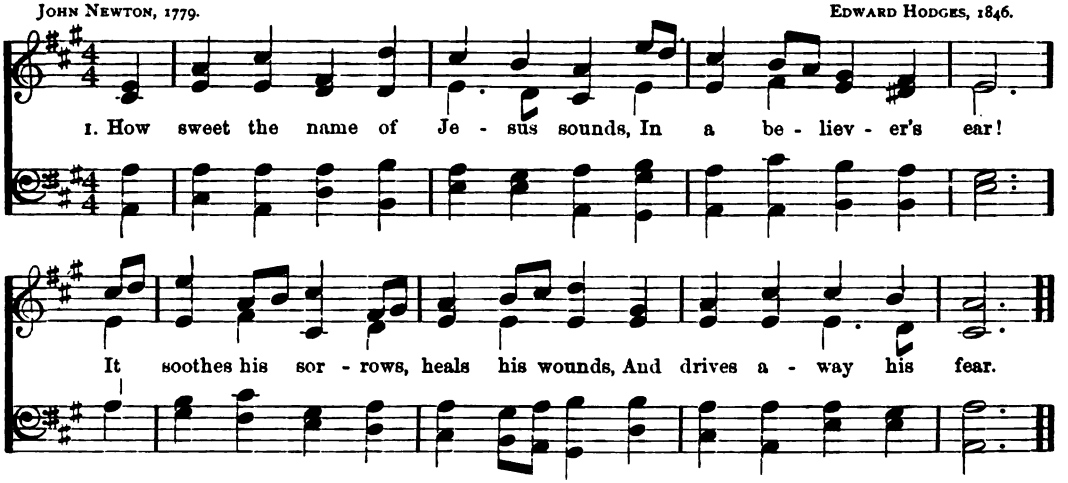
Praise to Christ.

240 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!

"Whose house are we if we hold fast our boldness, and the glorying of our hope firm unto the end!"

C. M. **Bristol.**

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. EDWARD HODGES, 1846.



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And, to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Altho with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

7 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

241

1 IF CHRIST is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things and things to come,
And grace and glory too!

2 Let Jesus tell me He is mine;
I nothing want beside:
My soul shall at the Fountain live,
When all the streams are dried!

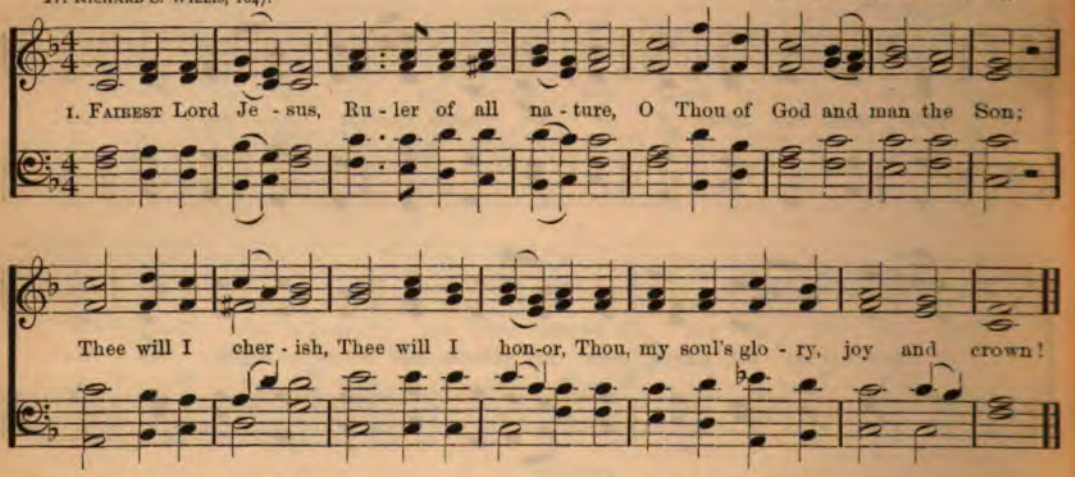
BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1776. *Abr.*

242 Fairest Lord Jesus.

5.6.8.5.5.8. *"He showeth Himself thro the lattice."* **Crusader's Hymn.**

ANON, 12th Century, A.D.
Tr. RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1847.

Arr. RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1847.



2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

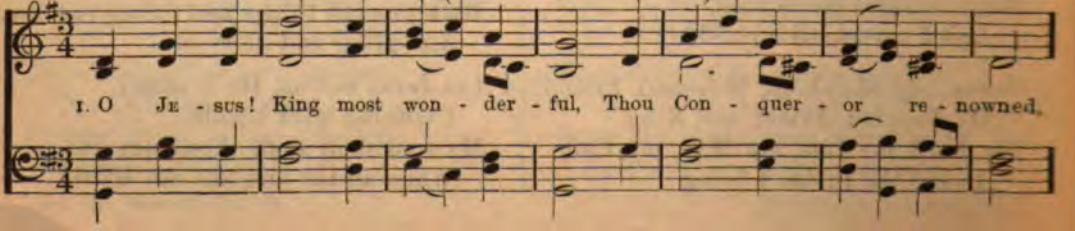
3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host.
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels Heaven can boast.

243 O Jesus, King most wonderful.

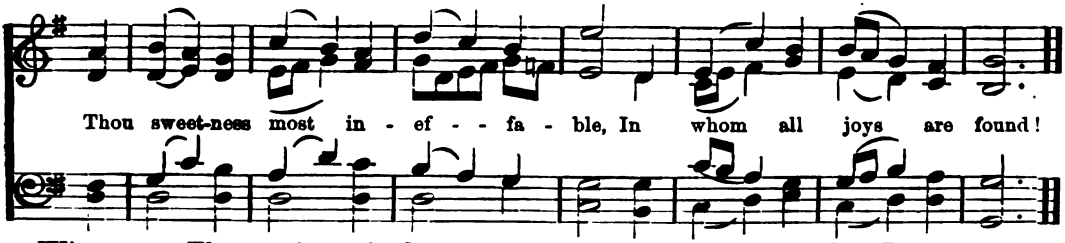
C. M. *"Having neither beginning of days, nor end of life."* **Chesterfield.**

Lat. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1140.
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849.

THOMAS HAWEIS, 1780.



Praise to Christ.



2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine.
Then earthly vanities depart.
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire,—

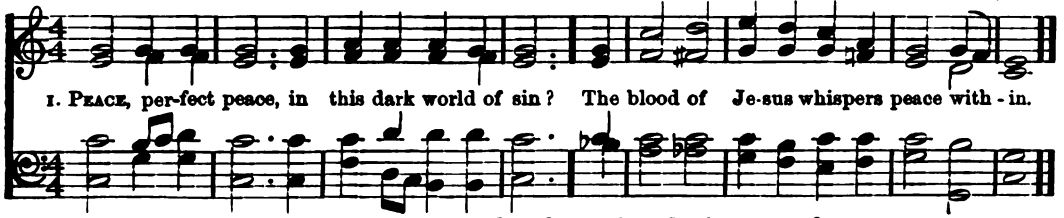
4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore,
And, seeking Thee, itself enflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues forever bless,
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own!

244 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?

10.10. *"A God which worketh for him that waiteth for Him."* **Pax Tecum.**

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1870. G. T. CALDBECK, 1870.



2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties prest?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping safe are we and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers!

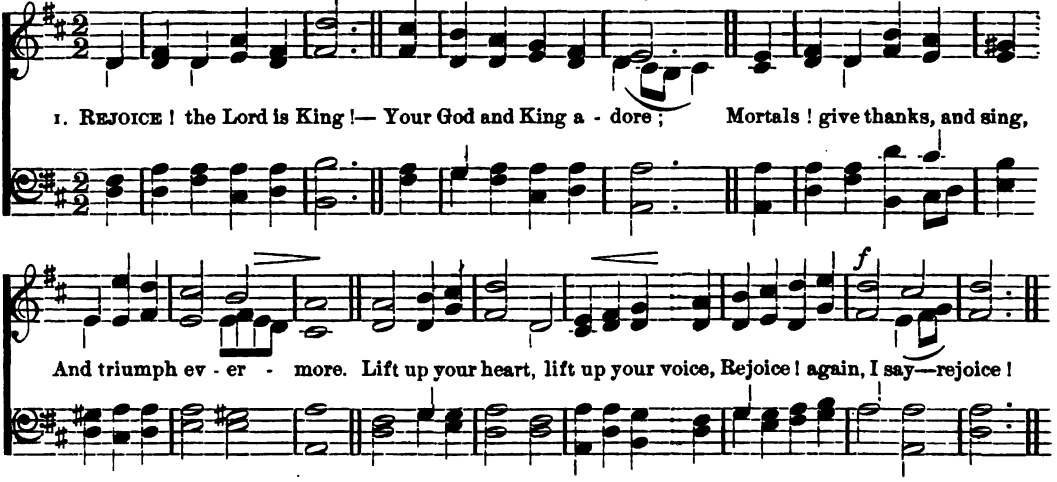
7 It is enough. Earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call to Heaven's perfect peace.

245 Rejoice, the Lord is King.

"*King of righteousness, and then also King of peace.*"

6.6.6.6.8.8. **Darwall.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1748. *Abr.* JOHN DARWALL, 1770.



2 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er Earth and Heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

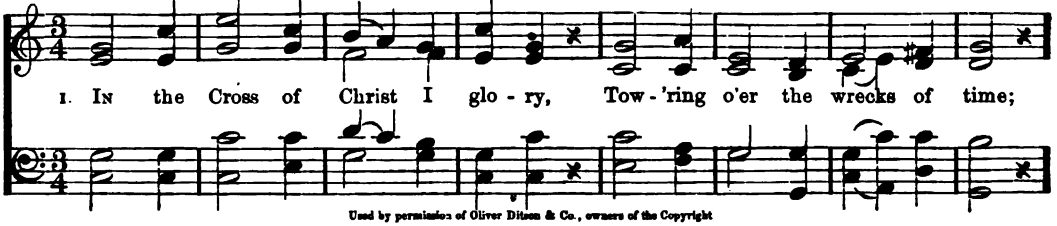
3 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

246 In the Cross of Christ I glory.

"*Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.*"

8.7.8.7. **Rathbun.**

JOHN BOWRING, 1825. ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1847.



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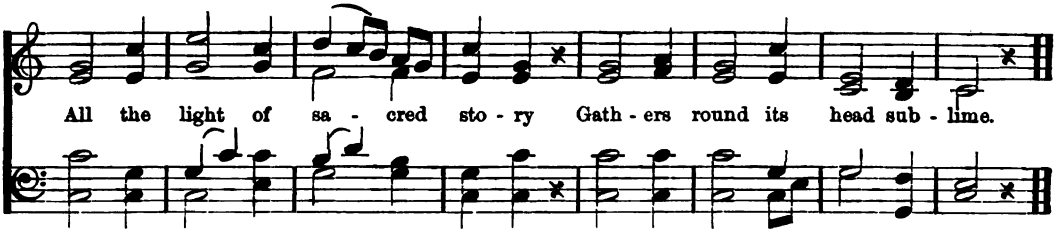
Grace.



2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

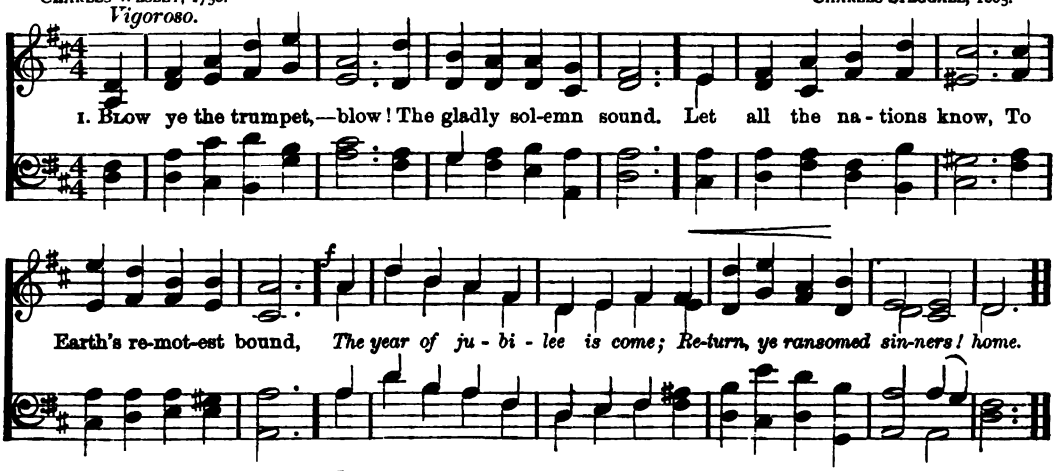
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that thro all time abide.

247 Blow ye the trumpet, blow!

"God deviseth means that he that is banished be not an outcast from Him."

6.6.6.6.8.8. **Christ Church.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1750. CHARLES STEGGALL, 1865.



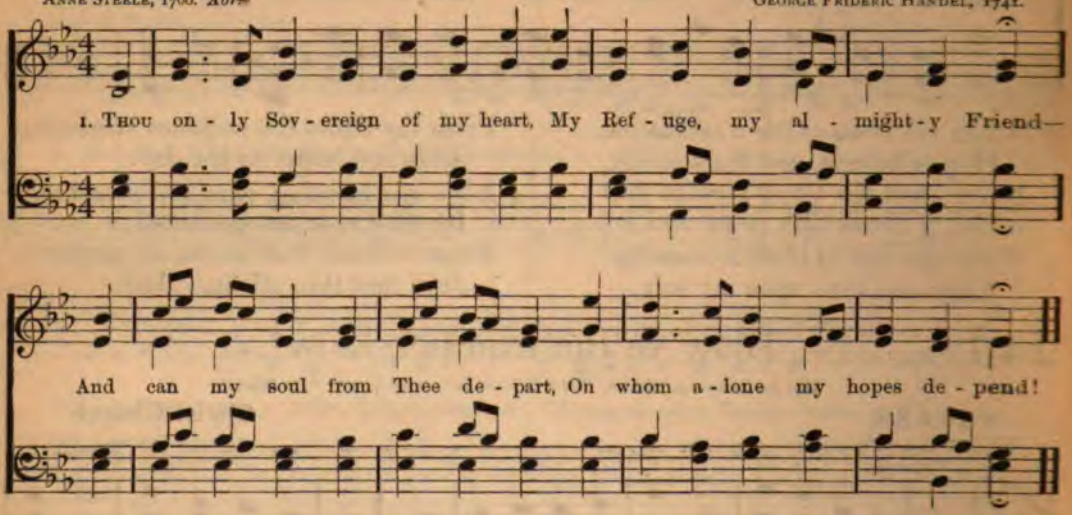
2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb.
Redemption in His blood,
Thro out the world proclaim.
The year of jubilee, etc.

3 Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love!
The year of jubilee, etc.

248 Thou only Sovereign of my heart.

L. M. *"Let him take hold of My strength."* **Samson.**

ANNE STEELE, 1760. *Abr.* GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL, 1741.



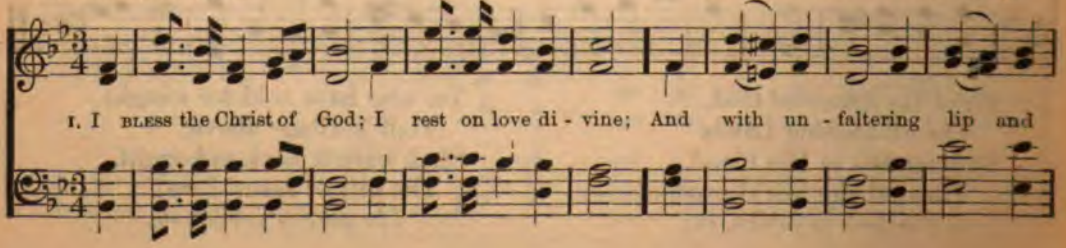
2 Eternal life Thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives.
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of Nature gives.

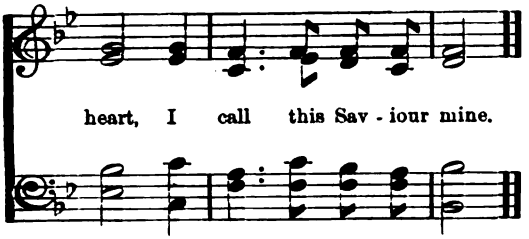
3 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells and peace divine.
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

249 I bless the Christ of God.

S. M. *"And he put forth his hand and took her, and brought her in unto him into the ark."* **Braden.**

HORATIUS BONAR, 1863. *Abr.* WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, 1844.





2 I praise the God of grace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my Joy, my Light.

3 My life with Him is hid,
My death has past away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

250

1 Like Noah's weary dove,
That soared the Earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;

2 Oh cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more,

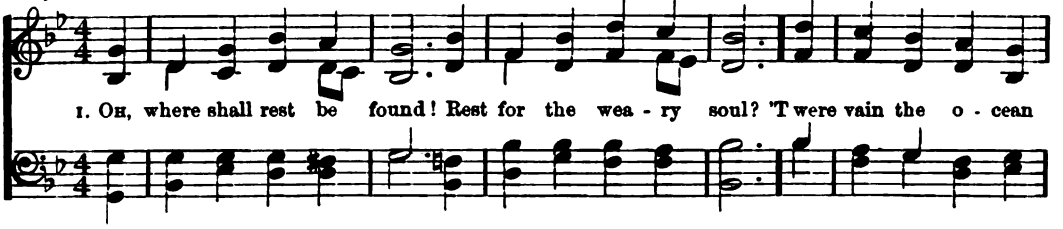
4 There safe thou shalt abide;
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

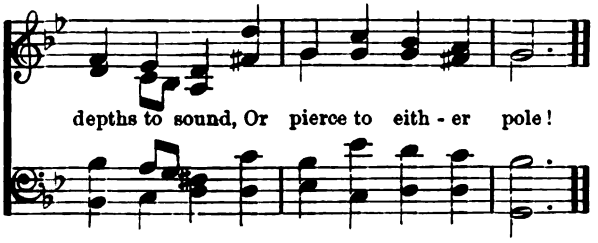
William A. Muhlenberg, 1826.

251 Oh, where shall rest be found.

S. M. "*I flee unto Thee to hide me.*" St. Bride.

James Montgomery, 1819. *Abr.* Samuel Howard, 1762.





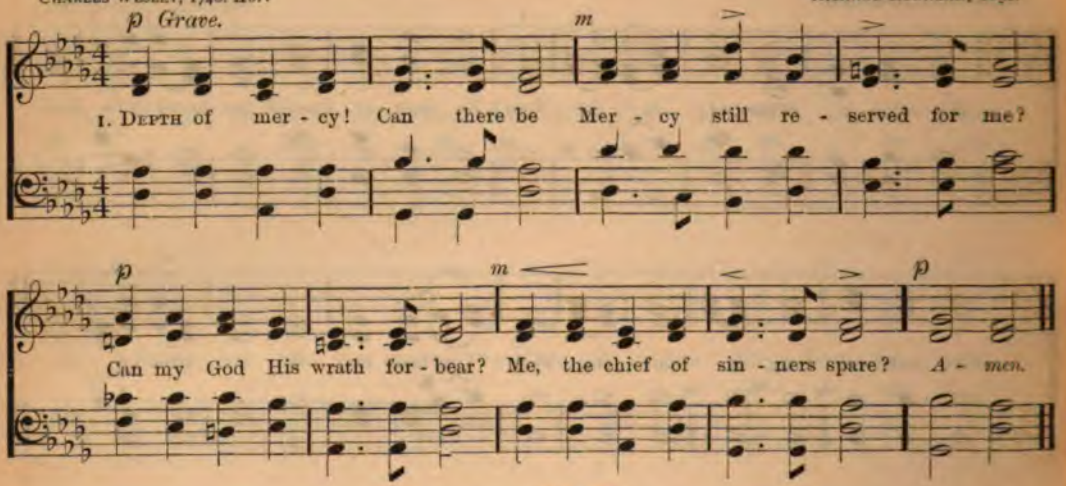
2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

257 Depth of mercy! can there be.

7.7.7.7. "*While he was yet afar off, His Father saw him.*" **Immanuel.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740. *Abr.* RICHARD REDHEAD, 1852.



2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are,
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries,—"How shall I give thee up?"—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His [hands.
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

5 Now incline me to repent.
Let me now my fall lament,
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more! *Amen.*

258

1 BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother. Homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save!

3 Is a mighty famine now
In thine heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee; God will make thee whole.

4 He can heal thy bitt'rest wound.
He thy gentlest prayer can hear.
Seek Him; for He may be found.
Call upon Him; He is near. *Amen.*

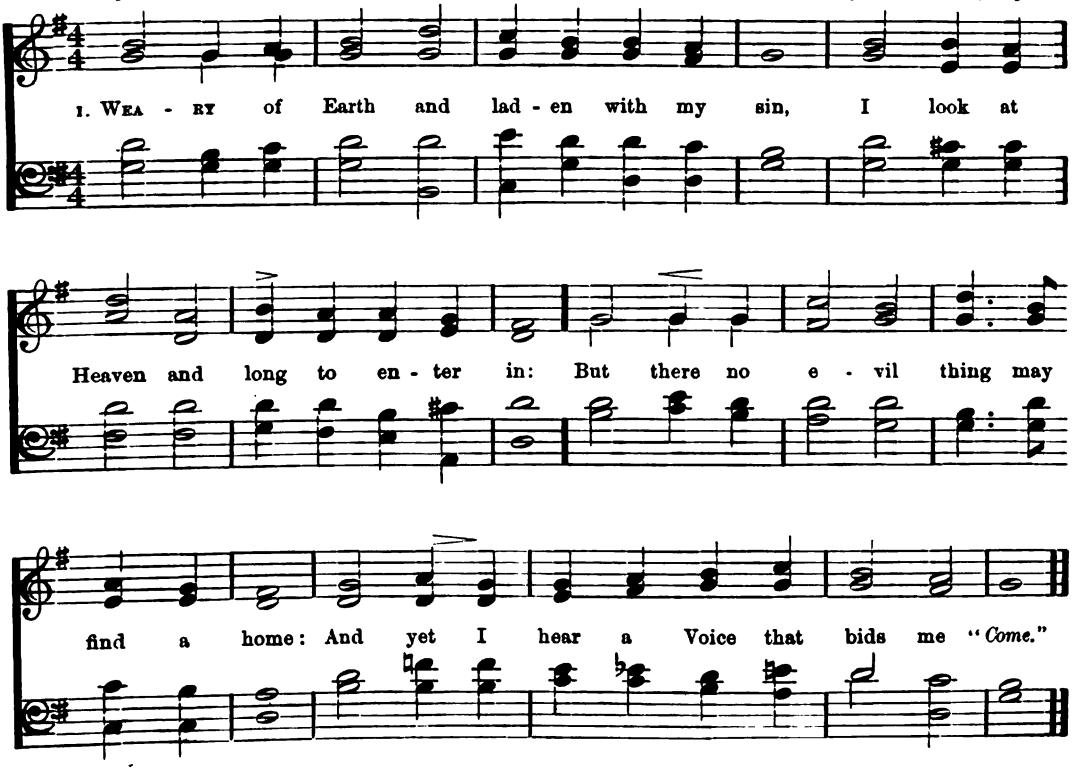
JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, 1844.

Grace.

259 Weary of Earth and laden with my sin.

10.10.10.10. *"I came to call sinners."* **Langran.**

SAMUEL J. STONE, 1865, *Abr.* JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.



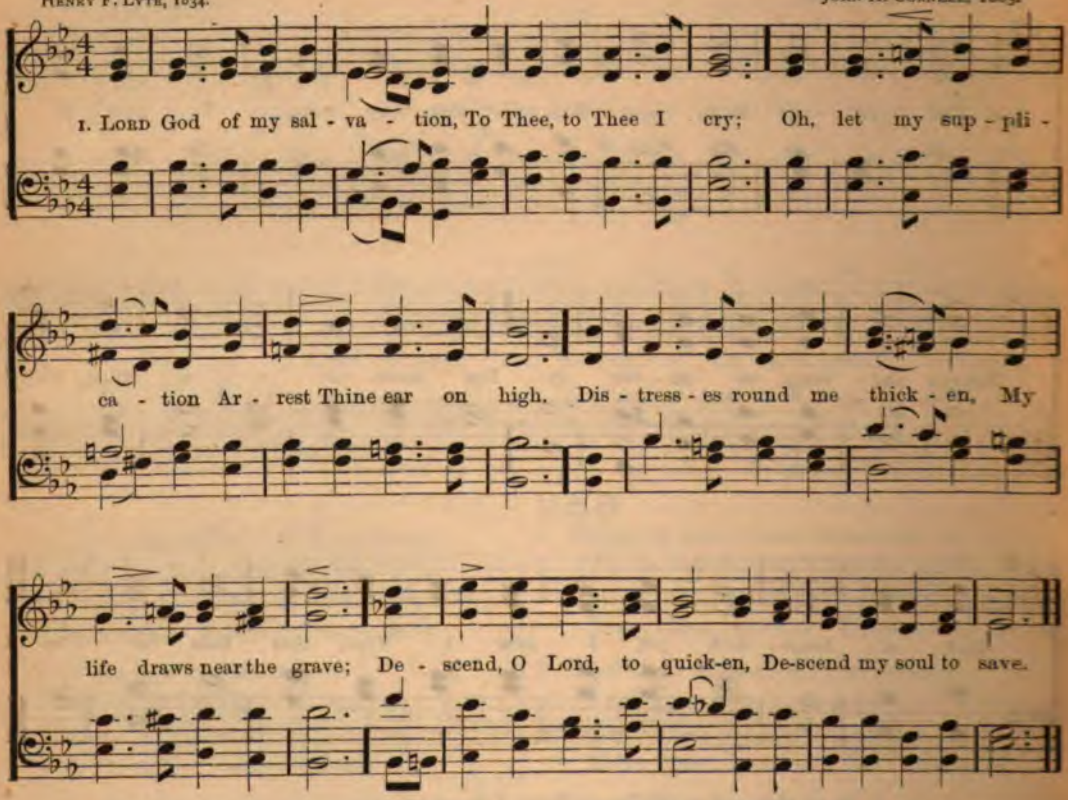
2 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear.
His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near.
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

3 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord!
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

260 Lord God of my salvation.

7s & 6s, D. *"He hath redeemed my soul in peace from the battle that was against me."* **Achor.**

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834. JOHN H. CORNELL, 1865.



2 Thy wrath lies hard upon me,
Thy billows o'er me roll;
My friends all seem to shun me,
And foes beset my soul.
Where'er on Earth I turn me,
No comforter is near;
Wilt Thou too, Father, spurn me?
Wilt Thou refuse to hear?

3 No! banished and heart-broken
My soul still clings to Thee;
The promise Thou hast spoken
Shall still my refuge be.
So present ills and terrors
May future joy increase;
And scourge me from my errors
To duty, hope, and peace.

261

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
O Jesus, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.

2 Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh sin, that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

William W. How, 1854. *Abr.*

262

1 To-day Thy mercy calls me
To wash away my sin.
However great my trespass,
Whate'er I may have been,
However long from mercy
I may have turned away,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me,
And make me white to-day.

2 To-day the Father calls me,
The Holy Spirit waits,
The blesséd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates,
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Altho I oft have wandered,
It is my Father's home!

Oswald Allen, 1862. *Abr.*

263

Thy grace is all of grace!

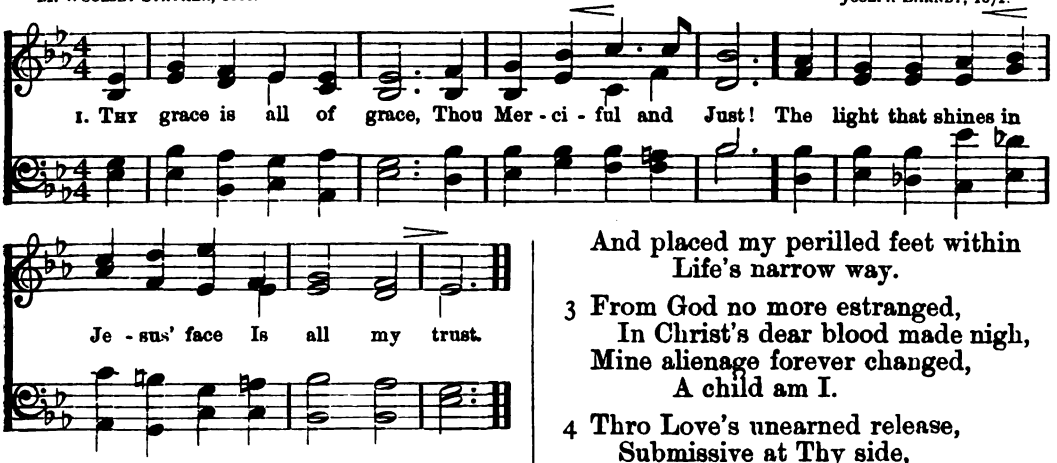
6.6.8.4.

M. Woolsey Stryker, 1886.

"He came and preached peace to you that were far of."

Via Pacis.

Joseph Barnby, 1872.



2 It found me in my sin,
Will-driven and wide astray,
And placed my perilled feet within
Life's narrow way.

3 From God no more estranged,
In Christ's dear blood made nigh,
Mine alienage forever changed,
A child am I.

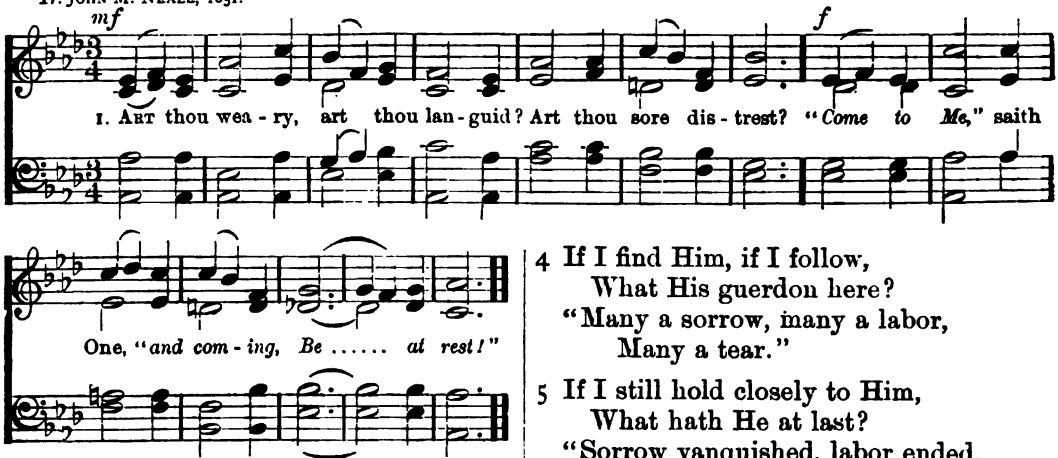
4 Thro Love's unearned release,
Submissive at Thy side,
Thou Lord, my Righteousness and Peace,
My heart dost guide.

264 "Art thou weary, art thou languid?"

8.5.8.3. *"Let no man rob you of your prize."* **Welcome.**

Gk. Stephen, The Sabaite, *cir.* 750
Tr. John M. Neale, 1851.

Charles L. Hutchins' Hymnal, 1870.



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

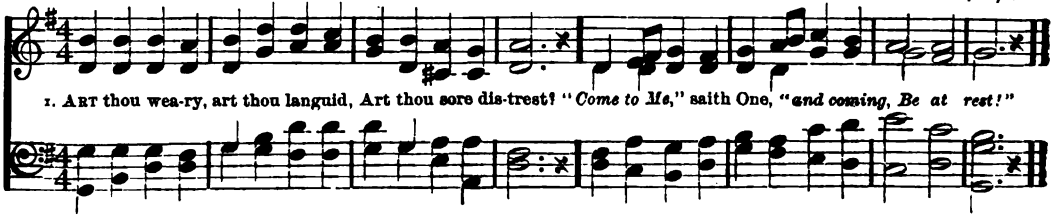
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till Earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away!"

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes!"

8.5.8.3. **Stephanos.**

[SECOND TUNE.]

Henry W. Baker, 1868.
Har. Hubert P. Main, 1871.

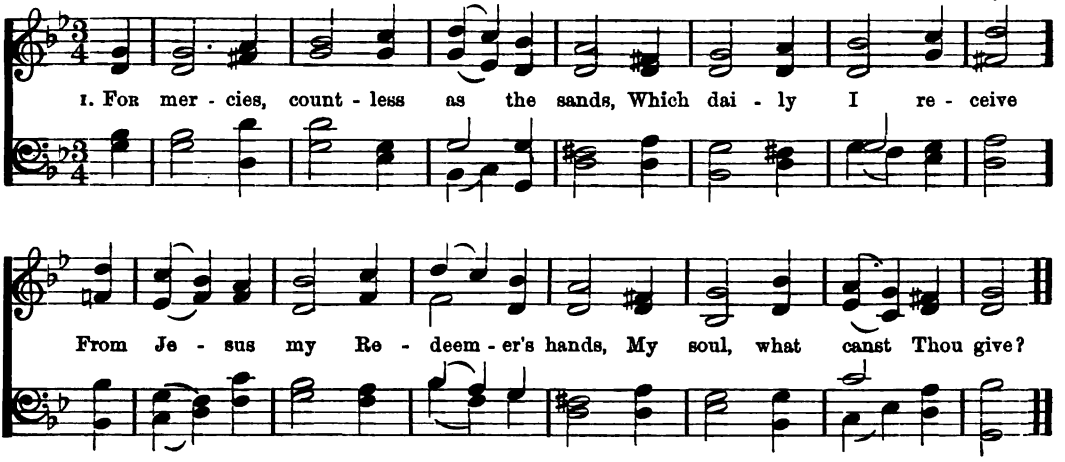


265 For mercies, countless as the sands.

"The Lord will not forsake His people for His great name's sake; because it hath pleased the Lord to make you His people."

C. M. **Burford.**

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. HENRY PURCELL, 1690.



2 Alas! from such an heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestow'd;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

5 Since at His feet my soul has sat
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on Him my care

266

1 LORD, I have sinned: but Oh forgive,
Nor cast me quite away!
Renew my soul and bid me live,
And be my future stay.

2 Oh let me from my fall arise,
More watchful and more strong.
Light up my dim and tearful eyes,
And fill my mouth with song.

3 On Christ's prevailing sacrifice
I all my hopes recline;
A broken spirit Thou dost prize,
And such, Oh Lord, be mine.

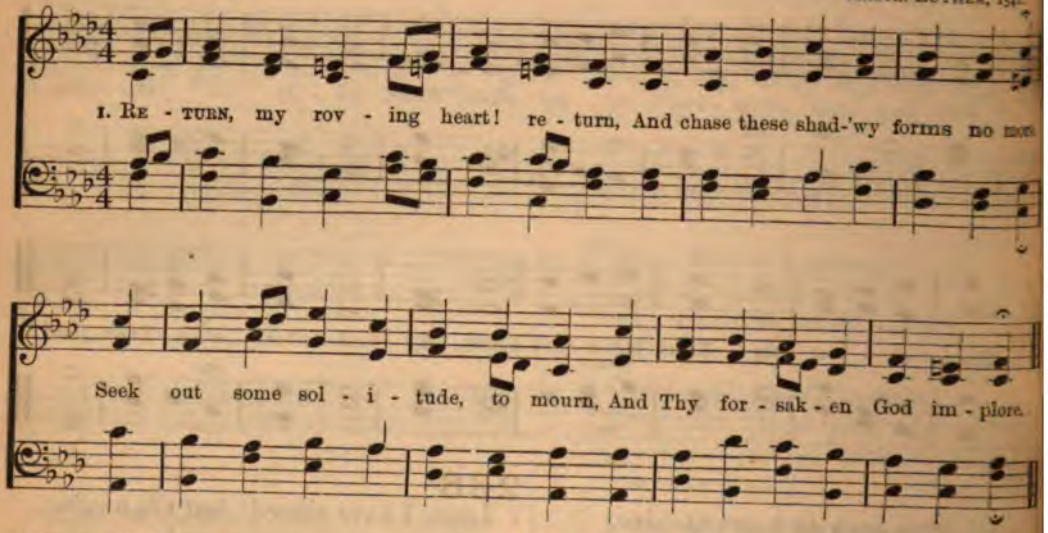
4 Give me a meek dependent heart,
For all my days to come;
Nor let Thy Spirit e'er depart,
Till I am safe at home.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

267 Return, my roving heart! return.

L. M. *"Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed! save me and I shall be saved!"* **Spires.**

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740. *Abr.* MARTIN LUTHER, 1541.



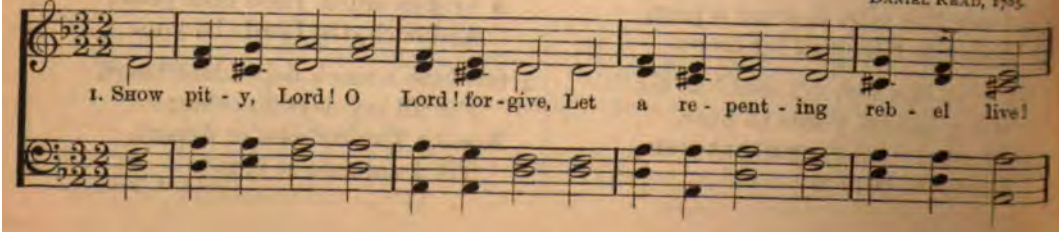
2 Thro all the mazes of my heart,
My search let Heavenly Wisdom guide,
And still His radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

3 Then, with the visits of Thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God has fixed His dwelling there.

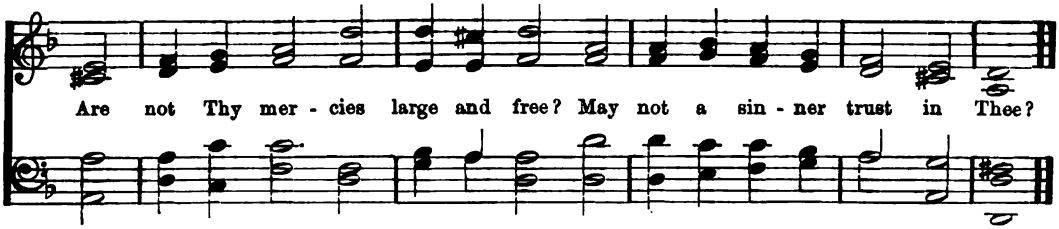
268 Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive.

L. M. *"I will be sorry for my sin."* **Windham.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.* DANIEL READ, 1785.



Contrition.



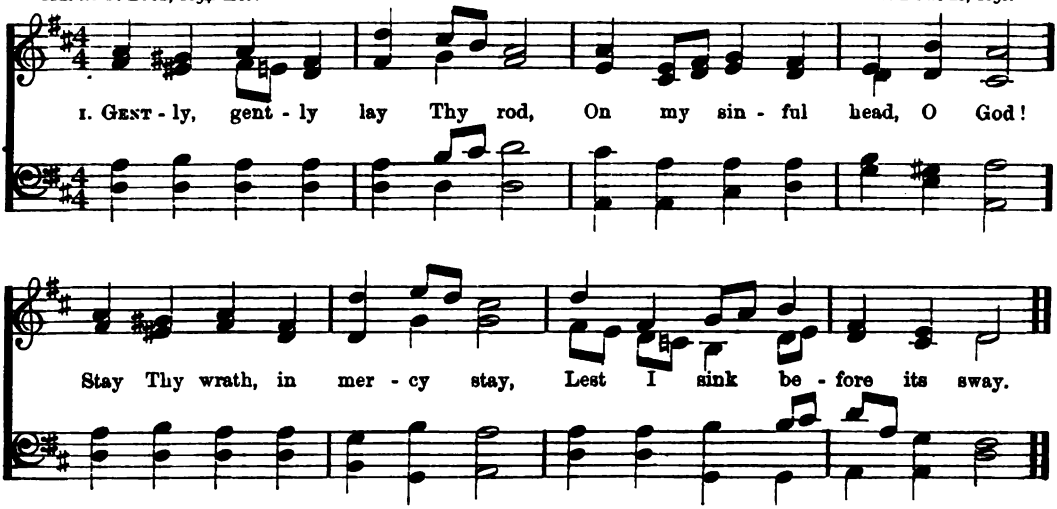
2 My crimes, tho great, cannot efface
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God! Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pard'ning love be found.

3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God! restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

269 Gently, gently lay Thy rod.

7.7.7.7. *"For this our heart is faint; for these things our eyes are dim."* **Solitude.**

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834. *Abr.* LEWIS T. DOWNES, 1850.



2 Heal me; for my flesh is weak.
Heal me; for Thy grace I seek.
This my only plea I make,—
Heal me, for Thy mercy's sake.

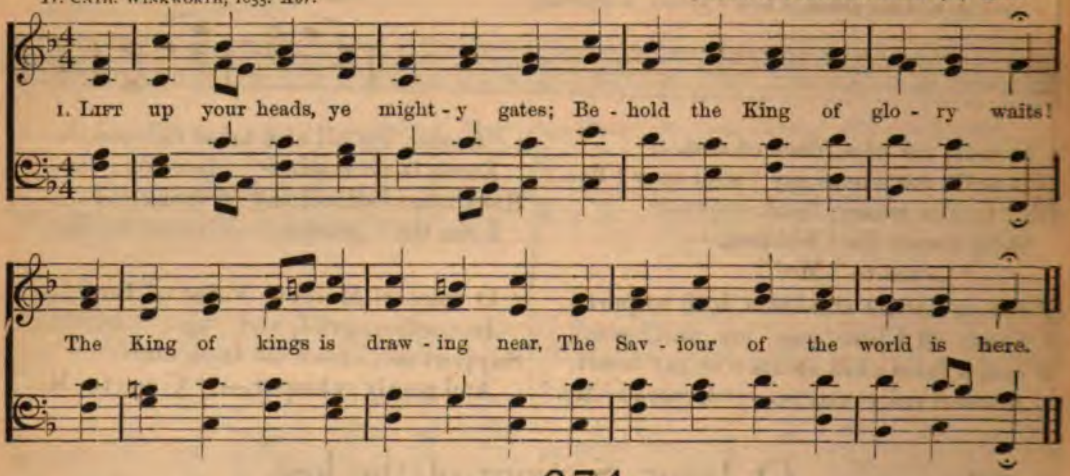
3 Lo, He comes,—He heeds my plea!
Lo, He comes,— the shadows flee!
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit, and adore!

273 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.

L. M. "*Let us lift up our heart with our hands.*" **Anastasius.**

Ger. George Weissel, 1635.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1855. *Abr.*

Johann A. Freylinghausen, 1704. *Abr.*



2 Oh, blest the land, the city blest
Where Christ, the Ruler is confest!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom this King of triumph comes!

3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and filled with joy.

4 Redeemer! come; I open wide
My heart to Thee. Here, Lord, abide.
Let me Thine inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

5 So come, my Sovereign! enter in,
Let new and nobler life begin.
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won!

274

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait: but He does not forsake!
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay.
My heart I yield without delay.
Vain world, farewell; from thee I part.
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

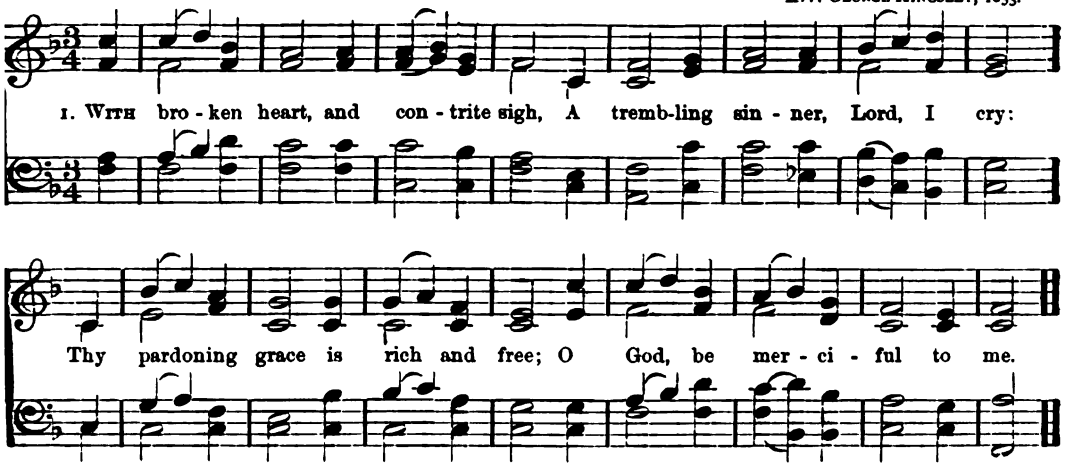
Ger. Gerhard Tersteegen, 1730.
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1853. *Abr.*

Contrition.

275 With broken heart, and contrite sigh.

L. M. *"I was wounded in the house of My friends"* **Warner.**

CORNELIUS ELVEN, 1852. GIOACCHIMO ROSSINI. *Arr.* GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1853.



2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt opprest,
Christ and His Cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies:
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone:
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God be merciful to me,

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

276

1 POOR, weak and worthless tho I am,
I have a rich, almighty Friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is His name.
He freely loves, and without end.

2 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to Him.

3 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey,
And often Satan's lies believe
Rather than all my Friend can say

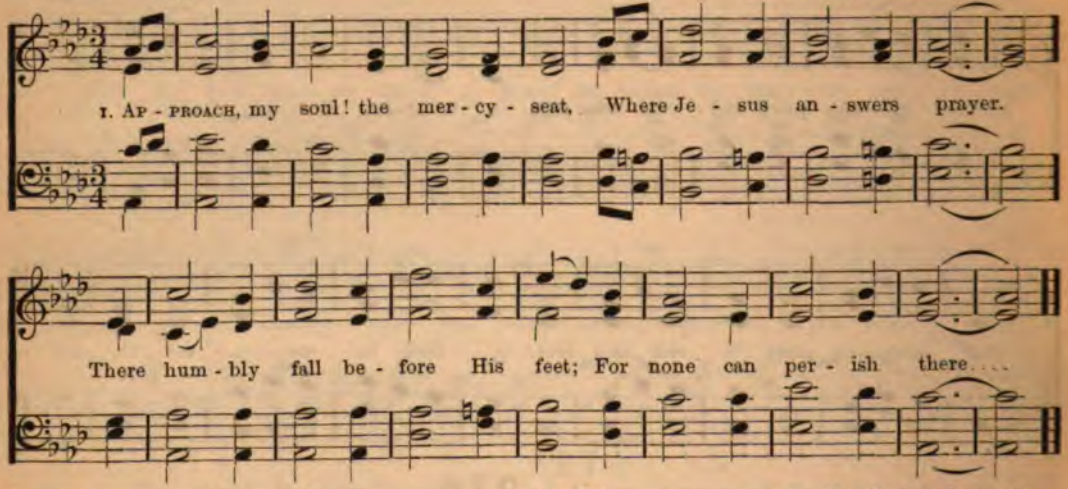
4 Sure, were I not most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite!
And were not He the God of Grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from His sight.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

277 Approach, my soul! the mercy-seat.

C. M. *"Behold, we are before Thee in our guiltiness."* **Manoah.**

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. *Abr.* FRANZ J. HAYDN, 1801. *Arr.* HENRY W. GREATOREX, 1851.



2 Thy promise is my only plea:
With this I venture nigh.
Thou callést burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,—
By war without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Oh, wondrous love,—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name!

278

1 WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercéd hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
O'er some dark fouling spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy wounded side!

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1858.

279 Contrition.

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost: but now am found.—
Was blind: but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

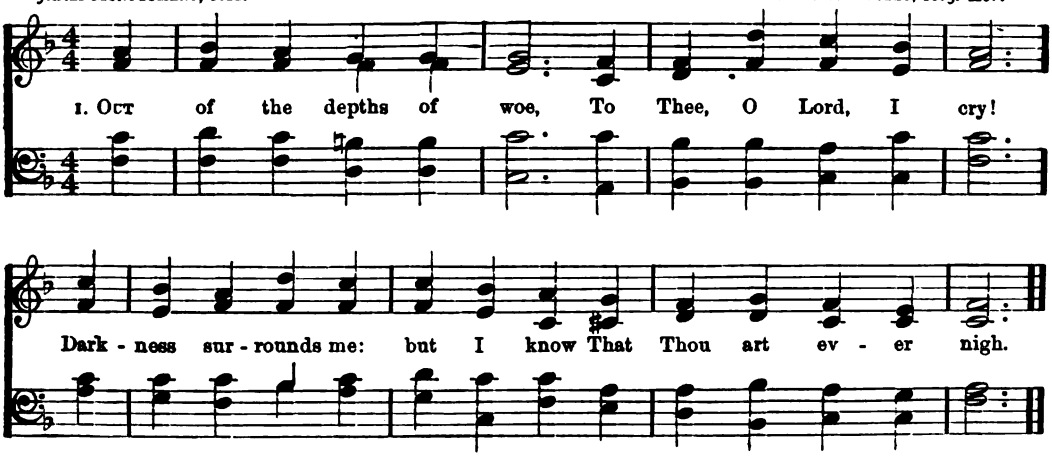
4 The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
So long as life endures.

John Newton, 1779.

280 Out of the depths of woe.

S. M. "*Before I was afflicted I went astray.*" **Deliverance.**

James Montgomery, 1822. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1863. *Abr.*



2 I cast my hope on Thee;
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive;
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
Who in Thy sight could live?

3 Humbly on Thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin.
Lord! I am knocking at Thy gate;
Open, and take me in.

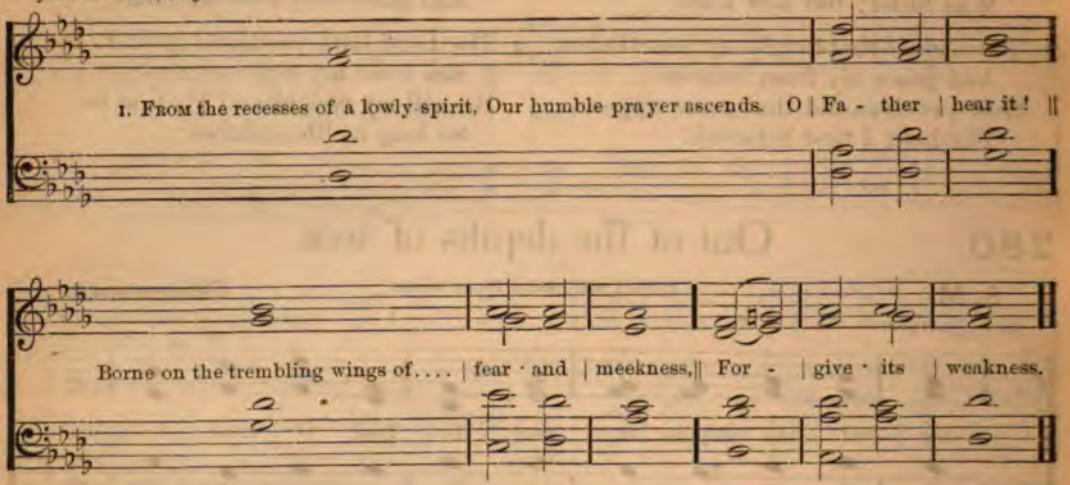
4 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease;
For, lo! the swift-returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Tho storms His face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure;
His bow is in the cloud.

281 From the recesses of a lowly spirit.

11.11.11.5. Chant. *"That which I see not, teach Thou me."* **Gould's Chant.**

JOHN BOWRING, 1823. JOHN EDGAR GOULD, 1845.



2 We know, we feel, how mean and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice we | pour · be- | fore Thee;—||
What can we offer Thee,—O | Thou · most | holy!—||
But | sin · and | folly?

3 Lord! in Thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and | vain our | truest;||
Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our | lips re- | peat them,—||
Our | hearts · for- | get them.

4 We see Thy hand—it leads us, it supports us.
We hear Thy voice—it | counsels · and it | courts us;—||
And then we turn away!—and | still · Thy | kindness||
For- | gives · our | blindness.

5 Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and | bid them | blossom||
In fragrance and in beauty | bright and | vernal,||
And | spring e- | ternal.

282 I heard the voice of Jesus say.

C. M. D. "*God is faithful, thro whom ye were called into the fellowship of His Son.*" **Vox Dilecti.**

HORATIUS BONAR, 1850. JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.

p *rall.* *mf tempo.*

1. I HEARD the voice of Je - sus say, "*Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea-ry*

Org.

mf

one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast." I came to Je - sus as I was, Wen -

f *ff*

ry, and worn, and sad: I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.

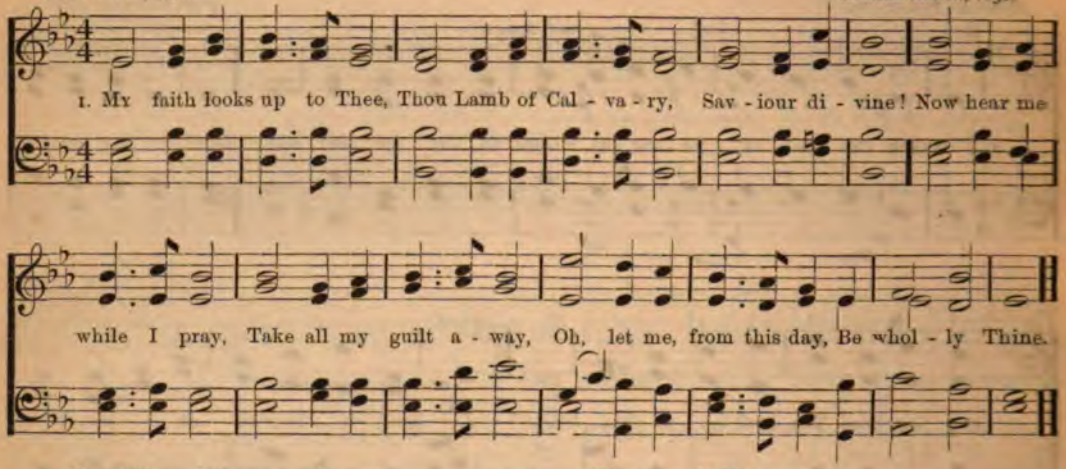
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"*Behold! I freely give*
The living-water; thirsty one!
Stoop down, and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"*I am this dark world's light;*
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found,
In Him, my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are do

283 My faith looks up to Thee.

6s & 4s. *"If righteousness is thro the law, then Christ died for naught."* **Olivet.**

RAY PALMER, 1830. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire.
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide.
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

284

1 "PEACE, peace I leave with you,
My peace I give to you,
Perfect and pure;
Not as the world doth give,
Words that the soul deceive,
Ye who in Me believe
Shall rest secure."

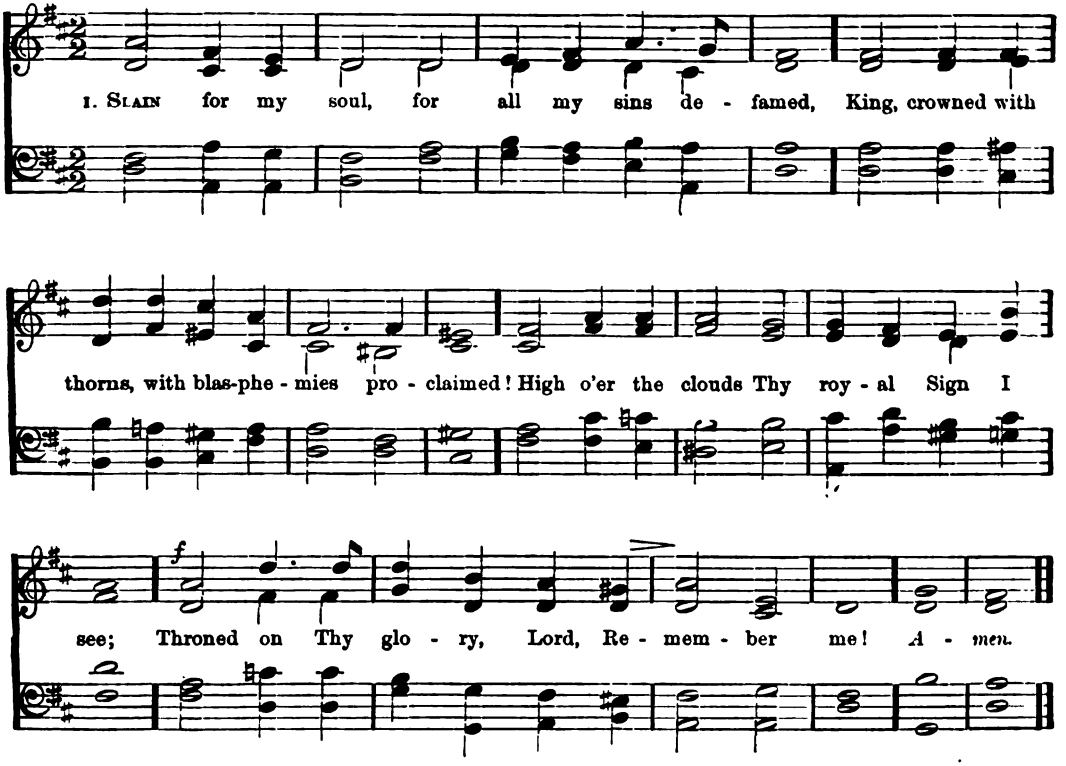
2 "Peace, peace, I leave with you,
My peace I give to you,
Tho foes invade;
All power is given to Me,
I will your refuge be
Now and eternally,
Be not dismayed!"

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1856. *Abr.*

285 Slain for my soul, for all my sins defamed.

10.10.10.10. *"Thou shalt be with Me."* **Dalkeith.**

HERBERT KYNASTON, 1862, *Abr.* THOMAS HEWLETT, 1863.



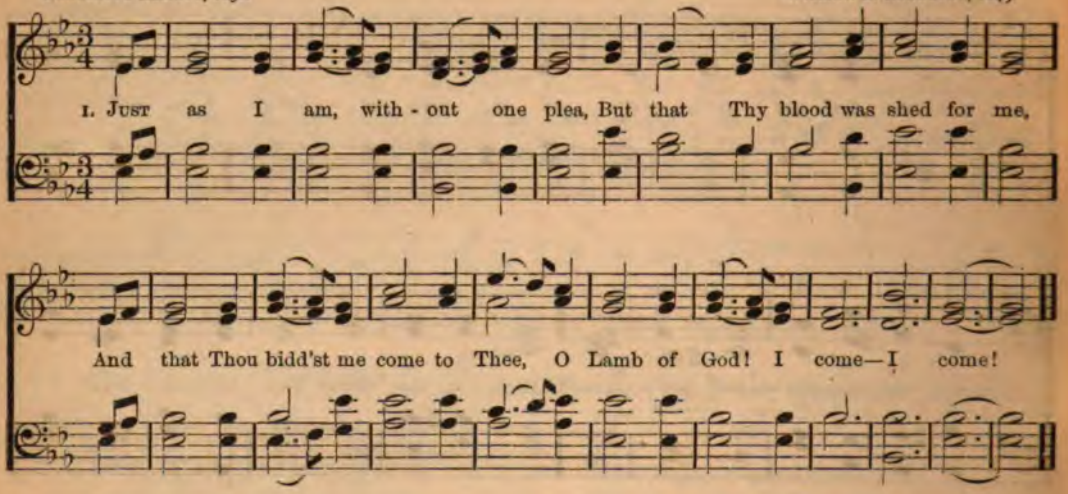
2 For Thy tormentors, for my pardon sue,—
"*Father, forgive; they know not what they do!*"
When they that pierc'd, when every eye, shall see
Thee in Thy kingdom, Lord, remember me!

3 Mid all the thronging of Thy ransomed dead,
With all the Book of Life before Thee spread,
Toss'd, like a waif, upon the living sea
By angels parted, Lord, remember me! *Amen.*

286 Just as I am, without one plea.

L. M. *"According to your faith be it unto you."* Woodworth.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1849.



2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.

3 Just as I am, tho tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.

5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.

6 Just as I am; Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.

7 Just as I am, of that free love [prove,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.

287

1 COMPLETE in Thee! No work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of Thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in Thee.

2 Complete in Thee. No more shall sin
Thy grace has conquered reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in Thee.

3 Complete in Thee. Each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since Thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in Thee.

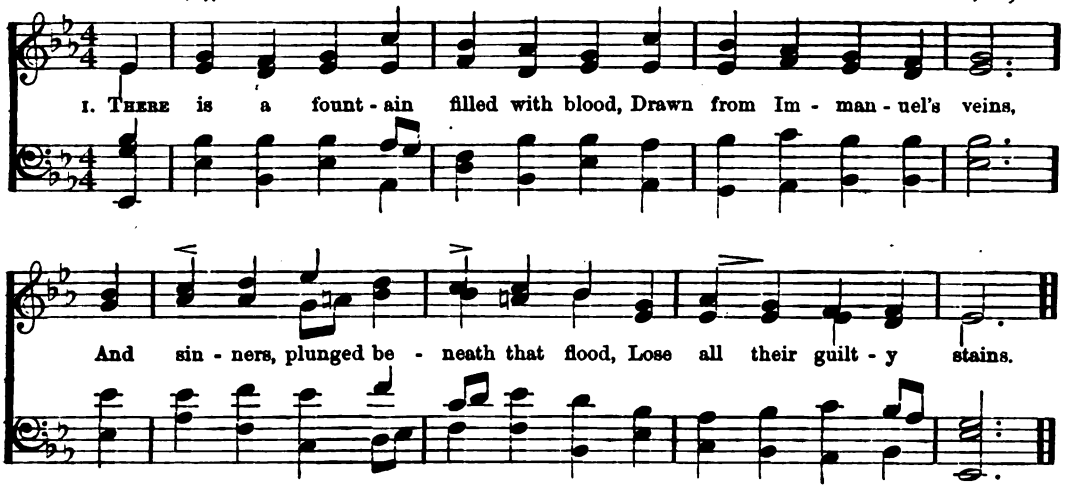
4 Dear Saviour! when, before Thy bar
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among Thy chosen may I be
At Thy right hand—complete in Thee!

AARON ROBARTS WOLFE, 1852, 1857.

288 There is a fountain filled with blood.

C. M. "*Wash and be clean.*" Phuvah.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772. MELCHOIR VULPIUS, 1609.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering, [tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

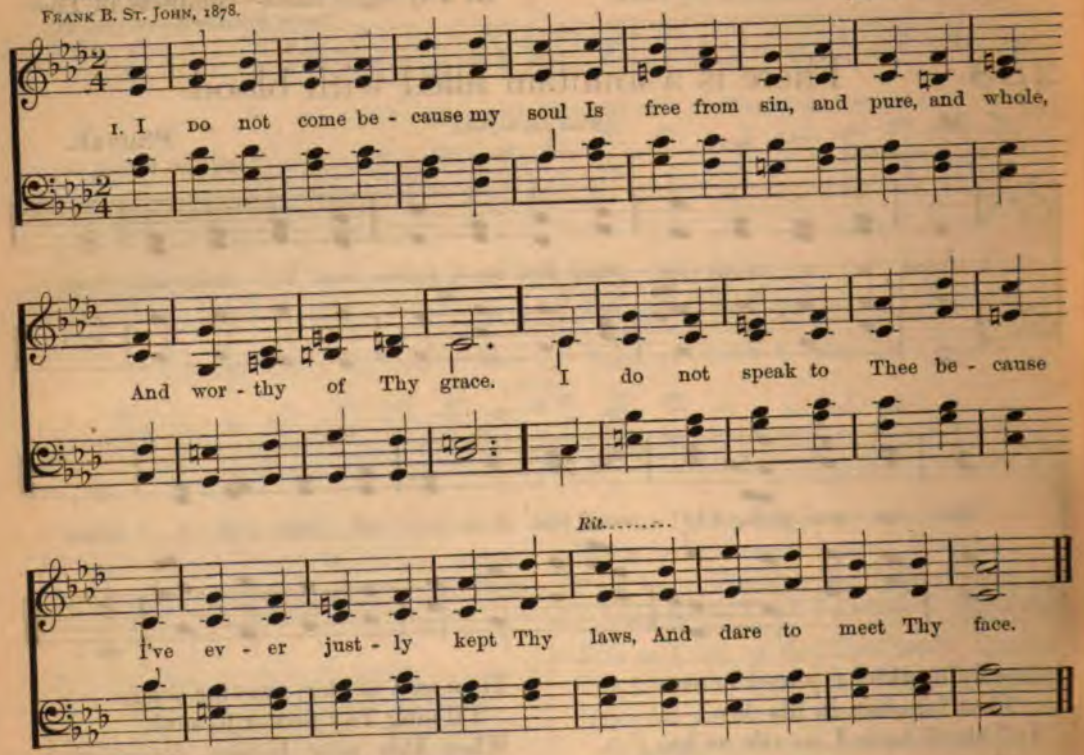
6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy tho I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but Thine!

289 I do not come because my soul is free.

8.8.6.8.8.6. *"Nevertheless I live; yet not I: but Christ liveth in me."* **St. Augustine.**

FRANK B. ST. JOHN, 1878. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1861.



2 I know that sin and guilt combine
To reign o'er every thought of mine,
And turn from good to ill.
I know that when I try to be
Upright and just and true to Thee,
I am a sinner still!

3 I know that often when I strive
To keep a spark of love alive
For Thee, the powers within
Leap up in unsubmissive might,
And oft benumb my sense of right,
And pull me back to sin.

4 I know that tho in deeds of good
I spend my life, I never could
Atone for all I've done:
But, tho my sins are black as night,
I dare to come before Thy sight,
Because I trust Thy Son.

5 In Him alone my trust I place—
Come boldly to the throne of grace,
And there commune with Thee:
Salvation sure, O Lord is mine,
And, all-unworthy, I am Thine,
For Jesus died for me!

290

1 Thy mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days. [youth,
Thy goodness watched my ripening
And formed my heart to love Thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

2 And now, in age and grief, Thy name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee.
Oh yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for Thee!

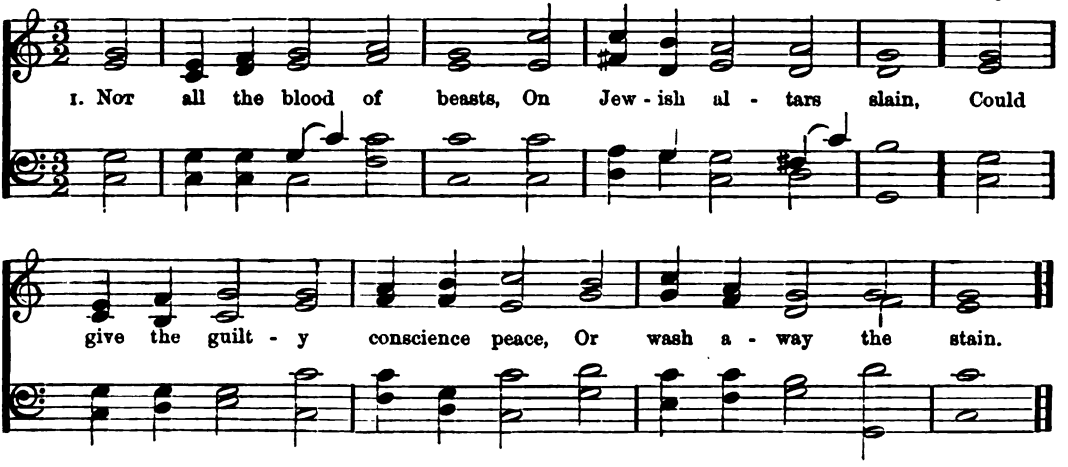
3 Yes! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

Robert Grant, 1839. *Abr.*

291 Not all the blood of beasts.

S. M. *"The Righteous for the unrighteous."* **Boylston.**

Isaac Watts, 1709. *Abr.* Lowell Mason, 1832.



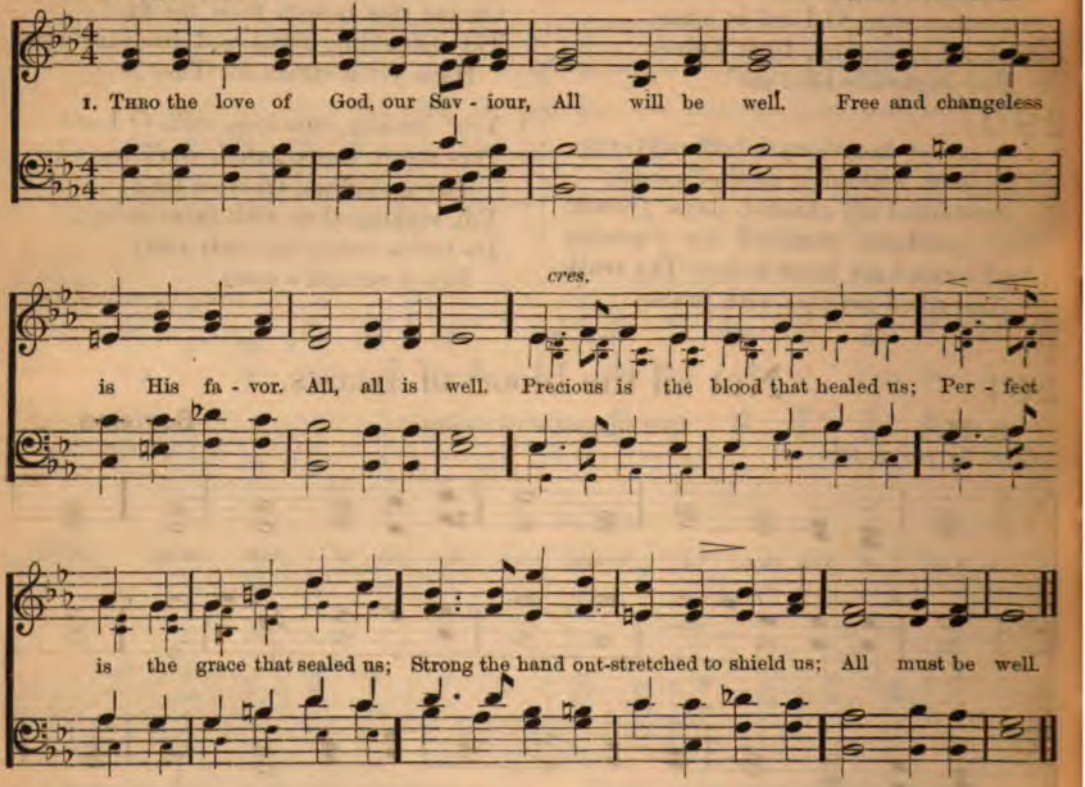
2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

292 Thro the love of God, our Saviour.

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. *"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him."* **All's Well.**

MARY (BOWLY) PETERS, 1846. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1873.



2 Tho we pass thro tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, thro the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well.
Faith can sing thro days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

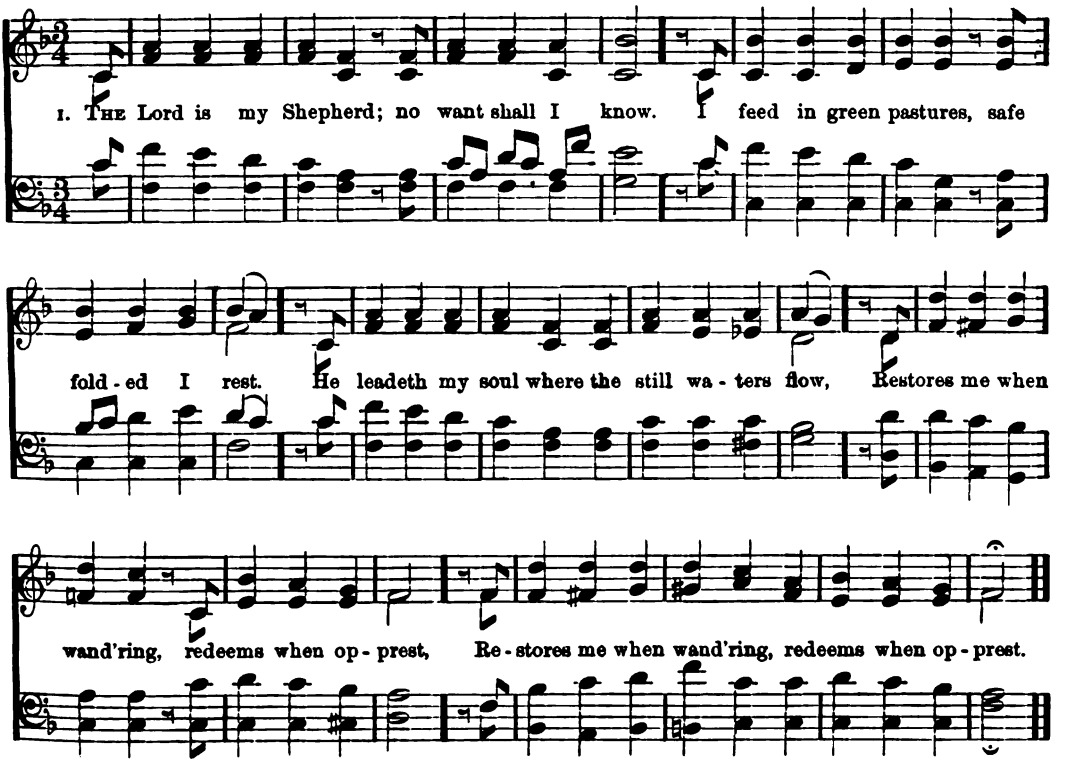
Faith.

293 The Lord is my Shepherd.

11.11.11.11.11. *"They know not the voice of a stranger."* **Poland.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. *Abr.*

THOMAS KOSCHAT, 1862.
Arr. BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1885.



2 Thro valley and shadow of death tho I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall me, my Comforter near.

3 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Thro lands of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

298 O One with God the Father.

7s & 6s, D. *"Having obtained the help that is from God, I stand unto this day."* **Miriam.**

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1872. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK, 1865.

1. O ONE with God the Fa - ther, In maj - es - ty and might, The brightness of His glo - ry,
D.S.—The shadows flee be - fore Thee,

FINE. D.S.

E - ter - nal Light of Light! O'er this our home of darkness Thy rays are streaming now,
The world's true Light art Thou!

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:—
O heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee, our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace.
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest
O Sun of righteousness.

299

1 'TIS not that I did choose Thee;
For, Lord, that could not be;
This heart would still refuse Thee;
But Thou hast chosen me.
Thou from the sin that stained me
Hast made me pure and free;
Of old Thou hast ordained me,
That I should live to Thee.

2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.
My heart owns none above Thee,
For Thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing, if I love Thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

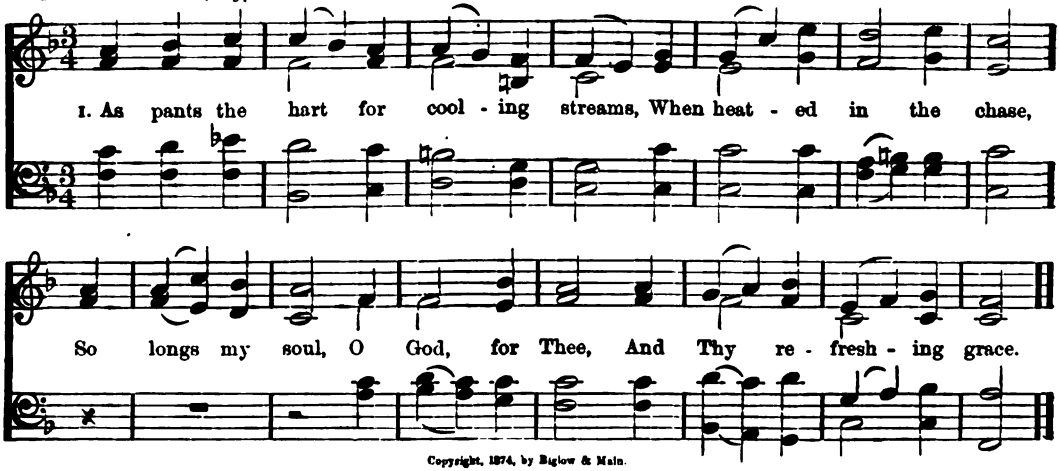
JOSIAH CONDER, 1837.

300 As pants the hart for cooling streams.

L. M. "*In that day ye shall ask me no question.*" Eloise.

NAHUM TATE, 1696.
Alt. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834. *Abr.*

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1874.



Copyright, 1874, by Biglow & Main.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou majesty divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for Thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

301

1 THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
Oh, be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed.
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine.
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834. *Abr.*

302 In heavenly love abiding.

7s & 6s, D. *"Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen."* **Clare.**

ANNA L. WARING, 1850. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1877.

1. In heaven-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth-ing chang-es here. The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid: But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - may'd?

Copyright, 1877, by Hubert P. Main.

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back.
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh.
His sight is never dim.
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure.
My path to life is free.
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

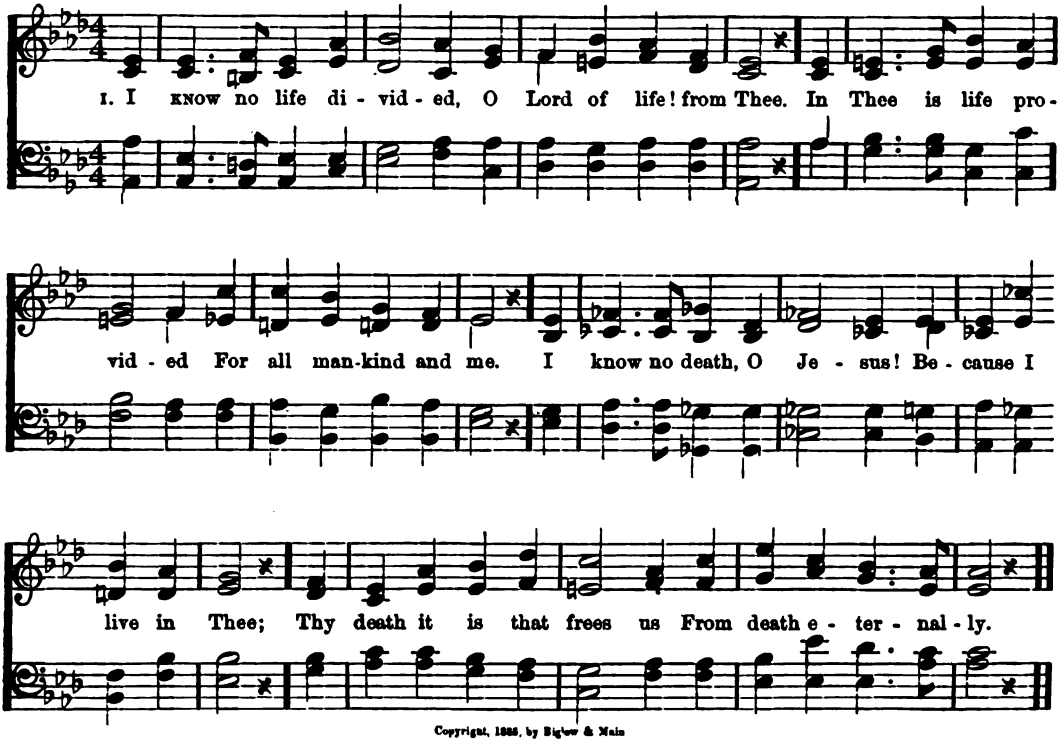
303 I know no life, divided.

"I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself up for me."

7s & 6s, D. **Berkshire.**

Ger. Carl J. P. Spitta, 1833.
Tr. Richard Massie, 1860. *Arr.*

Benjamin C. Blodgett, 1873.



Copyright, 1888, by Biglow & Main

2 A deep and heavenly feeling
Oft seizes on my breast.
Ah! here is balm for healing,
Here only is true rest.
All day I hear resounding,
A voice with silver tone,
Which speaks of grace abounding
Thro God's Eternal Son.

3 Thy love it was which sought me,
When all unsought by me,
And to the haven brought me
Where I would gladly be.
The things that once distrest me,
My heart no longer move,
Since the sweet truth imprest me,
That I possess Thy love!

304 To God I lift mine eyes.

6.6.6.6.8.8. *"Having therefore obtained the help that is from God, I stand unto this day."* **Lintz.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1857.

Marcato.

From Him is all mine aid;

1. To God I lift mine eyes; From Him is all mine aid,
The God that built the skies, And Earth and na - ture made. God is the

From His is all mine aid, God is the

tower to which I fly, His grace is nigh in ev - ery hour.

tower to which I fly, His grace is nigh, His grace is nigh,

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

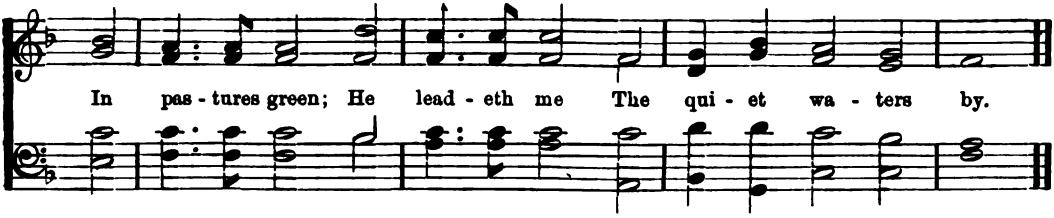
3 Since Thou hast pledged Thy word
To save my soul from death,
Shall I not trust Thee, Lord,
To keep my mortal breath!
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call me home.

305 The Lord's my Shepherd; I'll not want.

C. M. *"For this God is our God forever and ever."* **Arlington.**

FRANCIS ROUS, 1643. THOMAS A. ARNE, 1762.

1. THE Lord's my Shep - herd; I'll not want. He makes me down to lie



2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, tho I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnishéd,
In presence of my foes.
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

306

1 Dear Refuge of my weary soul!
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God! where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust,
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Tho prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

Anne Steele, 1760. *Abr.*

307

1 Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Tho many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the Strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Tho unperceived by mortal sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence;
Then what have you to fear?

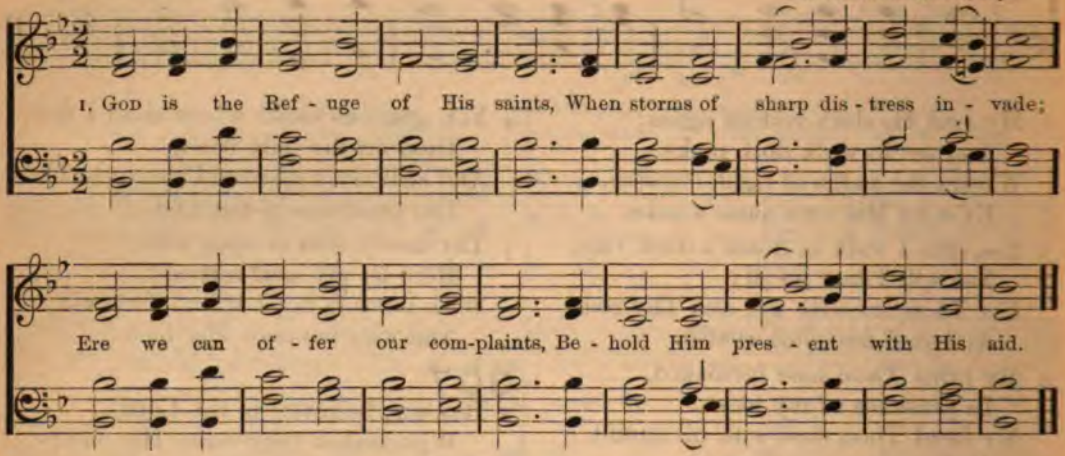
5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love His name
Shall triumph in Him too.

John Newton, 1779.

308 God is the refuge of His saints.

L. M. *"Seeking the wealth of His people and speaking Peace to all His seed."* **Ward.**

Isaac Watts, 1719 Old Scotch Air. *Arr.* Lowell Mason, 1830.



2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar:
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding thro,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream,—Thy holy word,
That all our raging fear controls.
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with [power.

309

1 Let me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day;
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there.
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While His kind hand my soul sustains.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

310

"Christ, who thro the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without blemish unto God."

1 With all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song.
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 To God I cried when troubles rose,
He heard me, and subdued my foes.
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused thro all my soul.

3 Amid a thousand snares, I stand
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand.
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

311

1 Lord, how the troubleis of my peace
Within me and around increase!
What faithless doubts my heart assail,
That Thou wilt slight and they prevail!

2 But, Lord, my spirit hangs on Thee;
My hope, my shelter, Thou shalt be.
O Thou who from Thy holy hill
Hast heard, oh hear me, help me still!

3 Beneath Thy wing secure I sleep;
What foe can harm when Thou dost keep?
I wake and find Thee at my side,
My omnipresent guard and guide!

4 Oh why should Earth or Hell distress,
With God so strong, so nigh to bless?
From Him alone salvation flows;
On Him alone, my soul repose!

Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

312

1 No more, my God, I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His Cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne:
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

313

1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise!
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness is so free.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from lost my estate,
His loving-kindness is so great.

3 Thro mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where Earth and Hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness is so strong.

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But, tho I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

5 So when I pass the gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
Oh may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

6 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Samuel Medley, 1793.

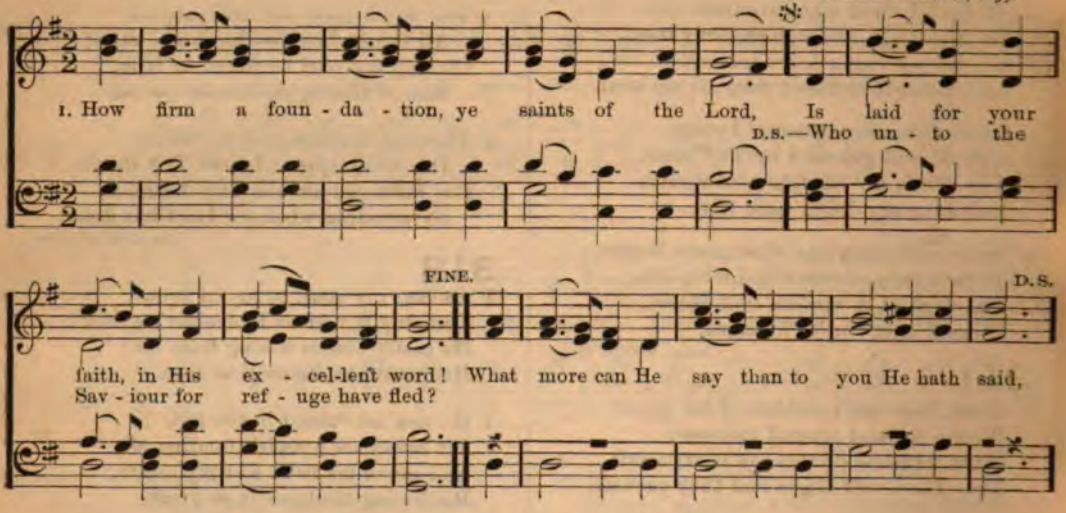
314 How firm a foundation, ye saints.

"About midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing praises to God, and the prisoners were listening to them."

II.II.II.II. **Goshen.**

R. Keene, 1787, *Abr.*

German Melody.
Arr. Thomas Hastings, 1839.



2 Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dismayed;
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid.
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When thro the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho all Hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

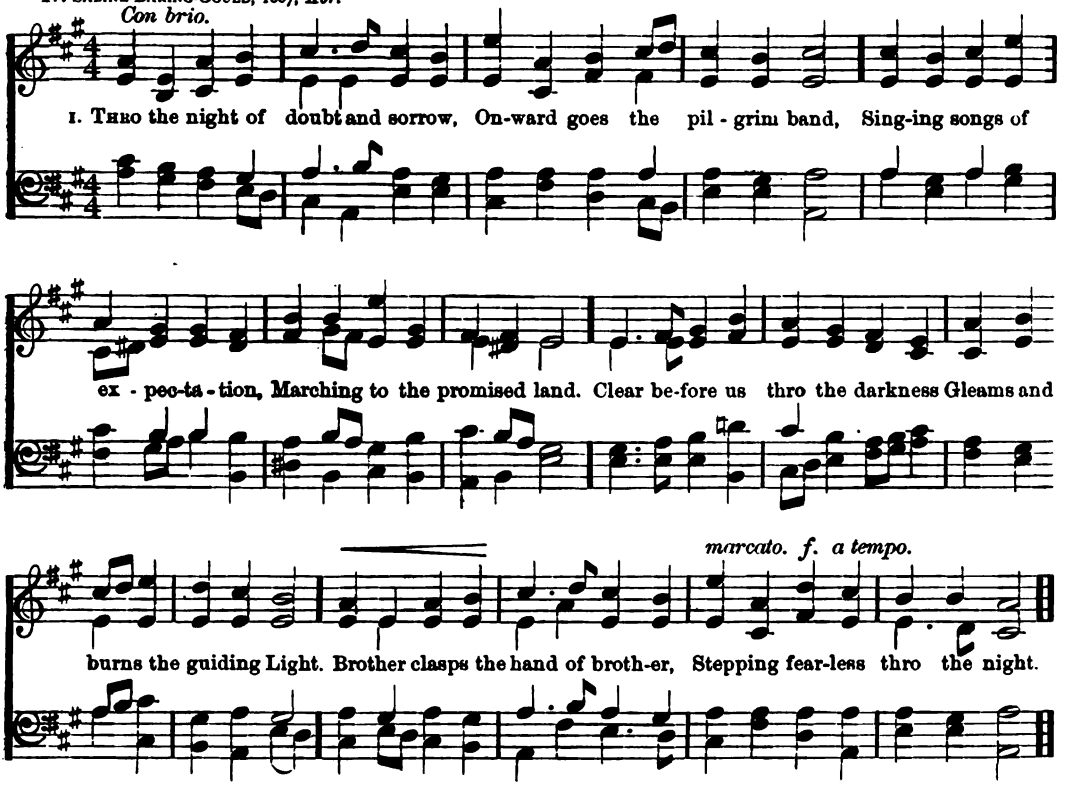
Faith.

315 Thro the night of doubt and sorrow.

8s & 7s, D. *"I press on toward the goal unto the prize."* **Rex Gloriæ.**

Danish, Bernhard Ingemann, 1825.
Tr. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1867, *Abr.*

Henry Smart, 1868.



2 One the light of God's own presence
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Bright'ning all the path we tread.
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

3 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one,
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun,
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love forevermore.

316 A Tower of Refuge is our God!

8s, 7s, & 6s, P. *"Therefore will not we fear."* **"Ein' Feste Burg."**

Ger. Martin Luther, 1529.
Tr. M. Woolsey Stryker, 1883.

Martin Luther, 1521.
Arr. Hubert P. Main, 1881.

Forte.

1. A Tower of Ref - uge is our God!—A good - ly ward and wea - pon.
He'll help us free, tho force or fraud To us may now mis - hap - pen.

mf

That old Arch - en - e - my Would our un - do - ing be! Gross might and vast de -

f *ff*

vice His dread - ful ar - mor is; On Earth can none with - stand him!

2 By our might could we do no more
Than vainly to have striven:
But for us the right Man will war,
Whom God Himself hath given.
Dost ask who this can be?
Christ Jesus, it is He!
The Lord of Sabaoth,
None other God, in troth.
The field he holds forever.

3 For tho the world with demons swarmed,
All minded to devour us,
Not greatly were our souls alarmed;
They cannot overpower us.
This world's dark prince may still
Lour sullen as he will;
For he can harm us naught.
'Tis past. His doom is wrought.
One word can bring his downfall!

4 That Word, for all they do, shall stand,
No thank to them that jeer it!
Yea, on the plain He's at our hand,
By His own Gift and Spirit.
And should they take our life,
Fame, fortune, child and wife,—
Let them all this begin:
But nothing can they win,
And God gives us the Kingdom.

317

1 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Forever be outpouring
All glory, from the heavenly host,
And saints on Earth adoring.
Thro time's remotest bound
That chorus shall resound,
And swell forevermore,
Like stormy ocean's roar,
Thro endless ages rolling.

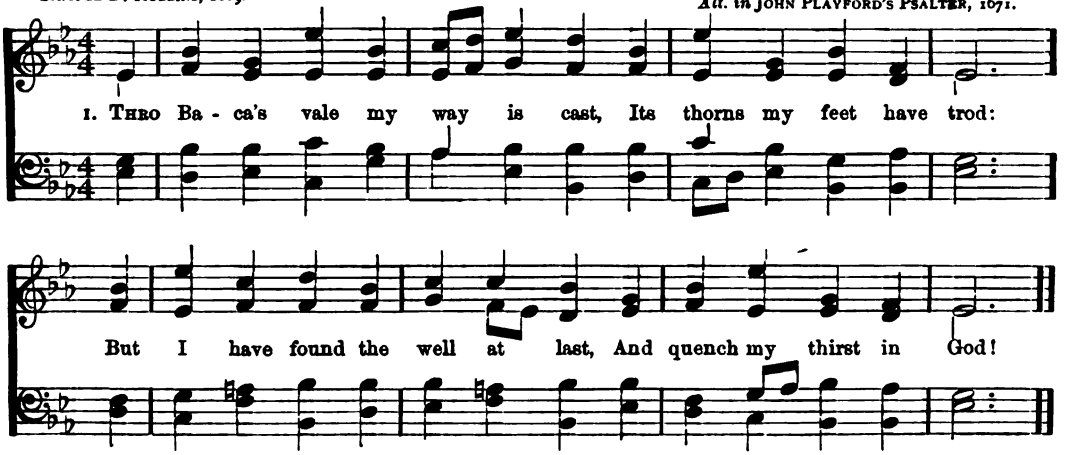
William R. Whittingham, 1871.

318 Thro Baca's vale my way is cast.

C. M. *"Blessed is the man in whose heart are the highways."* **London.**

Samuel D. Robbins, 1869.

Andro Hart's Scotch Psalter, 1635.
Alt. in John Playford's Psalter, 1671.



2 My roof is but an humble home
Hid in the wilderness:
But o'er me springs th'eternal dome;
For He my dwelling is.

3 My raiment rude and lowly seems,
All travel-stained and old:
But with His brightest morning beams
He doth my soul infold.

4 My table scantily is spread,
With tears my cup o'erflows:
But He is still my daily bread,
No want my spirit knows.

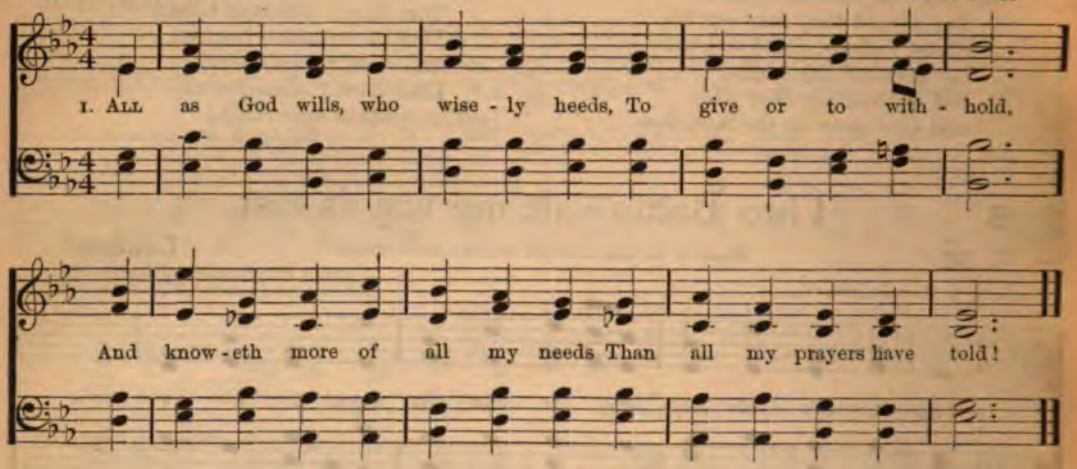
5 Hard is the stony-pillowed bed,
How broken is my rest!
On Him I lean my aching head,
And sleep upon His breast.

6 For faith can make the desert bloom,
And thro the vistas dim,
Love sees, in sunlight or in gloom,
All pathways lead to Him.

319 All as God wills, who wisely heeds.

C. M. *"Privately, to His disciples, He expounded all things."* St. Frances.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1861, *Abr.* G. A. LÖHR, 1855.



2 Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;

3 That more and more a providence
Of Love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

4 That care and trial seem at last,
Thro memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair.

5 And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day!

320

1 FORTH, to the Land of Promise bound,
Our desert path we tread,
God's fiery pillar for our guide,
His Captain at our head.

2 E'en now we faintly trace the hills,
And catch their distant blue,
And the bright city's gleaming spires
Rise dimly on our view.

3 Soon, when the desert shall be crossed,
The flood of death past o'er,
Our pilgrim hosts shall safely land
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

4 There love shall have its perfect work,
And prayer be lost in praise,
And all the servants of our God
Their endless anthems raise.

HENRY ALFORD, 1830.

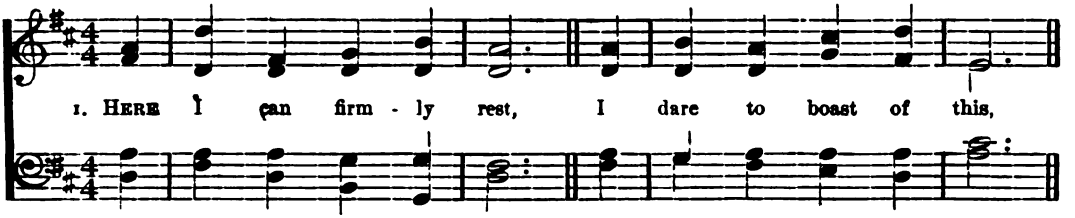
321 Here I can firmly rest.

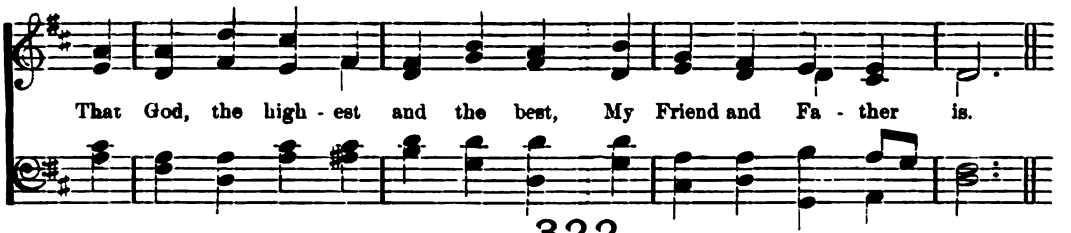
*"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, * * that walketh in darkness and hath no light;—let him * * stay upon his God."*

S. M. **Aswarby.**

Ger. Paul Gerhardt, 1650.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855. *Abr.*

Samuel Wesley, 1798.





2 From dangerous snares He saves.
Where'er He bids me go, [waves,
He checks the storms and calms the
That naught can work me woe.

3 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How he who seeks in God his rest
Shall ever find Him near;

4 My heart for gladness springs,
It cannot more be sad,
For very joy it laughs and sings,
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The Sun that glads mine eyes
Is Christ the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for us above.

322

1 My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

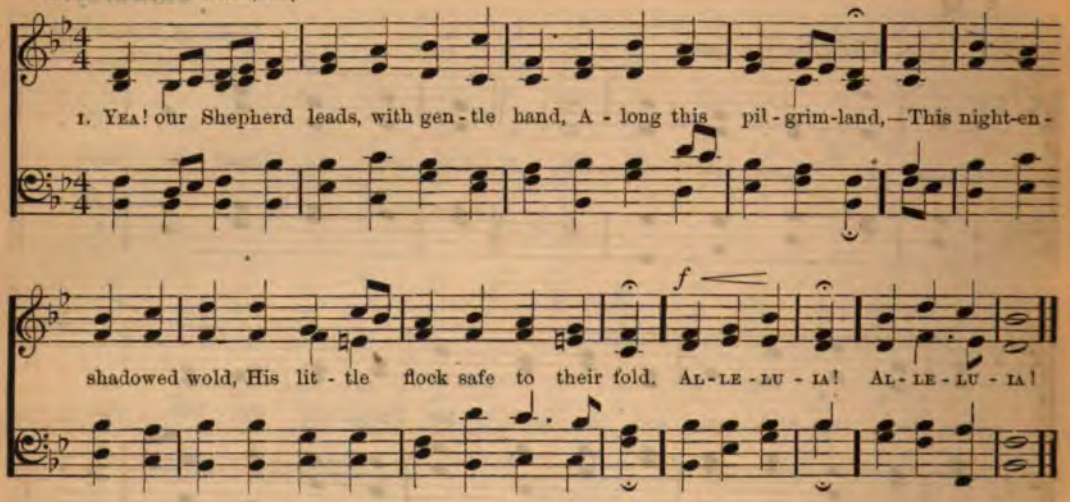
Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

323 Yea! our Shepherd leads, with gentle hand.

9.6.6.8.4.4. "*A stranger will they not follow.*" **Christus Pastor.**

Ger. Fried. Adolph Krummacher, 1805.
Tr. M. Woolsey Stryker, 1884.

Conrad Kocher, 1828.



2 When His carelings wander in the dark,
This Shepherd true doth mark,
And, of His grace divine,
He bids a friendly star to shine. Alleluia!

3 Safe He leads us, out from deadly gloom,
To greenest meadow-bloom,
To waters flowing free,
Life-welling to eternity. Alleluia!

4 Down on us His eyes with pity look.
His gentle Shepherd-crook
Doth trust and comfort bring.
Himself keeps watch unwearying. Alleluia!

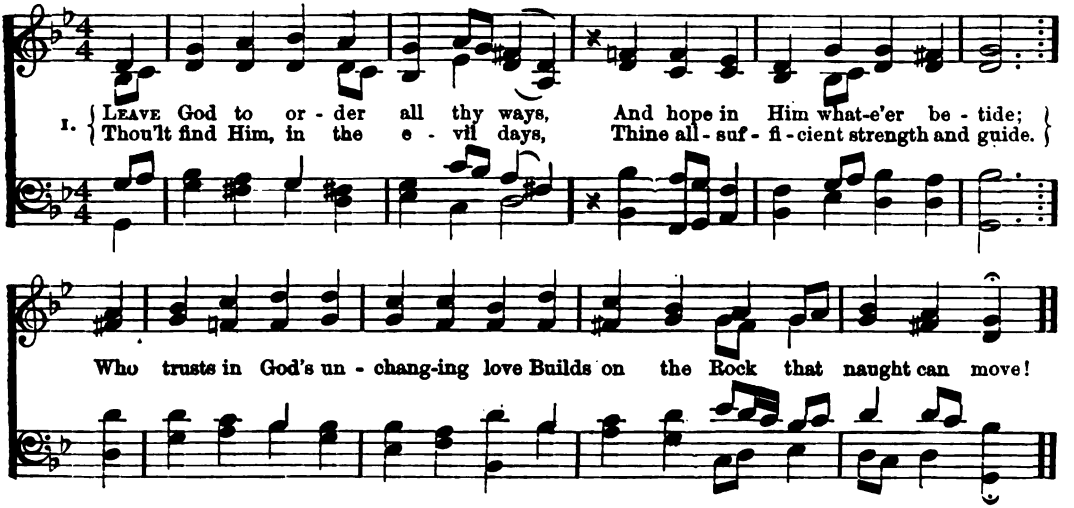
5 Yea! He is the faithfullest and best;
Our fold itself doth rest
Within those arms of His,
Whose very name Compassion is. Alleluia!

324 Leave God to order all thy ways.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

8.8.8.8.8.8. **"Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten."**

Ger. George Neumark, 1653. George Neumarck, 1657.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1855. *Abr.* *Har.* Johann Seb. Bach, *d.* 1750.



2 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

3 He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as He sees it meet.
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

4 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways;
But do thine own part faithfully.
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee.
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

325

1 Surrounded by unnumbered foes,
Against my soul the battle goes!
Yet tho I weary, sore distrest,
I know that I shall reach my rest;
I lift my tearful eyes above,—
His banner over me is love!

2 Its sword my spirit will not yield,
Tho flesh may faint upon the field.
He waves before my fading sight
The branch of palm, the crown of light.
I lift my brightening eyes above,—
His banner over me is love!

3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
His vail of splendor curtain Him,
And in the mid-night of my fear
I may not feel Him standing near:
But, as I lift mine eyes above,
His banner over me is love!

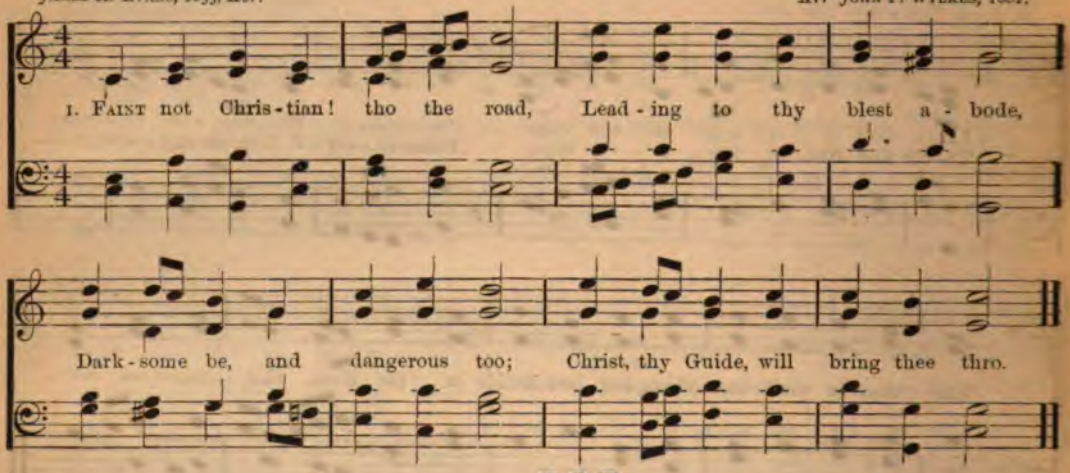
Gerald Massey, 1869.

326 Faint not, Christian! tho the road.

"Set your hope perfectly on the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ."

7·7·7·7. **Monkland.**

JAMES H. EVANS, 1833, *Abr.* *Arr* JOHN P. WILKES, 1861.



2 Faint not, Christian! tho in rage
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.

3 Faint not, Christian! tho the world
Hath its hostile flag unfurled;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

4 Faint not, Christian! tho within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, the Lord, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

5 Faint not, Christian! look on high;
See the harpers in the sky;
Patient wait, and thou shalt join
In their chant to Love divine.

327

1 HASTEN, Lord! to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes, like armed bands, increase;
Turn them back the way they trod.

2 Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail,
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.

3 Those that seek Thee shall rejoice.
I am bound with misery:
Yet I make Thy law my choice;
Turn, my God! and look on me.

4 Thou mine only Helper art,
My Redeemer from the grave;
Strength of my desiring heart!
Do not tarry, haste to save.

JAMES MONTGOMERY 1822.

328 Head of the Church triumphant.

"Till Thy people pass over, O Lord, till the people pass over which Thou hast purchased."

7.7.8.7, D. **Septuor.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745. *Abr.* *Arr. from* LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1799.

Alla marcia.

1. HEAD of the Church tri-umph-ant, We joy-ful-ly a-dore Thee! Till Thou ap-pear Thy members here Shall sing like those in glo-ry. We lift our hearts and voic-es With blest an-tic-i-pa-tion, And cry aloud, and give to God The praise of our sal-va-tion.

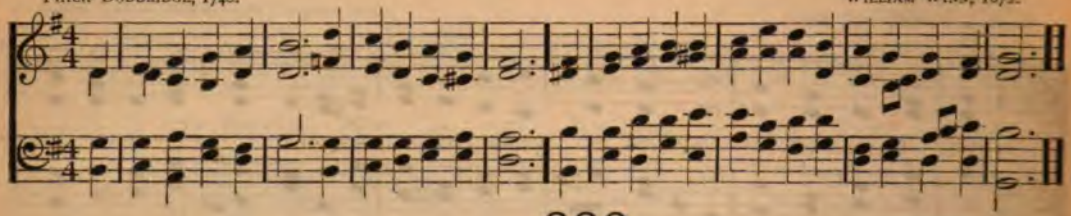
2 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Thro torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favor;
Thy love divine
That makes us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine forever!

3 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The world despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand
To take us up to Heaven!

329 Ye servants of the Lord.

S. M. *"Each shall receive his own reward according to his own labor."* **Winn.**

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740. WILLIAM WINN, 1872.



1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in His office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch! 't is your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

330

1 MY soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown,
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Maintain the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

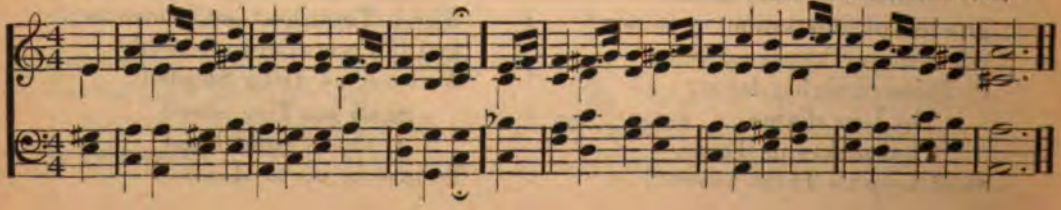
3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfil;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod,
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

LEONARD SWAIN, 1858.

S. M. SECOND TUNE. **Bedfont.**

JAMES KENT, 1750.
Har. WILLIAM H. KEARNS, 1846.



Hope.

331 Fear not, O little flock, the foe.

"The Lord shall be for strength to them that turn the battle to the gate."

8.8.6.8.8.6. **Magdalen College.**

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, 1631.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1855. *Alt.*

WILLIAM HAYES, 1749.

1. FEAR not, O lit - tle flock, the Foe Who mad - ly seeks your o - ver - throw,
Dread not His rage and pow'r. What tho your cour - age some - times faints;
His seem - ing tri - umph o'er God's saints Lasts but a lit - tle hour.

2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave all to Him, your Lord!
Tho hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise;
He girdeth on His sword!

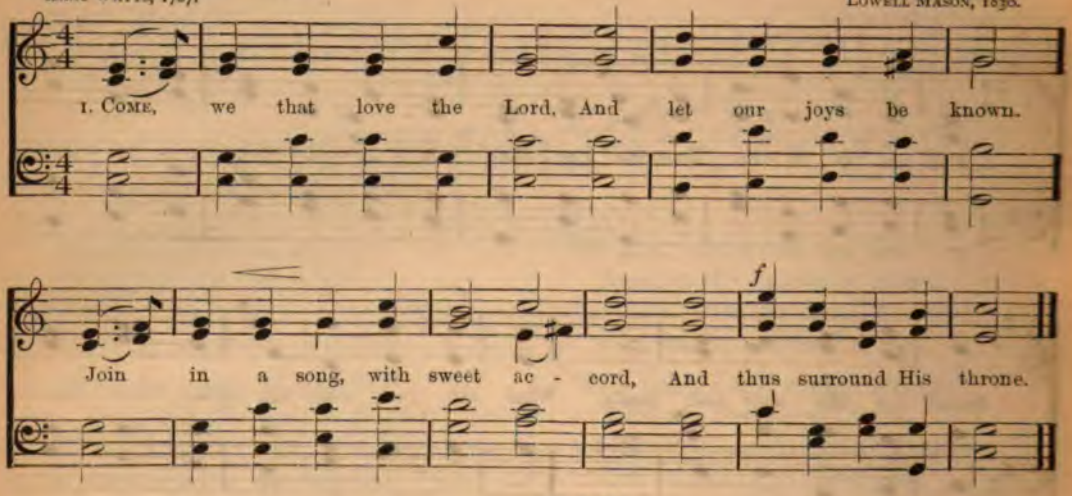
3 As true as God's own word is true,
Not Earth nor Hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and by-word are they grown,
God is with us, we are His own,
Our vict'ry cannot fail!

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. *Amen!*

332 Come, we that love the Lord.

S. M. — *"The Lord is on my side."* — Laban.

Isaac Watts, 1707. — Lowell Mason, 1830.



2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God:
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets;
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

333

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er:
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou receive thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God.
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

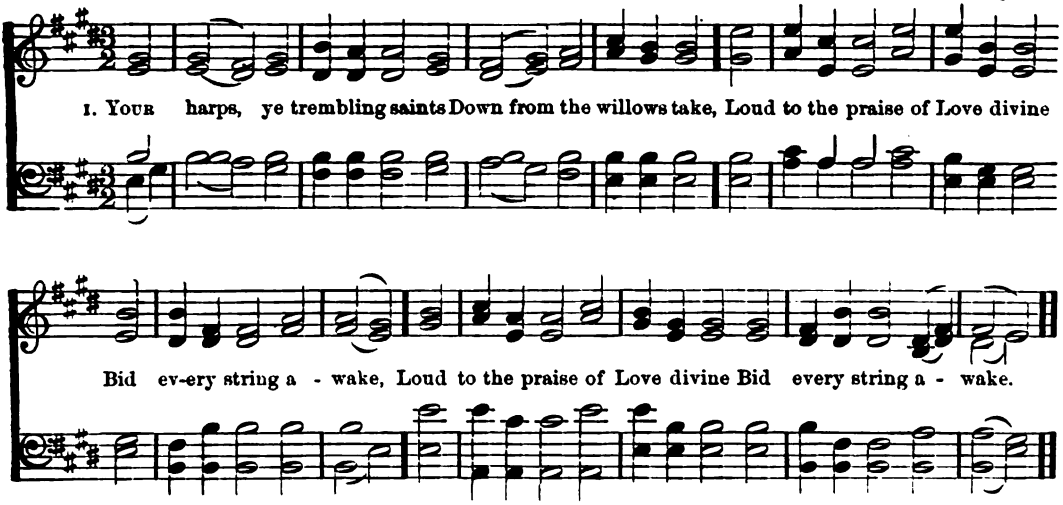
George Heath, 1781.

Hope.

334 Your harps, ye trembling saints.

S. M. *"He that wrought us for this very thing is God."* **Selvin.**

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1772. *Abr. Alt.* *Arr.* LOWELL MASON, 1850.



2 Tho in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 If, thro unruffled seas,
Toward Heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

5 Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

6 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at Thy control;
Thy loving-kindness shall break thro
The midnight of the soul.

7 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone;—

8 Still on Thy plighted love
At all events rely;
The very hidings of Thy face
Shall brighten by and by.

9 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

335 Christian, dost thou see them!

6s & 5s, D. "*We wrestle not with flesh and blood.*" St. Andrews.

Gk. Andrew of Crete, *cir.* 720.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1862. *Alt. and Abr.*

John B. Dykes, 1868.

1. Christian, dost thou see them! On the ho - ly ground, How the pow'rs of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round? Chris - tian, up and smite them! Count-ing gain but loss, In the strength that com - eth By the ho - ly Cross.

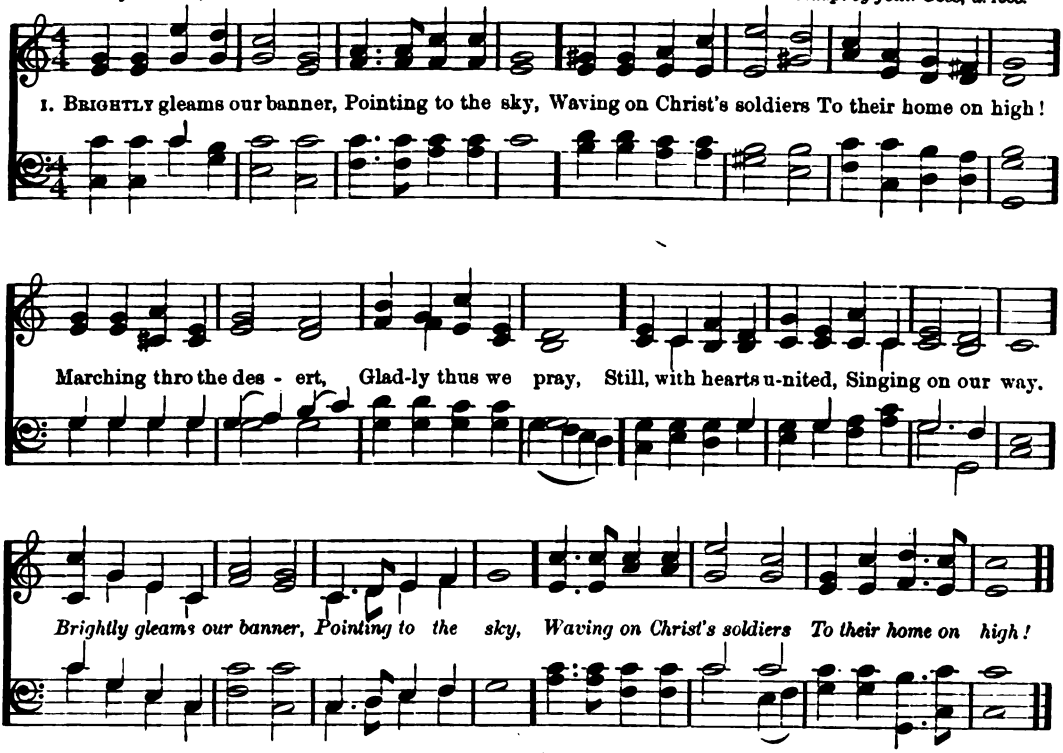
2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?—
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly,—
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

336 Brightly gleams our banner.

6s & 5s. *"Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope."* **Overview.**

THOMAS J. POTTER, 1862. *Abr.* *Adap. by* JOHN GOSS, *d.* 1880.



2 In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, our Leader,
Only unto Thee?
All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Crown us with Thy conquest
Over every foe.
Brightly gleams, etc.

3 There with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the march is over
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,—
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, etc.

337 When I can read my title clear.

C. M. D. *"Such confidence have we thro Christ."* **Varina.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. GEORGE F. ROOT, 1848.

1. { WHEN I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to ev - ery fear And wipe my weeping eyes. } Should Earth against my soul engage,

And hell-ish darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.

2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my all!

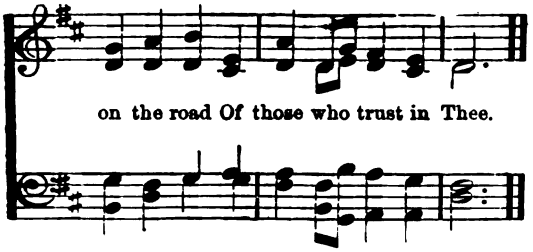
There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

338 We bless Thee for Thy peace, O Lord.

C. M. *"A kingdom that cannot be shaken."* **Clark.**

ANON, 1862. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1869.

1. WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God! Deep as the soundless sea, Which falls like sun-shine



2 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee.

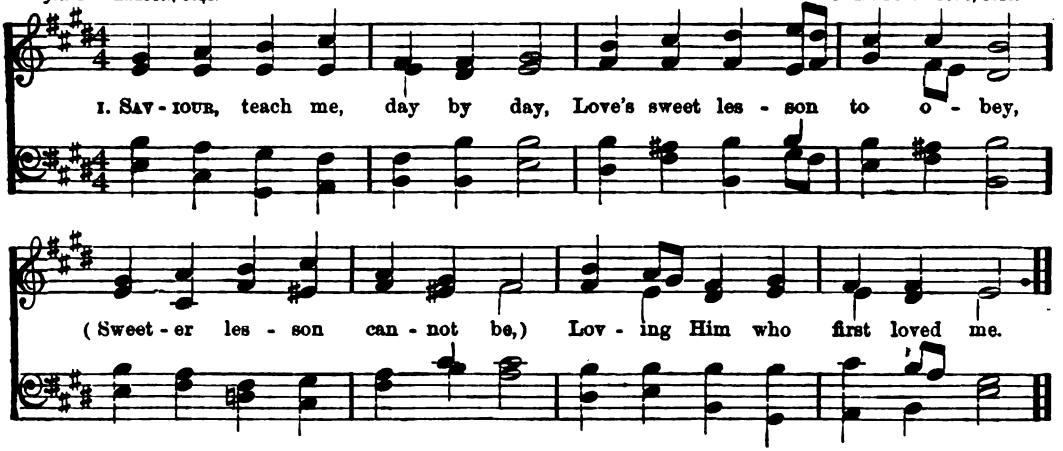
3 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

4 Such, Father! give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

339 Saviour, teach me, day by day.

7·7·7·7. "*Unite my heart.*" **Southminster.**

JANE E. LEESON, 1842. ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1620.



2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,—
Loving Him who first loved me.

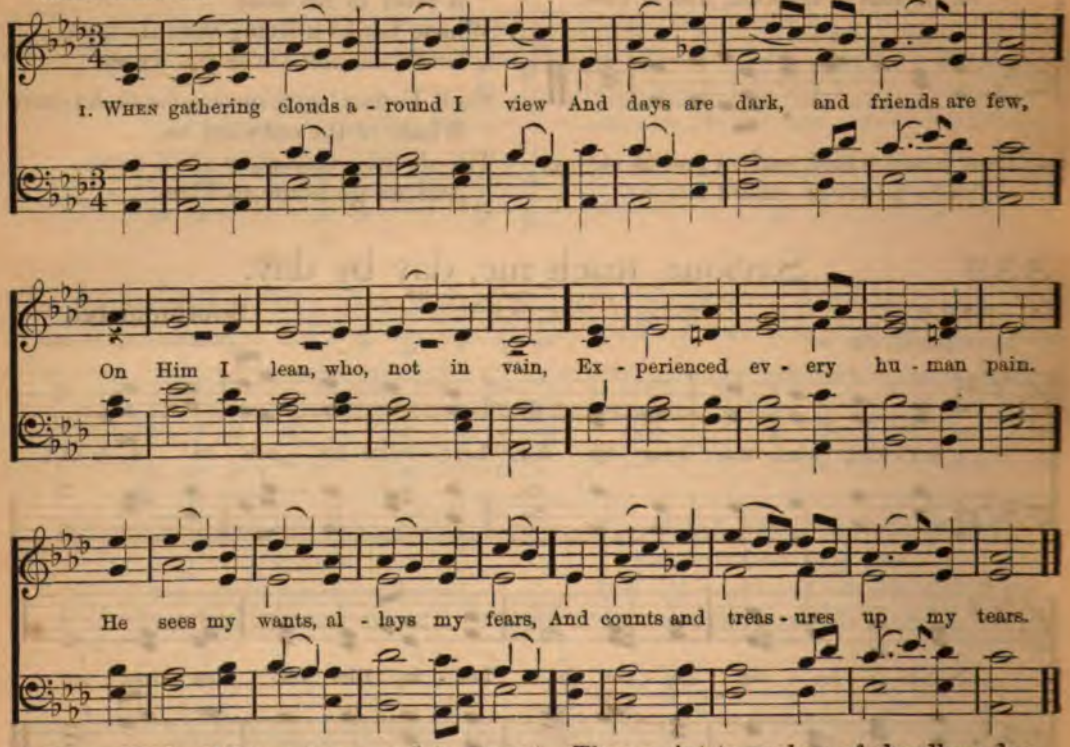
4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy.
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe,
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

340 When gathering clouds around I view.

8.8.8.8.8.8. *"Hope to the end for the grace to be brought at the revelation of Jesus Christ."* **Brownell.**

ROBERT GRANT, 1806. FRANCIS J. HAYDN, 1787.



2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, Who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 And, oh! when I have safely past
Thro every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed; for Thou hast died.
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

341

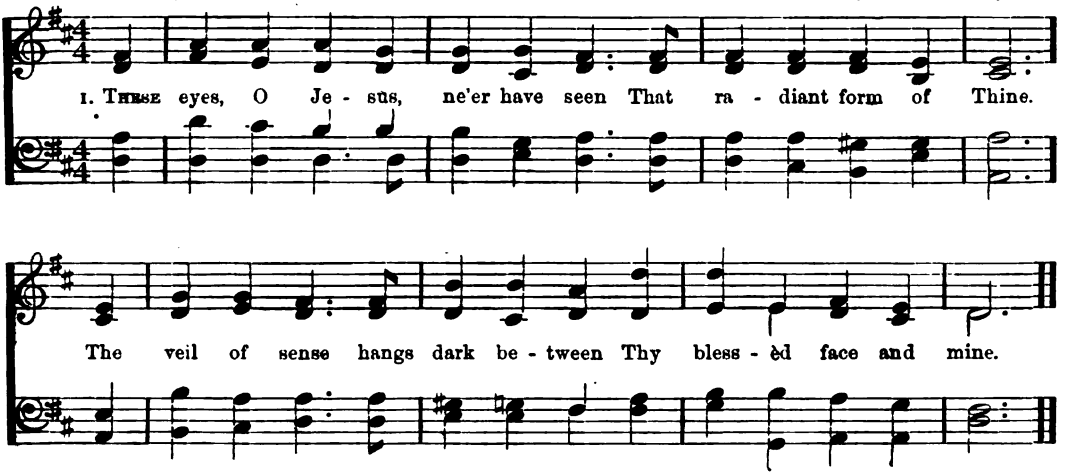
1 IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless soul redeem?
Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart.
Oh, could I catch one smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!

CHARLES WESLEY'S *last hymn, dictated from his deathbed,* 1788.

342 These eyes, O Jesus! ne'er have seen.

C. M. *"A little while and ye shall see Me."* **St. Mark.**

RAY PALMER, 1857. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1872.



2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not:
Yet art Thou oft with me,
And Earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet tho I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord! and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art!

343

1 It was no love for Thee, dear Lord,
That won Thy love to me:
On me were Thy compassions poured
From that accursèd Tree.

2 And now I hold Thee by no bands
Of holy prayer or deed:
I hold Thee with my trembling hands,
These hands of guilt and need.

3 Saviour and sinner we have met,
And meeting will not part;
The blood that bought me claims me yet,—
Christ hath me in His heart!

4 So, poor yet rich and vile yet pure,
I have my all in Thee,
Beloved and loving, pledged, secure,
To all Eternity.

HERVEY D. GANSE, 1887.

344 Earth has nothing sweet or fair.

7.7.7.7. "*It is the voice of my Beloved!*" **Horton.**

Ger. Johann Scheffler, 1657.
Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841, *Abr.*

Xavier Schnyder, 1826.

Andante.

1. Earth has noth - ing sweet or fair, Love - ly forms or beau - ties rare,
But be - fore mine eyes they bring Christ, of beau - ty Source and Spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find,
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the day-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light,—
Think,—how bright that light will be
Shining thro eternity.

4 When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think;—Who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright!

345

1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st Thou me?

2 I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed Thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yea, she may forgetful be:
Yet will I remember thee!

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depth beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death."

4 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore,
Oh! for grace to love Thee more.

William Cowper, 1772. *Abr.*

346

"From whence also we wait for a Saviour."

1 MASTER, Lord, to Thee we cry,
On Thy throne exalted high;
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.

2 Grant, tho parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

3 Ever may we upward move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Looking for our heavenly home.

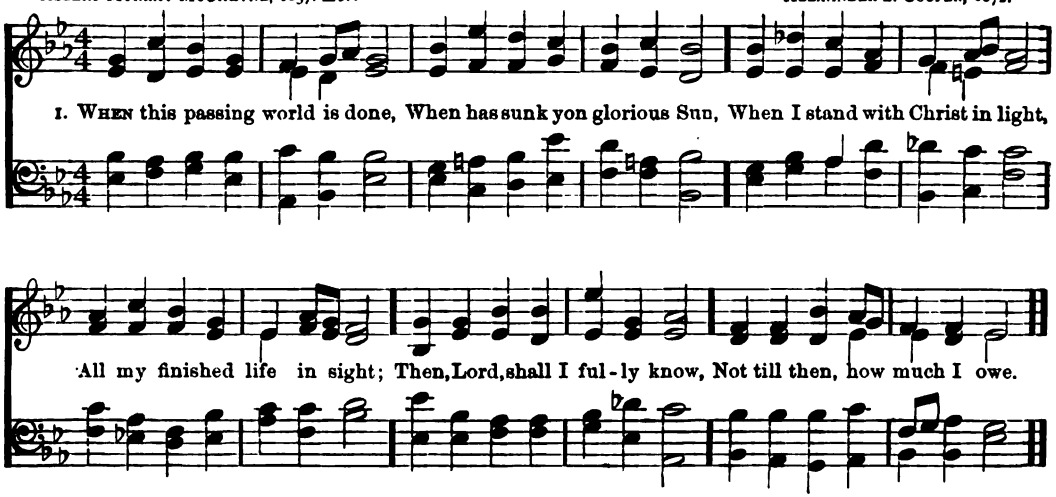
4 Then may we with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our Heaven of heavens in Thee!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739. *Alt.*

347 When this passing world is done.

7.7.7.7.7.7. *"He changed his prison garments."* **Margaret Street.**

ROBERT MURRAY MCCHEYNE, 1837. *Abr.* ALEXANDER S. COOPER, 1872.



2 When I stand before the throne,
Clothed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe!

3 When the praise of Heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe!

348 Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest.

10.10.10.10.10.10. *"My Beloved is mine, and I am His."* **Evensong.**

HENRY F. LYTE, 1833. *Abr.* WALTER BOND GILBERT, 1873.

Andante.

1. LONG did I toil, and knew no earth-ly rest, Far did I rove and found no cer-tain home;
2. The good I have is from His stores supplied, The ill is on - ly what He deems the best.

At last I sought them in His shelt'ring breast, Who opes His arms and bids the wea-ry come!
He for my Friend,—I'm rich with nought beside, And poor with-out Him, tho of all pos - sest.

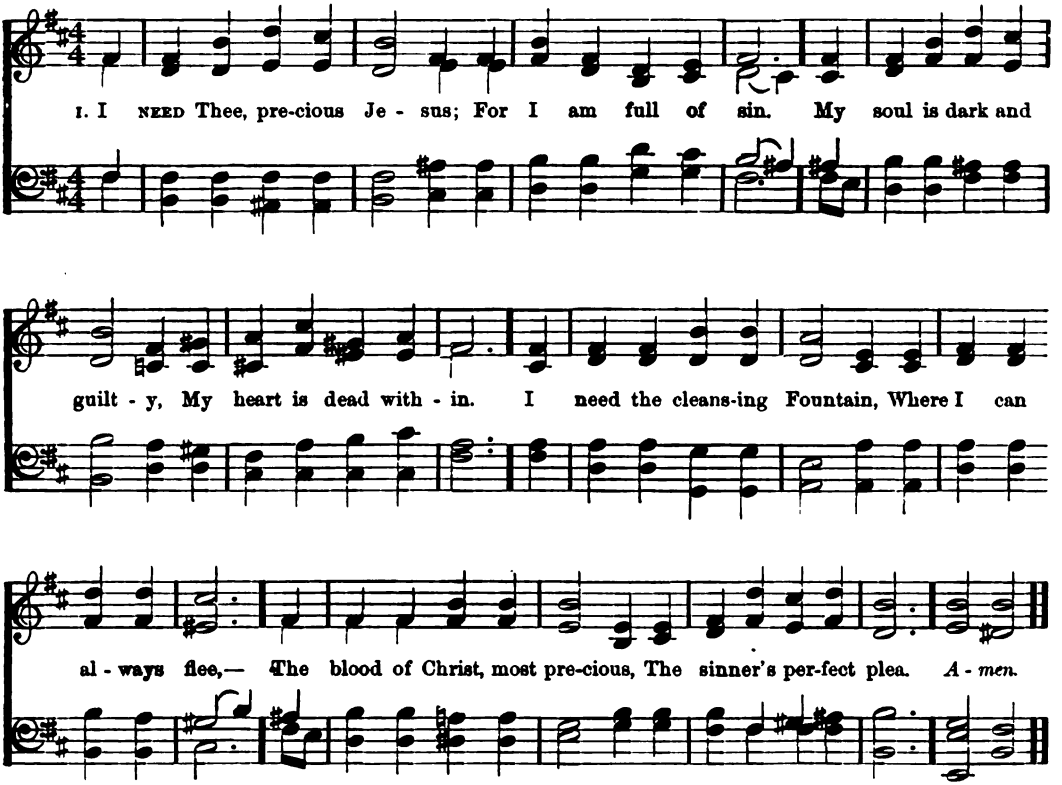
With Him I found a home, a rest di - vine, And I since then am His and He is mine.
Changes may come,—I take, or I re - sign, Con-tent, while I am His while He is mine!

3 While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore:
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His and He is mine!

349 I need Thee, precious Jesus.

7s & 6s, D. *"Thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul."* **Borrowdale.**

FREDERICK WHITFIELD, 1855, *Abr.* EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1885.



2 I need Thee, blesséd Jesus!
For I am very poor.
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, blesséd Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne.
There, with Thy blood-bought children
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praise, O Jesus!
To gaze, my Lord! on Thee! *Amen.*

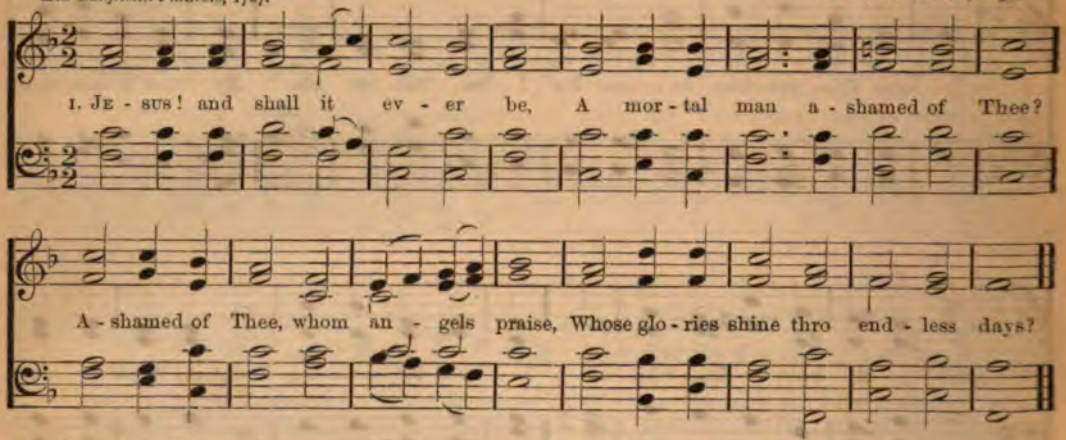
350 Jesus! and shall it ever be.

"Take heed lest there shall be any one that maketh spoil of you thro his philosophy!"

L. M. **Federal Street.**

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1723.
Alt. BENJAMIN FRANCIS, 1787.

HENRY K. OLIVER, 1832.



2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! Oh, as soon
Let morning blush to own the Sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain!
Till then I boast a Saviour slain.
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

351

1 JESUS! Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are,—my glorious dress.
Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When, from the dust of death, I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
This then shall still be all my plea,—
"Jesus hath lived,—hath died for me."

3 Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice!
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice!
Their beauty this—their glorious dress,
Jesus! Thy blood and righteousness.

Ger. NICOLAUS L. VON ZINZENDORF, 1739.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1740. *Abr.*

352 Jesus, engrave it on my heart.

L. M. *"Thou wilt show me the path of life."* **Zithri.**

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789. JOHANN STAHL, 1544.

Supplicando.

1. JE - SUS, en - grave it on my heart That Thou the one thing need-ful art. I could from all things part-ed be; But nev - er, nev - er, Lord, from Thee. *A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.*

2 Needful is Thy most precious blood
To reconcile my soul to God.
Needful is Thine indulgent care,
Needful Thine all-prevailing prayer.

3 Needful Thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford.
Needful Thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

4 Needful art Thou, my Guide, my Stay,
Thro all life's dark and weary way;
Nor less in death Thou'lt needful be
To bring my spirit home to Thee.

5 Then needful still, my God, my King,
Thy name eternally I'll sing!
Glory and praise be ever His;
The one thing needful Jesus is! *Amen.*

353

1 LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove,
Where life nor death my soul can part
From Thy blest presence and Thy love.
Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

354 Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All.

8.8.8.8.8.8. "*Transformed into the same image.*" **Covenant.**

HENRY COLLINS, 1852. *Abr.* JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.

1. JE - SUS, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sav - iour, when I call!

Hear me, and from Thy dwell-ing - place Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace.

Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore; Oh make me love Thee more and more.

2 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have, or am, is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine;
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

355

1 THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows!
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose!
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the Sun,
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from Earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

Ger. GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1738. *Abr.*

356 Grander than ocean's story.

"Thou hast seen how that the Lord thy God bare thee, as a man doth bear his son, in all the way that ye went."

7s & 6s. P. **God's Love.**

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN, 1871. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN, 1872.

1. GRANDER than o-cean's sto - ry, Or songs of for - est trees; Pur - er than breath of morn-ing, Or evening's gen-tle breeze; Clear - er than mountain ech - oes Ring out from peaks a - bove, Rolls on the glo - rious an - them Of God's e - ter - nal love!

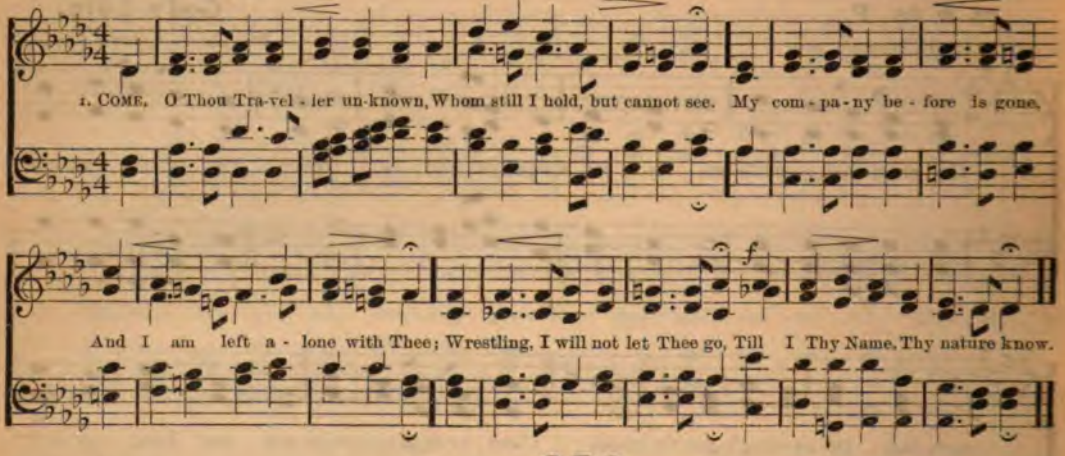
2 Dearer than any lovings
The truest friends bestow;
Stronger than all the yearnings
A mother's heart can know;
Deeper than Earth's foundations,
And far above all thought;
Broader than Heaven's high arches—
The love that Christ has brought.

3 Richer than all Earth's treasure,
The wealth my soul receives;
Brighter than royal jewels,
The crown that Jesus gives;
Wondrous the condescension,
And grace beyond degree!
I would be ever singing
The love of Christ to me.

357 Come, O Thou Traveller unknown.

8.8.8.8.8.8. *"I have seen God face to face and my life is preserved!"* **Melita.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. *Abr.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



2 I need not tell Thee who *I* am;
My misery or sin declare.
Thyself hast call'd me by my name.—
Look on Thy hands, and read it there!
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

3 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee!
Pure universal Love Thou art!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

4 Lame as I am, I take the prey!
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome.
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Thro all eternity to prove
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

358

1 ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Thou who didst walk the foaming deep,
And, calm amid its raging, sleep,
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion peace,
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

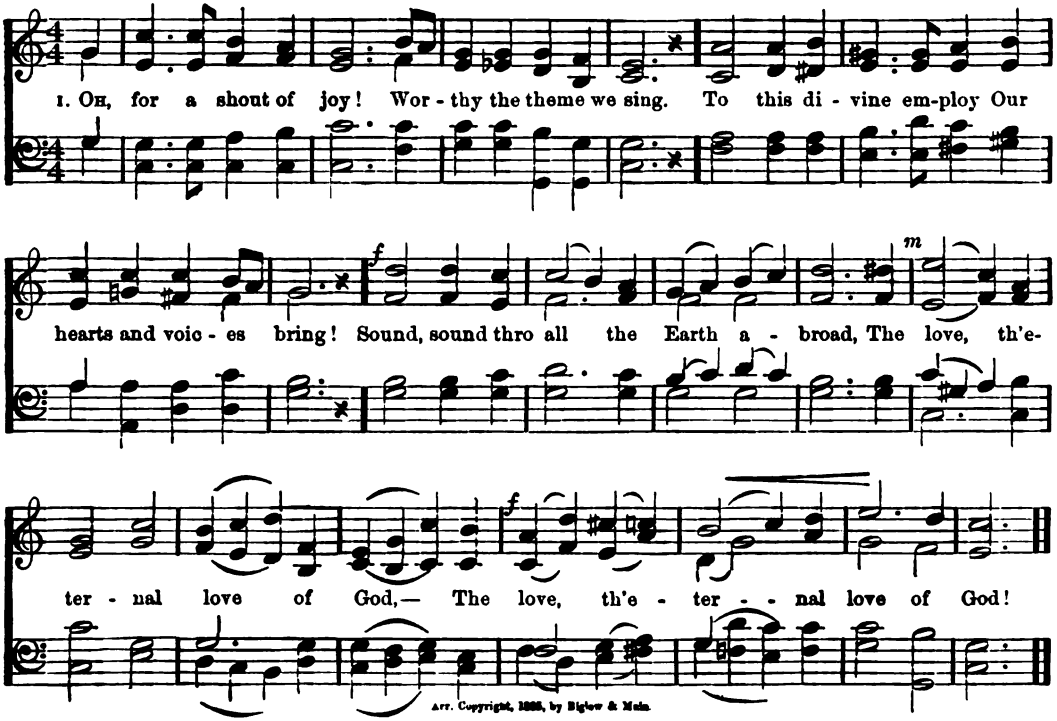
4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour!
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

WILLIAM WHITING, 1862. *Alt.*

359 Oh, for a shout of joy!

6.6.6.6.8.8. *"In His temple everything saith—Glory!"* **Antiphon.**

J. YOUNG, 1843. *Arr.* WILLIAM ALPERS, 1844. *Arr.* B. C. B.



Arr. Copyright, 1888, by Biglow & Main.

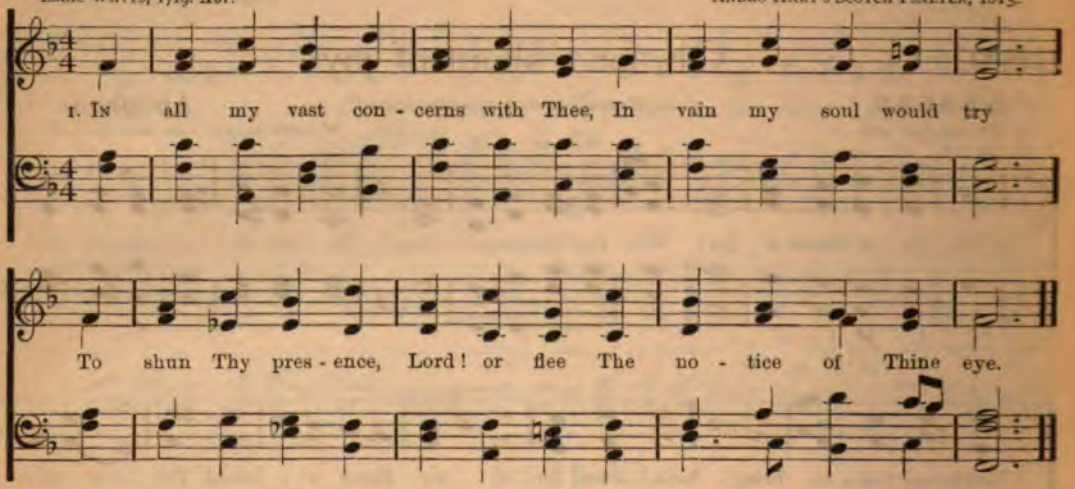
2 Thy Seraphs, bright and fair,
In countless myriads stand,
Veiling their faces there,
All bowed at Thy right hand:
Yet not their rapture's loudest chord
Can sound Thy wondrous love, O Lord!

3 Redeemed by sovereign grace,
Thy Church, in lower key,
Age-long, in every place,
Hath sung the mystery,—
Telling, in strains of sweet accord,
Thy love, Thy changeless love, O Lord!

360 In all my vast concerns with Thee.

C. M. *"His commandments are not grievous."* **York.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.* ANDRO HART'S SCOTCH PSALTER, 1615.



2 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

3 Oh wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

4 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

361

1 THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!

2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O love of God most wise!

3 And tho we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

5 And, filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to Thee.

ELIZA SCUDDER, 1852.

362

"That we should be called children of God; and such we are."

1 O Lord, how happy is the time
When in Thy love I rest,
When in my weariness I climb
E'en to Thy tender breast.

2 Let this world call itself my foe,
Or let the world allure:
I care not for the world; I go
To this dear Friend and sure.

3 When Thy law threatens endless death
Upon the awful hill,
Straightway from its consuming breath
My soul goes higher still;—

4 Goeth to Jesus, wounded, slain,
And maketh Him her home,
Whence she will not go out again,
And where death cannot come.

5 That is not losing much of life
Which is not losing Thee,
Who art as present in the strife
As in the victory.

Ger. Wolfgang Christopher Deszler, 1692.
Tr. George MacDonald, 1874. *Abr.*

363

1 Thou Lord art Love! and everywhere
Thy Name is brightly shown,
Beneath, on Earth, Thy footstool fair,
Above, in Heaven, Thy throne.

2 Thy word is love—in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace.
In nature we Thy steps behold,
The Gospel shows Thy face.

3 Thy ways are Love—tho they transcend
Our feeble range of sight;
They wind, thro darkness, to their end
In everlasting light.

4 Thy thoughts are Love—and Jesus is
The living voice they find.
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.

5 Thy chastisements are Love—more deep
They stamp the seal divine,
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

6 Thy Heaven is the abode of Love—
O blessèd Lord, that we [move,
May there, when time's deep shades re-
Be gathered home to Thee.

7 There with Thy resting saints to fall
Adoring round thy throne;
Where all shall love Thee, Lord, and all
Shall in Thy love be one.

James Drummond Burns, 1854.

364

1 The Lord is rich and merciful,
The Lord is very kind;
Oh come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.

2 His comforts they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool:
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

3 The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high;
Oh trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.

4 He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthfully,
Thy sicknesses to heal.

5 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
Oh learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.

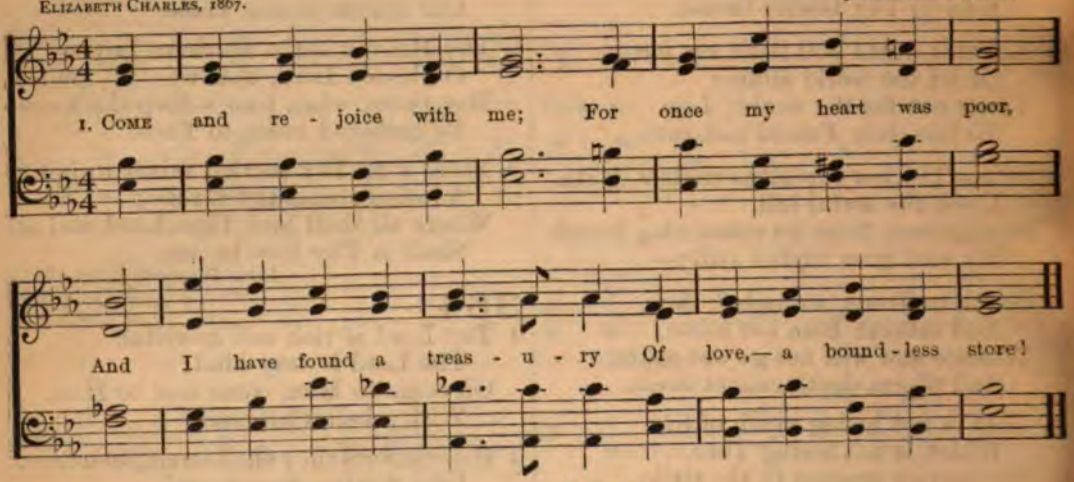
6 And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live;
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

Thomas Toke Lynch, 1850.

365 Come and rejoice with me.

S. M. *"Our hearts shall rejoice in Him, because we have trusted in His holy name."* **Monsell.**

ELIZABETH CHARLES, 1867. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



2 Come and rejoice with me;
I, who was sick at heart,
Have met with One who knows my case,
And knows the healing art.

3 Come and rejoice with me;
For I have found a Friend
Who knows my heart's most secret [depths,
Yet loves me without end.

4 I knew not of His love,
And He had loved so long,
With love so faithful and so deep,
So tender and so strong!

5 And now I know it all,
Have heard and know His voice,
And hear it still from day to day,
Can I enough rejoice?

366

1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold.
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.

2 I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

3 The Shepherd sought his sheep.
The Father sought his child.
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.

4 He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone,
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1843. *Abr.*

367 More love to Thee, O Christ!

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

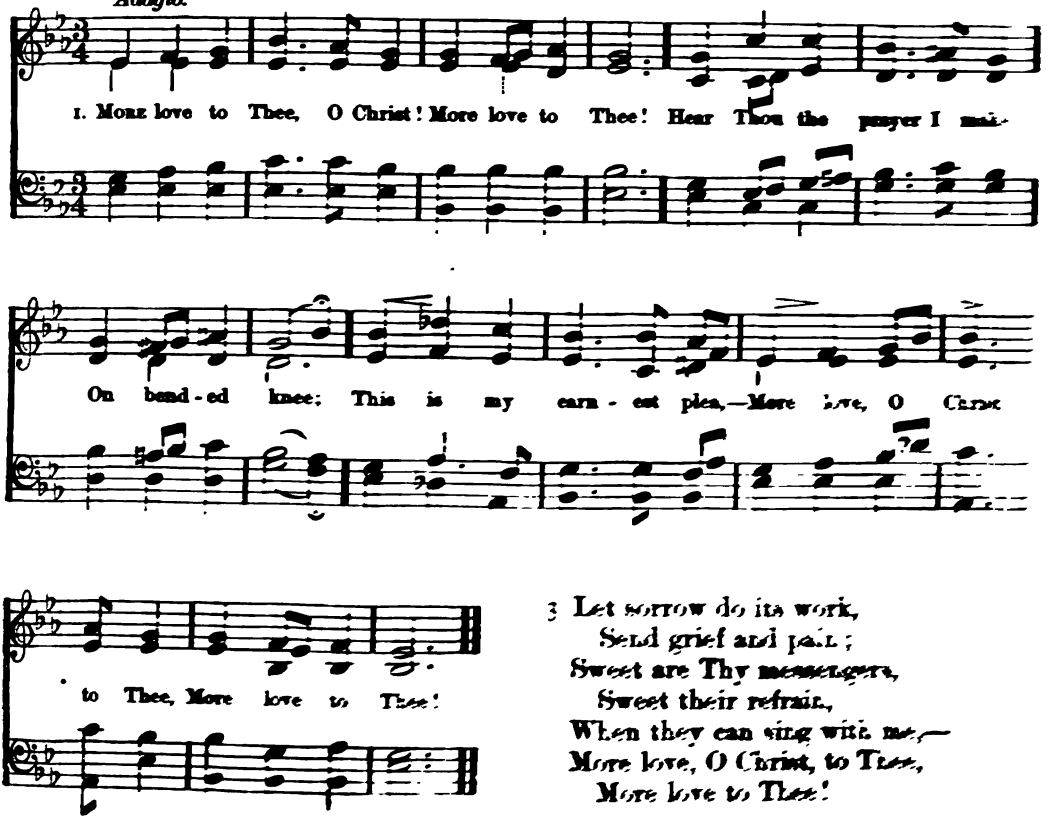
ELIZABETH PRENTISS, 1856.

"It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh, saying 'Open to me.'"

Horbury.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.

Adagio.



2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest:
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ! to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

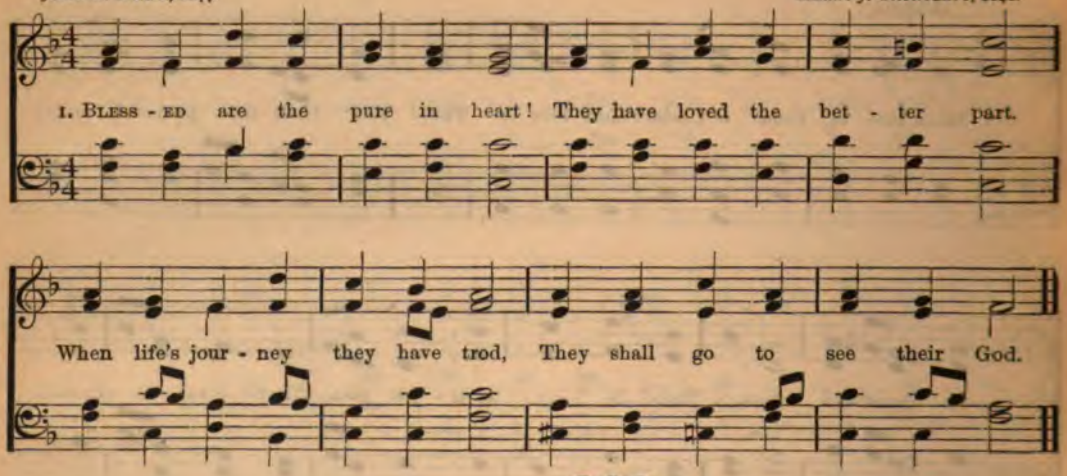
4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ! to Thee,
More love to Thee!

368 Blessèd are the pure in heart.

"Earnestly desiring the coming of the day of God."

7·7·7·7·
JOHN M. NEALE, 1844.

University College.
HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1848.



2 Till in glory they appear,
They shall often see Him here;
And His grace shall learn to know,
In His glorious works below.

3 When the Sun begins to rise,
Spreading brightness thro the skies,
They will love to praise and bless
Christ, the Sun of Righteousness.

4 In the watches of the night,
When the stars are clear and bright,
'Thus the just shall shine,' they say,
'In the resurrection day.'

5 God in everything they see.
First in all their thoughts is He.
They have loved the better part,—
Blessèd are the pure in heart

369

1 LORD! for ever at Thy side,
Let my place and portion be.
Strip me of the robe of pride.
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken,—I believe,
Tho the prophecy were sealed.

3 Quiet as a weanèd child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

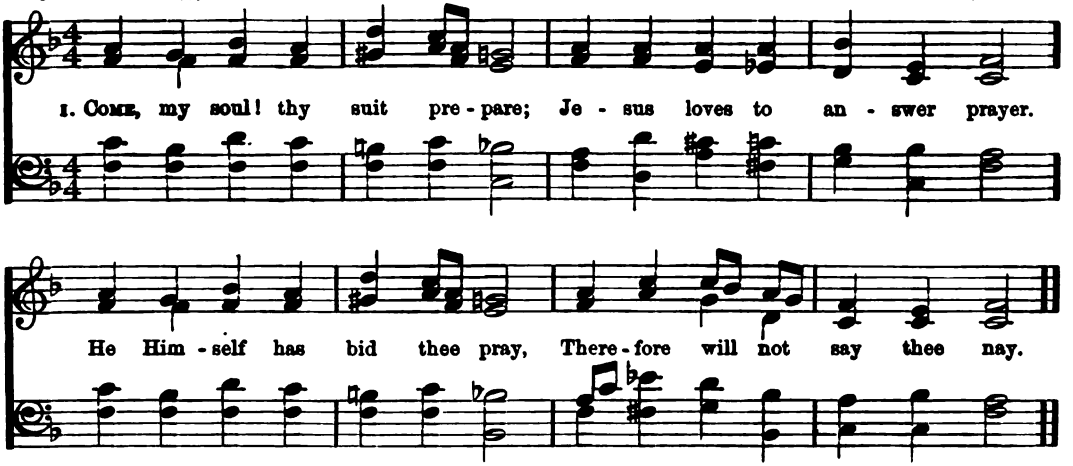
4 Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust.
Him in all His ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

370 Come, my soul! thy suit prepare.

7.7.7.7. *"This is the boldness which we have toward Him."* **Seymour.**

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. CARL MARIA VON WEBER, 1826.



2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest.
Take possession of my breast.
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer.
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do.
Every hour my strength renew.
Let me live the life of faith.
Let me die Thy people's death.

371

1 O THOU God who hearest prayer
Every hour and everywhere!
For His sake whose blood I plead,
Hear me in my hour of need.

2 Hear and save me, gracious Lord!
For my trust is in Thy word.
Wash me from the stain of sin,
That Thy peace may rule within.

3 Leave me not, my Strength, my Trust:
Oh, remember I'm but dust!
Leave me not again to stray.
Leave me not the Tempter's prey!

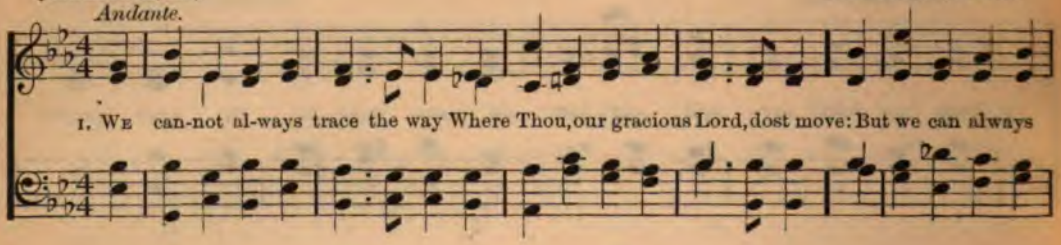
JOSIAH CONDER, 1820. *Abr.*

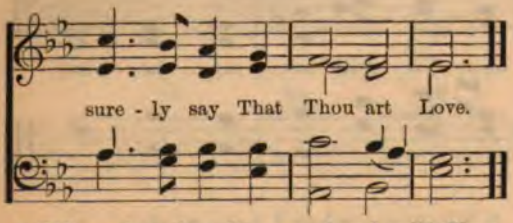
372 We cannot always trace the way.

8.8.8.4. *"On whatsoever errand I shall send thee, thou shalt go."* **Woodthorpe.**

JOHN BOWRING, 1824. JAMES ADCOCK, *d.* 1860.

Andante.





2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er Earth, our souls to Heav'n above,
As to their sanctuary spring;
For Thou art Love.

3 When mystery shrouds our darkened path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove;
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
That Thou art Love.

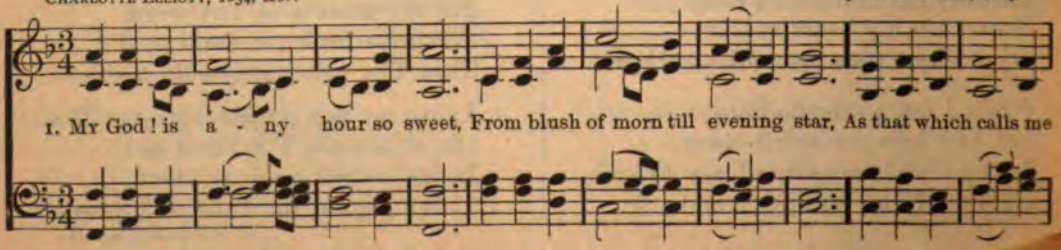
4 Yes, Thou art Love! and truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss;
Our God is Love!

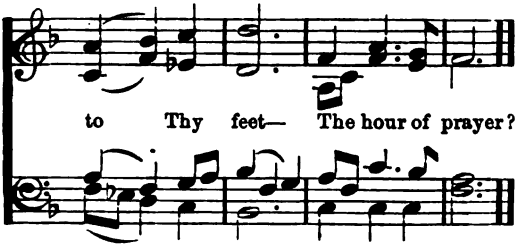
373 My God is any hour so sweet.

"From the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard."

8.8.8.4. **Prayer.**

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834, *Abr.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1864.





2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

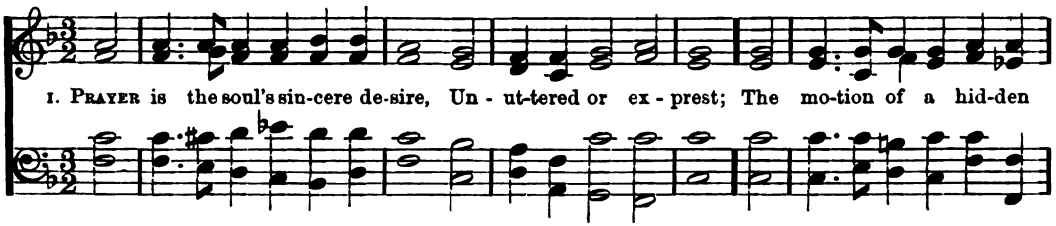
3 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in Heaven to stay,
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

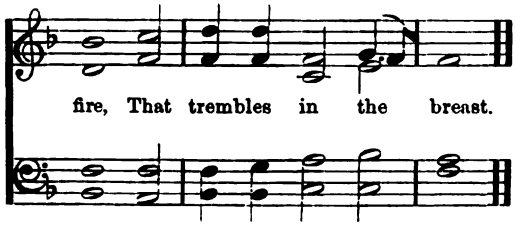
4 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

374 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.

C. M. *"I was asleep: but my heart waked."* **Byefield.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY 1819. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1843. *Har.* HUBERT P. MAIN, 1881.





2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try.
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold, he prays!

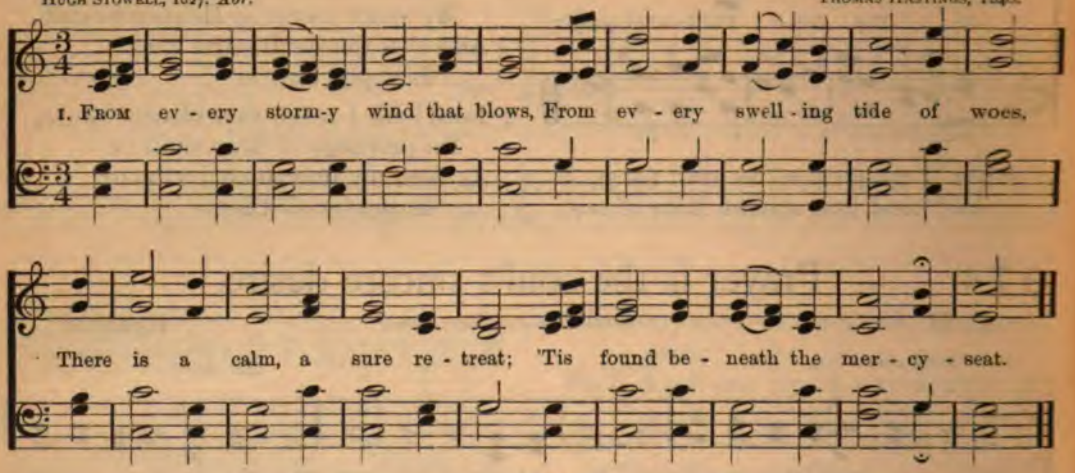
5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death.
He enters Heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

375 From every stormy wind that blows.

L. M. *"But the Lord hath heard me."* Retreat.

HUGH STOWELL, 1827. *Abr.* THOMAS HASTINGS, 1840.



2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh! may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy mercy-seat!

376

1 SAVIOUR! I bring to Thee my chain;
For heavier bonds on Thee were flung.
I bare to Thee my bosom's pain,
For bitterer pangs from Thee were wrung.

2 I think upon that awful hour
When Thee, the Shepherd of the flock,
The Prince of Peace, the Lord of Power,
The priest did scorn, the soldier mock.

3 Be Thou my Guard on peril's brink!
Be Thou my Guide thro weal or woe,
And teach me of Thy cup to drink,
And make me in Thy path to go!

4 For what is earthly change or loss?
Thy promises are still mine own.
The feeblest frame may bear Thy Cross,
The lowliest spirit share Thy throne."

"FREEDOM'S LYRE," 1840. *Abr.*

Prayer.

"Every sorrowful soul have I replenished."

377

1 JESUS, my heart within me burns,
To tell Thee all its conscious love:
From all Earth's low delights it turns,
To taste a joy like that above.

2 Tho oft these lips my love have told,
They still the story would repeat.
To me the rapture ne'er grows old
That thrills me, bending at Thy feet.

3 I breathe my words into Thine ear,
I seem to fix mine eyes on Thine,
And sure that Thou dost wait to hear,
I dare in faith to call Thee mine.

RAY PALMER, 1869. *Abr.*

378

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky.
Out of the depths to Thee I call:
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on Thee;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

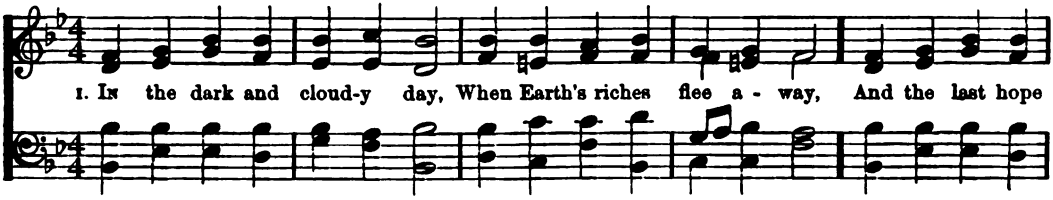
3 Tho tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My Saviour thro the floods I seek.
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again!

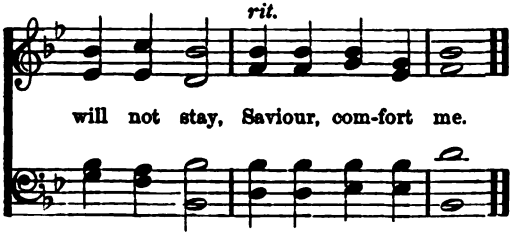
WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. *Abr.*

379 In the dark and cloudy day.

7.7.7.5. *"O remember how short my time is."* **Treves.**

GEORGE RAWSON, 1853. *Abr.* *Arr.* HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1872.





2 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me.

3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide.
Saviour, comfort me.

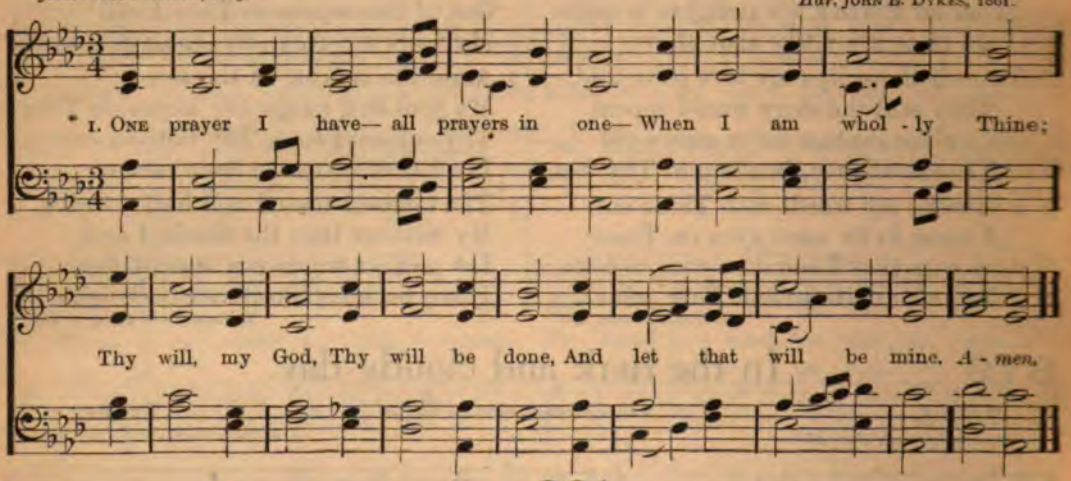
4 In these hours of sad distress,
Let me know He loves no less,
Bids me trust His faithfulness.
Saviour, comfort me.

5 Not unduly let me grieve,
Meekly chastisement receive,
Let me humbly still believe.
Saviour, comfort me.

380 One prayer I have—all prayers in one.

C. M. "*Nevertheless*——." **Martyrdom.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. HUGH WILSON, 1798. *Har.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In Thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude, from me
May all Thy bounties flow.

4 And tho Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No, let me bless Thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

5 A pilgrim thro the Earth I roam,
Of nothing long possest;
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest. *Amen.*

381

1 LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits, pitying see,
And penitence impart,
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

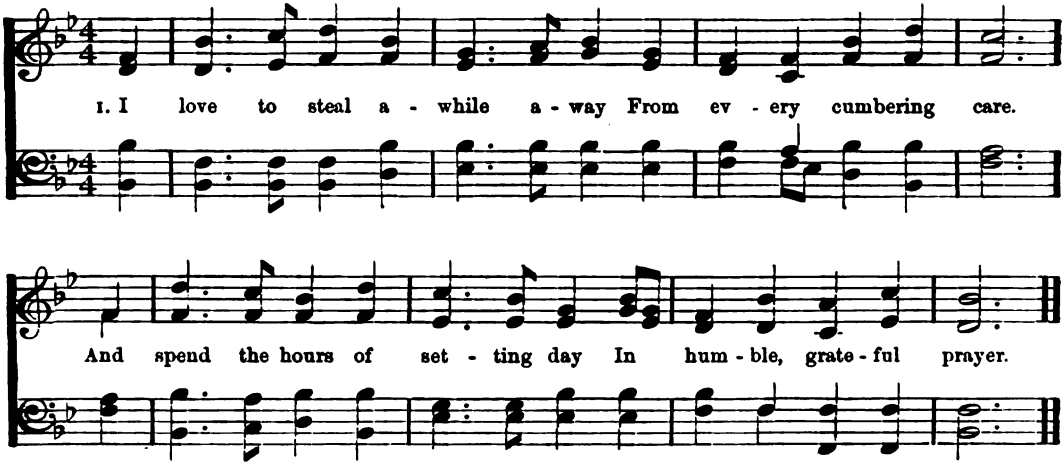
4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies. *Amen.*

JOSEPH DACRE CARLYLE, 1805. *Adr.*

382 I love to steal a while away.

C. M. *"Lord, to whom shall we go! Thou hast the words of eternal life."* Brown.

PHŒBE H. BROWN, 1818. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1843.



2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in Heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day!

383

1 O SON of Man, (Thy name by choice),
Our Hope, our Joy, our Life,
Make us like Thee, whose gentle voice
Was never heard in strife.

2 Holy and harmless, undefiled,
On Earth Thou wert alone;
Come from the depths of Heaven, a child,
To make the lost Thine own.—

3 To be a glory in our night,
And bring us from above,
The way Heav'n's children live, all bright
With self-forgetting love.

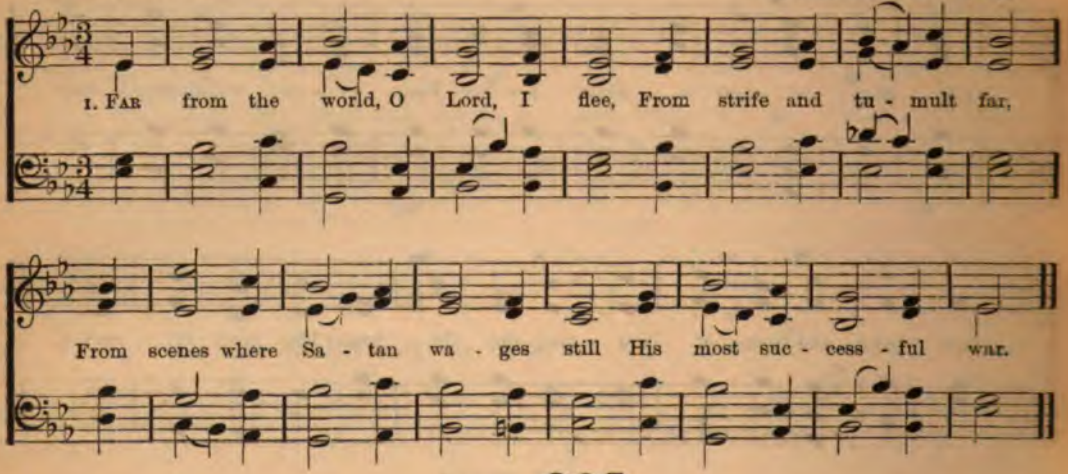
4 In all things like Thy brethren made,
Oh teach us how to be
With meekness, gentleness, arrayed,
In all things like to Thee!

GEORGE MACDONALD, 1867.

384 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee.

C. M. "*Yet I am not alone.*" St. Columba.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. *Abr.* ANCIENT IRISH TUNE. *Har.* ROBERT P. STEWART, 1874.



2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,—
My *Saviour!* Thou art mine!

385

1 O THOU who hast Thy servants taught
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness
The life of God is shown,

2 While in Thy house of prayer we meet,
And call Thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow Thee,
Obedient to Thy word.

3 When we our voices lift in praise,
Give Thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeignèd thanks,
And with the spirit sing.

4 And in the dangerous path of life
Uphold us as we go;
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

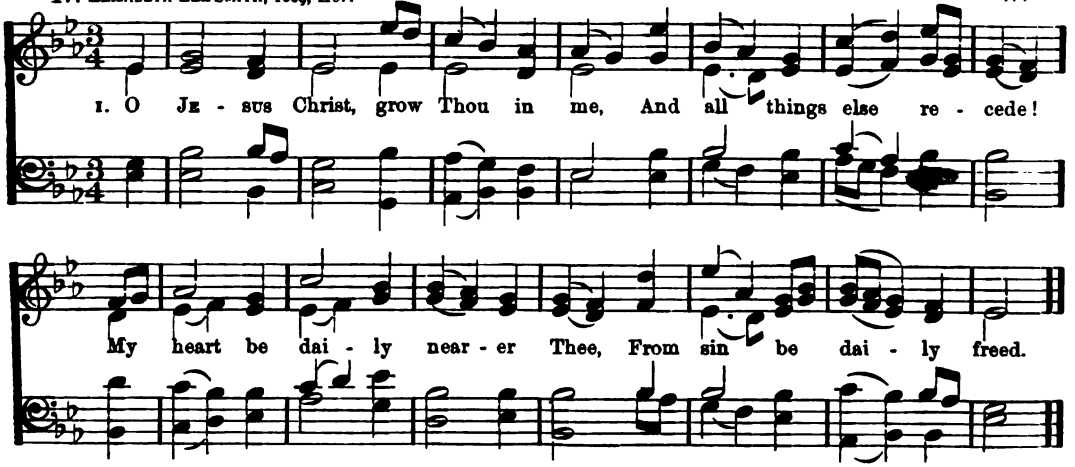
HENRY ALFORD, 1844.

386 O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me.

C. M. *"Put on, therefore as God's elect, holy and beloved, a heart of compassion."* **Manchester.**

Ger. Johann C. Lavater, 1780.
Tr. Elizabeth Lee Smith, 1869, *Abr.*

Robert Wainwright, *cir.* 1774.



2 Each day, let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace,
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.

3 In Thy bright beams, which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

4 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim.
Oh, make me daily, thro Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy Name!

5 Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
My every motive move.
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love.

387

1 Oh, speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my broken heart!
No voice but Thine can soothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.

2 Oh, then, let saints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim
The grace that healed a soul like mine,
And put my foes to shame!

3 My Saviour, by His powerful word,
Has turned my night to day;
And all those heavenly joys restored,
Which I had sinned away.

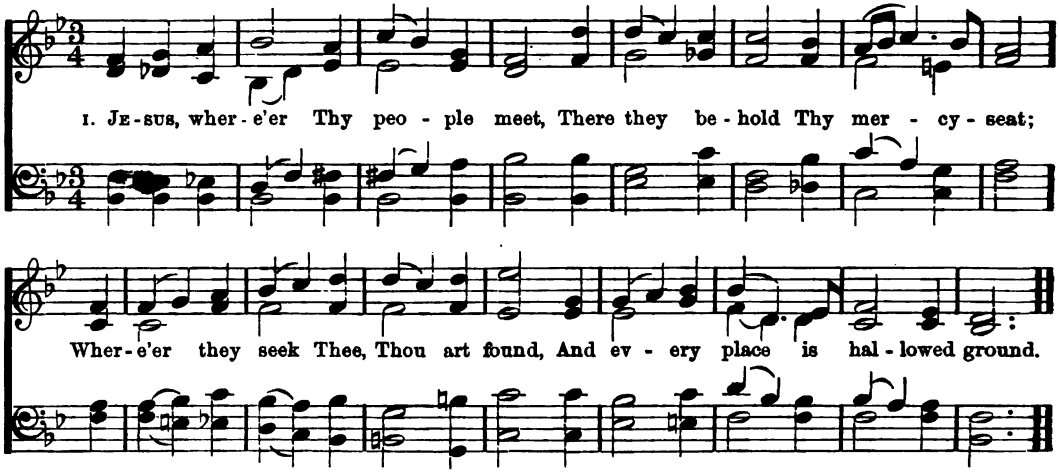
4 Dear Lord, I wonder and adore!
Thy grace is all divine,
Oh, keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as Thine!

John Newton, 1779. *Abr.*

388 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet.

L. M. *"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."* San Salvador.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. *Abr.* EMILIO PIERACCINI, 1848.



2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes

4 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

5 Lord, we are few: but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear.
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

389

1 When at Thy footstool, Lord! I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Oh! think Thou of the sinner's Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

2 Think, Lord! how I am still Thine own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand!
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

3 Oh! think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace divine:
But think of Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.

4 Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull,
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here! my heart is full;
Behold and spare and succor me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1833.

390

1 On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove Thine utmost will;
The promise by Thy mercy made,
Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfill.

2 See, Lord, the travail of Thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine,
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine!

Charles Wesley, 1772. *Abr.*

391

1 Lord! take my heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee.
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

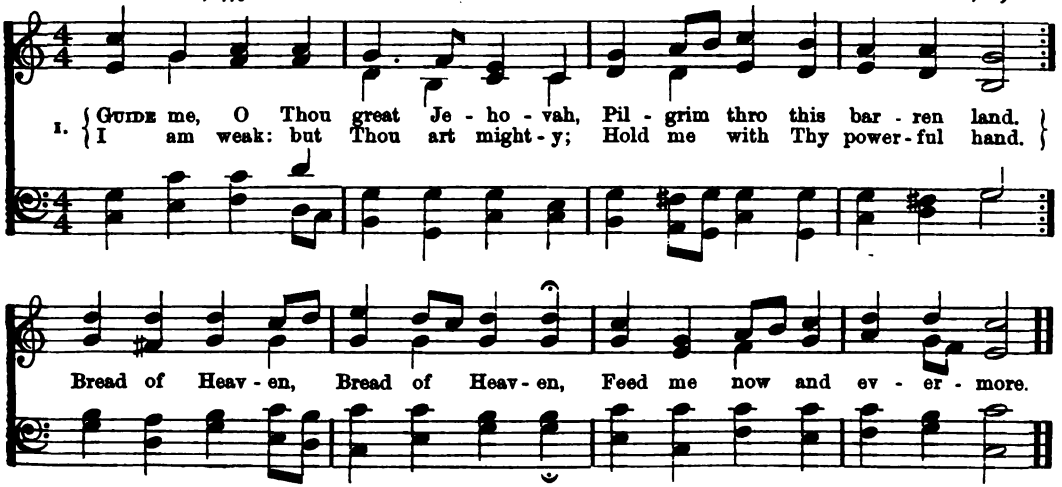
2 How blest are they, who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move and in Thee live.

Ger. Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf, 1735.
Tr. John Wesley, 1739. *Abr.*

392 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.

8.7.8.7.8.7. "*Continuing steadfastly in prayer.*" **All Saints.**

William Williams, 1773. German, 1698.



2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow.
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey thro.
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fear subside.
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

393 Saviour! when, in dust, to Thee.

"The Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us."

7s, D. — Litany.

ROBERT GRANT, 1815. — (ALL VOICES IN UNISON) — J. FOSTER, from JOHN L. HATTON.

1. SAVIOUR! when, in dust, to Thee, Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee; When re-pentant to the skies

Organ.

Scarce we lift our streaming eyes; Oh! by all Thy pains and woe, Suffer'd once for man be-low,

Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny! *A-men.*

2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle Tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany!

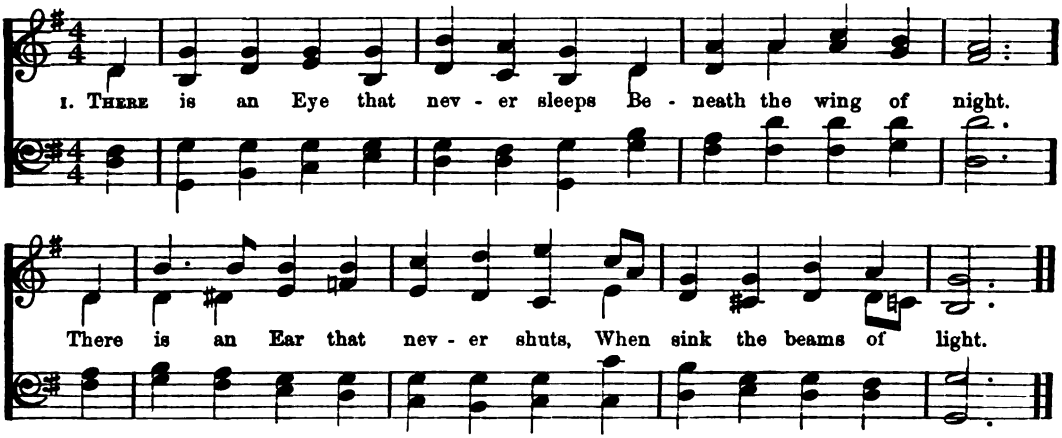
3 By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds—Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice,
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in Heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany! *Amen.*

394 There is an Eye that never sleeps.

C. M. "*They that partake of the benefit are believing and beloved.*" **Anastasia.**

JOHN AIKMAN WALLACE, 1839. *Abr.* LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1791.



2 There is an Arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way.
There is a Love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 There is a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,
That listening Ear to gain.

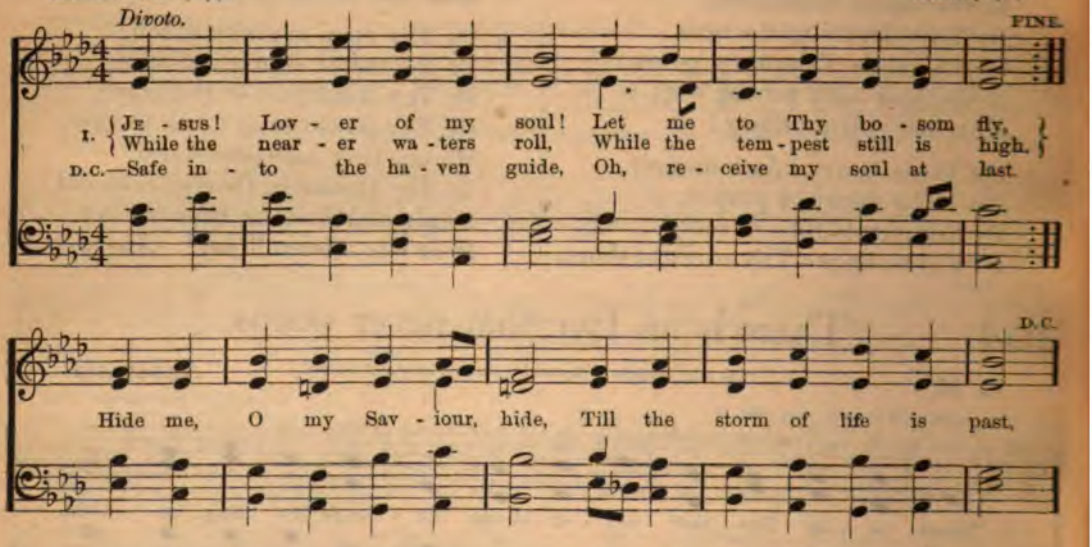
4 *That power is prayer*, which soars on high,
Thro Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the Hand which moves the [world,
To bring salvation down!

395 Jesus! Lover of my soul!

7s, D.
CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

"He maketh the storm a calm."

Treufest.
German, 1784.



2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo! on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

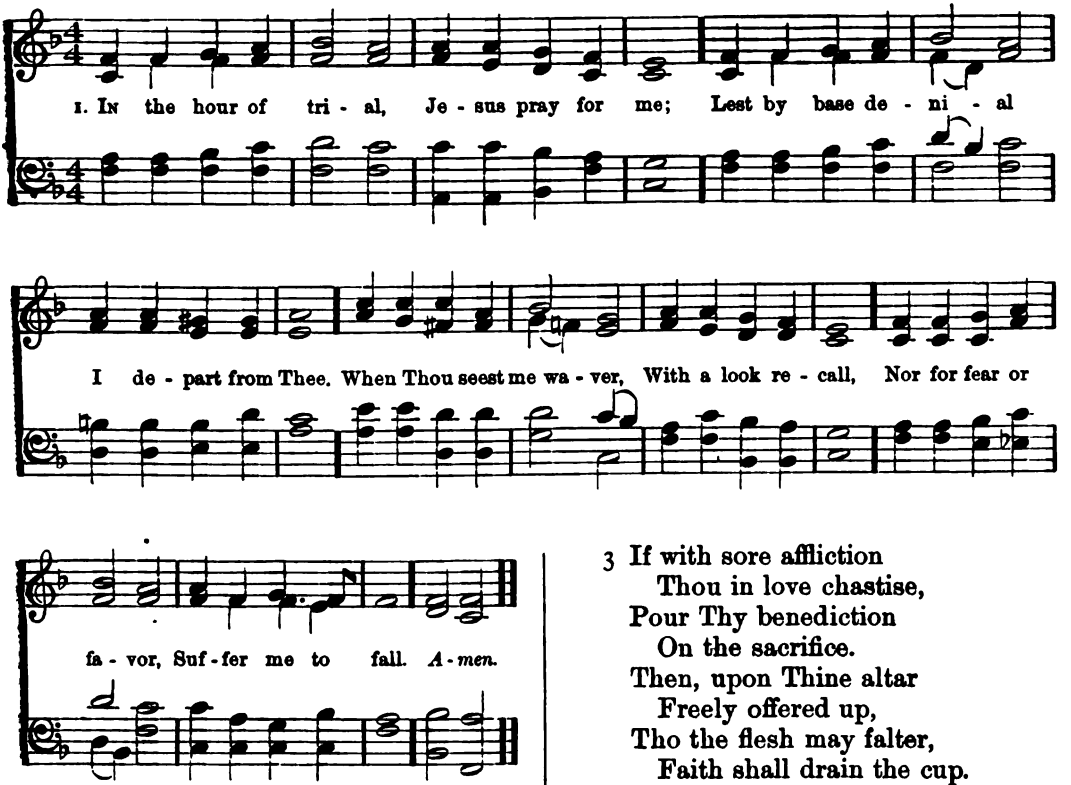
4 Thou O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness.
False and full of sin I am:
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee.
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

396 In the hour of trial.

6s & 5s, D. "*The world passeth away and the lust thereof.*" **Magdalena.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1834. JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice.
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Tho the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drain the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While Heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Thro that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life! *Amen.*

397 Lead, kindly Light.

14.14.10.10. "*Blessed be my Maker, who giveth me songs in the night.*" **Lux Benigna.**

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833. JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.

1. LEAD, kindly Light, a - mid th'en-circling gloom, lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for for me. *A - men.*

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path: but now—lead *Thou* me on!
I loved the garish day and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will:—remember not past years!

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone;
And, with the morn, those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile! *Amen.*

398 The way is dark; I cannot see at all.

14.14.10.10. "*For Thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.*" **Lux Expectata.**

JAMES UPHAM, 1869. *Arr.* 1881. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.

cres.

1. THE way is dark; I can - not see at all; my Je - sus, guide! Oh, let me

cres. *mf*

feel the clasp-ing of Thy hand, close by my side! Lord, stay the heart Thy

a tempo.

ten - der love hath won, Up - braid me not, while yet Thou lead - est on.

2 The way is long. I fear I yet may fall. My Jesus, keep!
Oh, let my faith outlast the weary road, no more to weep!
Lord, let me lean upon Thy strength alone,
Till, in Thy light, I know as I am known.

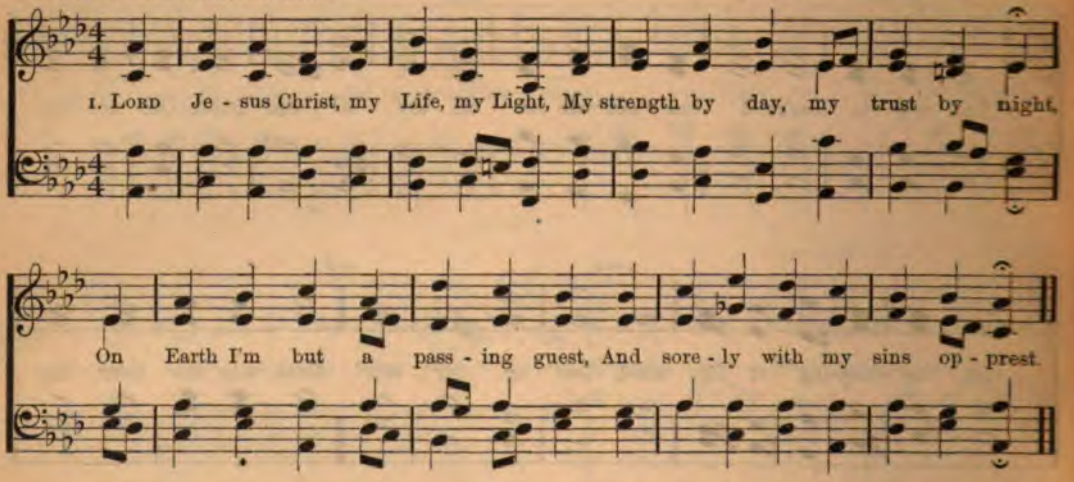
3 The wayfare ends. The radiant gates appear. All trials past!
My spirit hastes, and bounds with joy, to be safe home at last.
Darkness and terror, doubt and tears, are o'er.
My thankful life is Thine forevermore!

399 Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light.

L. M. *"The effect of righteousness shall be quietness and assurance."* Lebenslicht.

Ger. Martin Behemb, 1606.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1862. *Abr.*

Joseph Clauder's "Psalmodia," 1630.



2 Oh, let Thy suff'rings give me power
To meet the last and darkest hour,
Thy Cross the staff whereon I lean,
My couch the grave where Thou hast been.

3 Since Thou hast died, the pure the just,
I take my homeward way in trust,
The gates of Heaven, Lord, open wide,
When here I may no more abide.

4 Ah, then I have my heart's desire,
When, singing with the angel choir,
Among the ransomed of Thy grace,
Forever I behold Thy face! *Amen.*

400

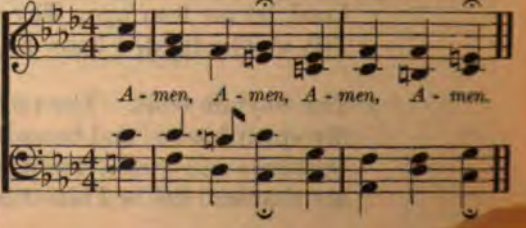
1 O Christ, our true and only Light!
Illumine those who sit in night.
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

2 Fill with the radiance of Thy grace
The souls now lost in error's maze,
And all whom in their secret minds
Some dark delusion hurts and blinds.

3 Oh, make the deaf to hear Thy word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Tho secretly they hold it now. *Amen.*

Ger. Johann Heermann, 1630.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1862. *Abr.*

Johann Schop, 1641, *Abr.*

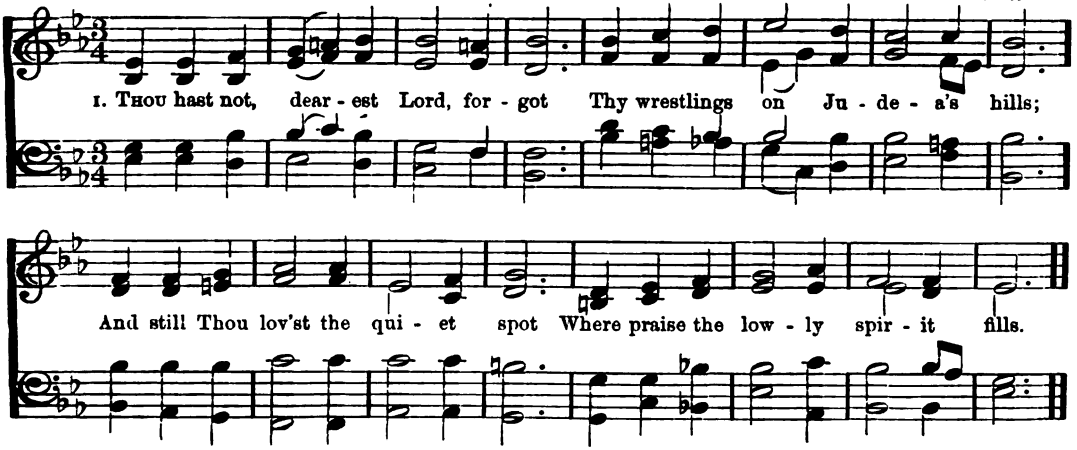


401 Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot.

"While they communed and questioned together, Jesus Himself drew near and went with them."

L. M. — Ray Palmer, 1864. *Abr.*

Angelus. — Johann G. W. Scheffler, 1657.



2 Oft Thou Thyself didst steal away,
At eventide, from labor done,
In some still, peaceful shade to pray
Till morning watches were begun.

3 Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile
From Earth's rude noise, Thy face reveal;
And as we worship, kindly smile,
And for Thine own our spirits seal.

402

1 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

2 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

William Cowper, 1772. *Abr.*

403

1 He lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of His blood.

2 Lo! in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

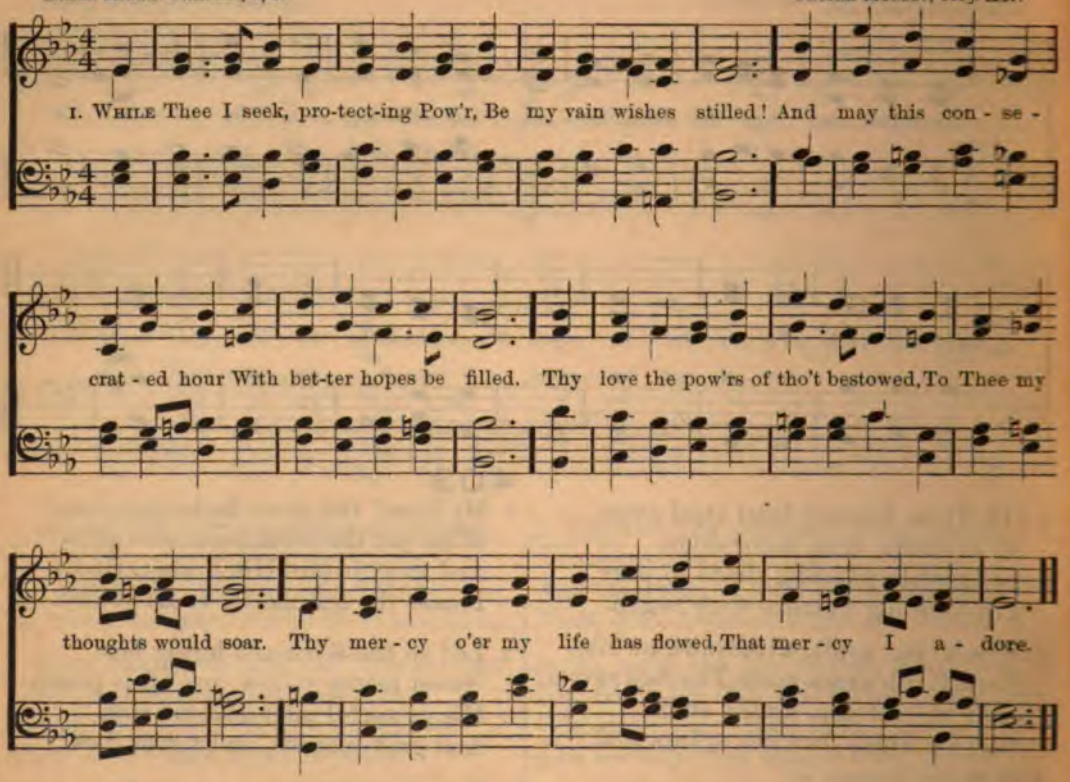
4 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On Thee alone our hopes depend.
Our cause can never, never fail;
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele, 1760. *Abr.*

404 While Thee I seek, protecting Power.

C. M. D. *"The prayers of the saints went up before God."* **Confidence.**

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, 1786. THOMAS MORLEY, 1865. *Abr.*



2 In each event of life, how clear,
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill.
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lour,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see.
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

405

"Putting on the breastplate of faith."

1 I BOW my forehead in the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim;
No offering of mine own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

2 I dimly guess, from blessings known
Of greater out of sight;
And with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.
And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break:
But strengthen and sustain.

3 I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long:
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.
I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air:
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

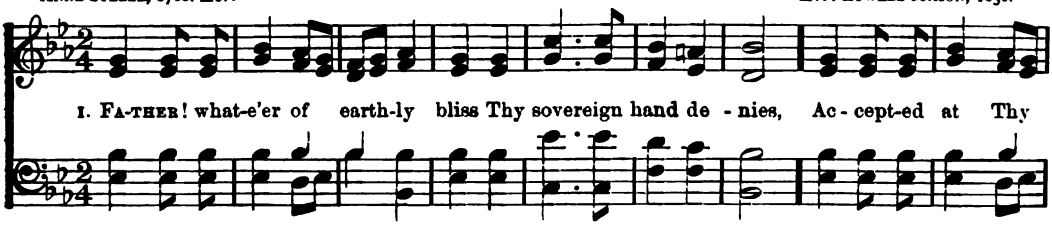
4 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life or death
His mercy underlies
And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

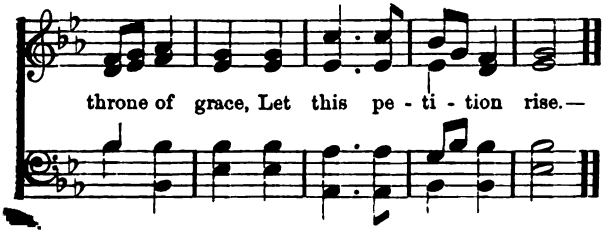
JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1867. *Abr.*

406 Father! whate'er of earthly bliss.

C. M. *"Ask in faith, nothing doubting."* **Naomi.**

ANNE STEELE, 1760. *Abr.* *Arr.* LOWELL MASON, 1836.





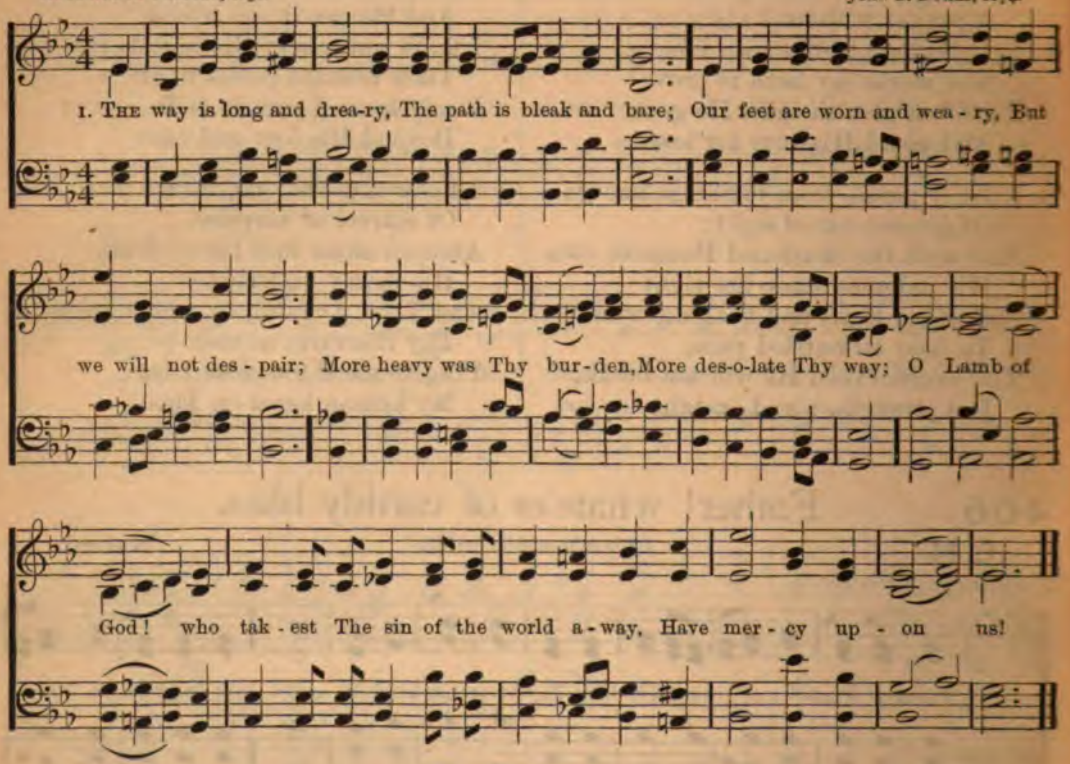
2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free.
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope, that Thou art mine,
My path of life attend.
Thy presence thro my journey shine,
And bless its happy end.

407 The way is long and dreary.

7s & 6s, P. *"I am full of tossings to and fro until the dawning."* Via Dolorosa.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER, 1858. JOHN B. DYKES, 1874.



2 The snows lie thick around us
In the dark and gloomy night,
The tempest roars above us,
The stars have hid their light:
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's cross that day;
O Lamb of God! who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us!

3 Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and sad to bear;
We dread the bitter morrow:
But we will not despair;
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And Thou wilt bid it cease;
O Lamb of God! who takest
The sin of the world away,
Oh give to us Thy peace!

408 O God, forsake me not!

"That Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it be not to my sorrow."

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. "Ach Gott verlass mich nicht."

Ger. Salomon Franck, *d.* 1725. 1648. *Har.* Johann Seb. Bach, 1730.
Tr. M. Woolsey Stryker, 1882.

Implorando.

1. O God, for - sake me not! Thine hand to me ex - tend - ing,
Un - til, in stead - y faith, My pil - grim - age is end - ing.

Here in this vale of night, Be Thou my glo - rious light:

f

Be Thou my staff and rod, For - sake me not, my God!.....

2 O God, forsake me not!
Teach me Thy way to ponder,
And let me nevermore
In sin and folly wander.
Give me the Holy Ghost
Grant an all-conquering trust,
And, if my footing slide,
Then, Lord, be at my side.

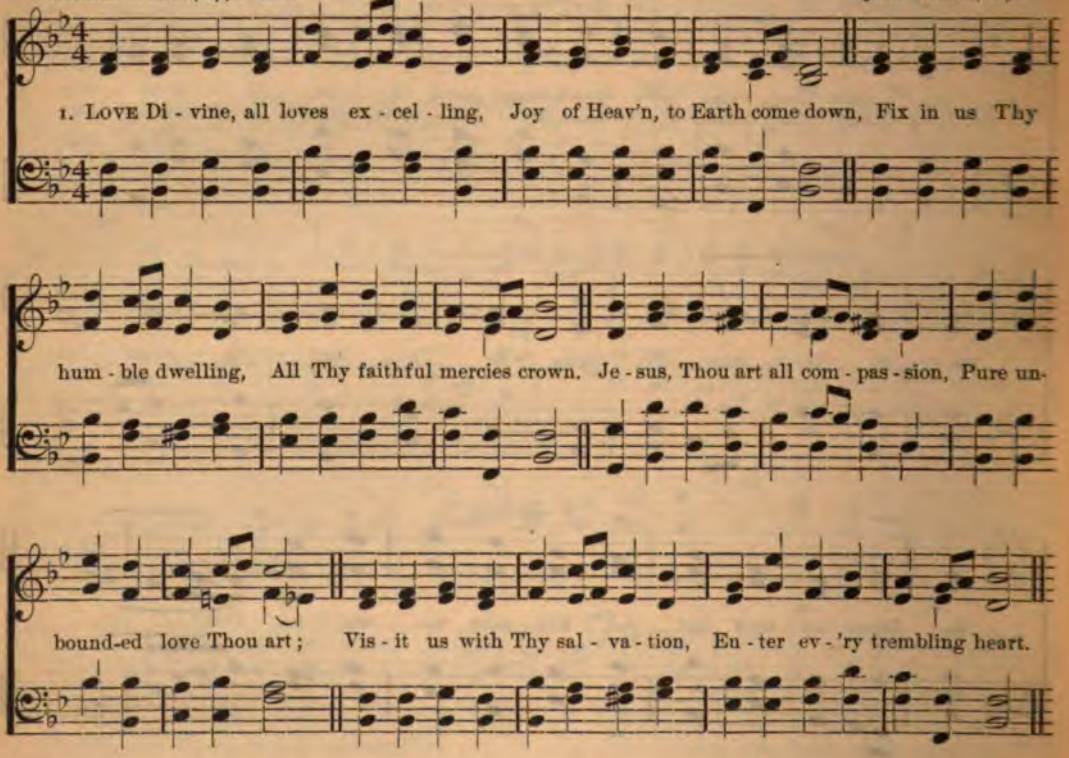
3 O God! forsake me not!
In danger and in trial,
Stand Thou to strengthen me,
Amid the world's denial.
When fierce temptations near,
And courage turns to fear,
Do all that Thou hast willed:
But ne'er forsake Thy child!

409 Love Divine, all loves excelling.

"That in the ages to come He might shew the exceeding riches of His grace in kindness toward us in Christ Jesus."

8s & 7s, D. **Plymouth Church.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1746. *Abr.* JOHN ZUNDEL, 1870.



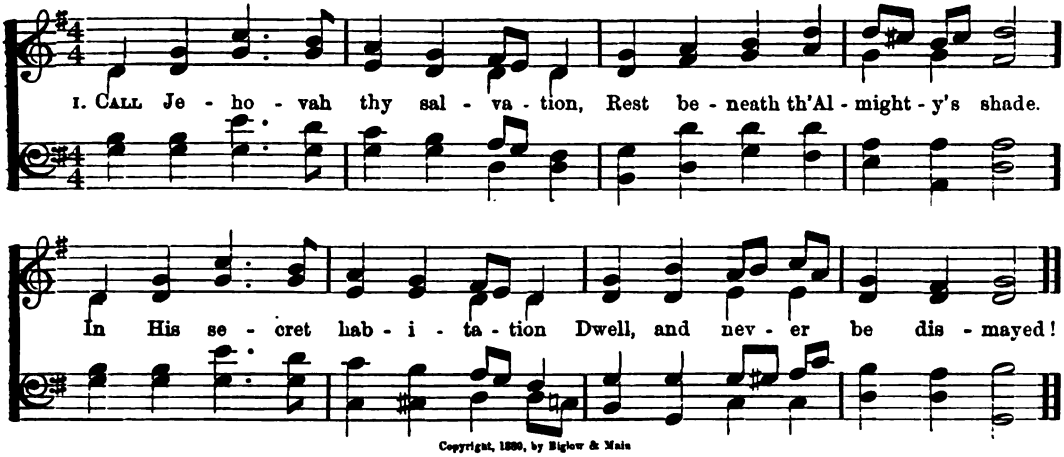
2 Breathe, oh breathe, Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast.
Let us all in Thee inherit.
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver.
Let us all Thy life receive.
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be.
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in Heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

410 Call Jehovah thy salvation.

8.7.8.7. *"He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him."* **Nathanael.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. *Abr.* HUBERT P. MAIN, 1880. *Abr.*



Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main

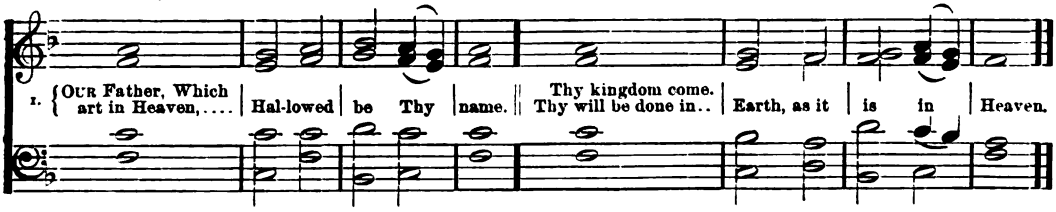
2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 Since with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.

411 Our Father, which art in Heaven.

Our Lord's Prayer. *"Not my will: but Thine."* **Pater Noster.**

MATTHEW VI: 9–13. GREGORIAN. The Sixth Century, A. D.



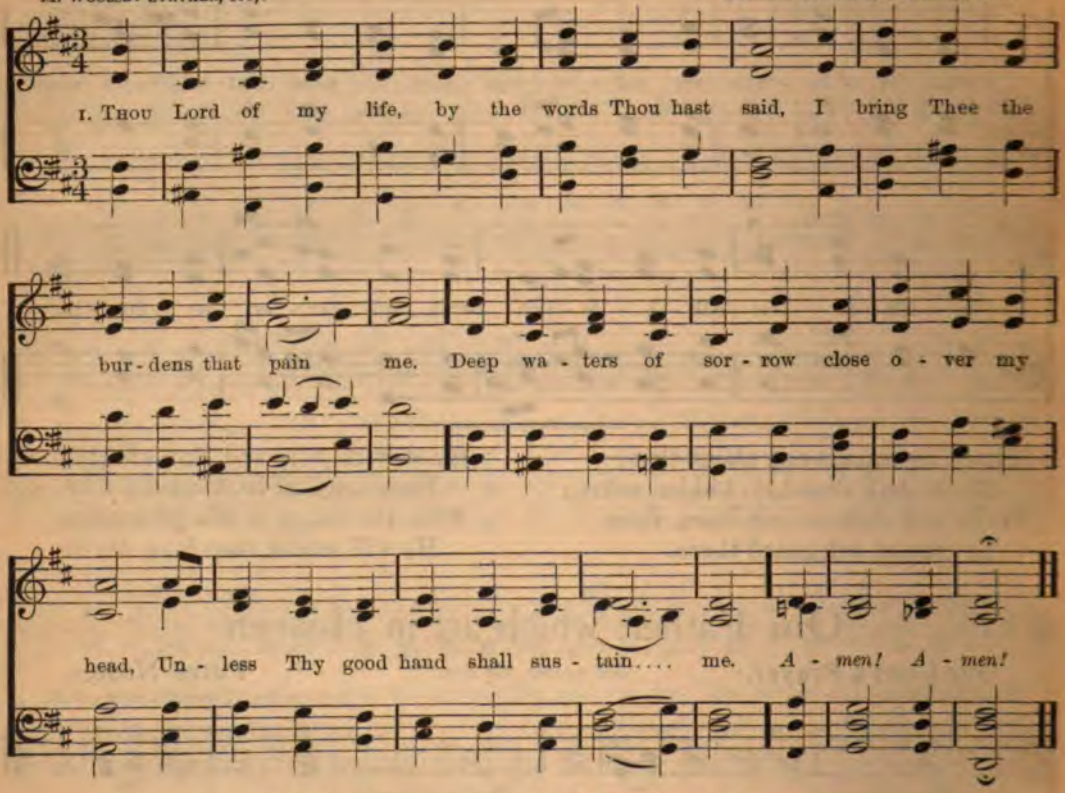
2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread. ||
And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | Evil. ||
For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | *A-men.*

412 Thou Lord of my life, by the words Thou hast said.

11.9.11.9. *"If any man thirst let him come unto Me."* **Oland.**

M. Woolsey Stryker, 1887. Swedish Koral, 17th Century. *Abr.*



2 O Help of the stricken! O Hope of the lost!
Where else can I go with my crying?
Thou One all-acquainted with grief to Thy cost,
My soul to Thy mercy is flying.

3 Almighty Redeemer, give ear to my prayer!
Uphold me! Abandon me never!
Forgive me my doubts of Thine infinite care.
Enfold me forever and ever. *Amen.*

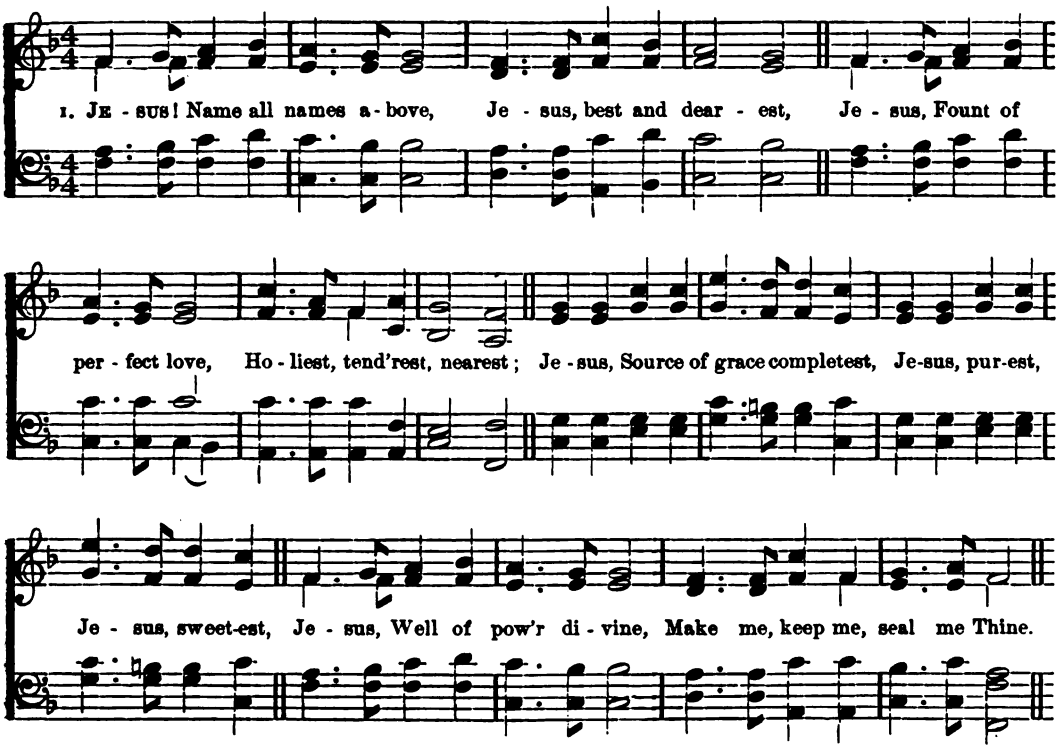
413 Jesus! Name all names above.

"Holy, guileless, undefiled, separated from sinners, and made higher than the heavens."

7s, 6s & 8s. **Castello.**

Gk. THEOCTISTUS, 890.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1862. *Abr.*

UZZIAH C. BURNAP, 1870.



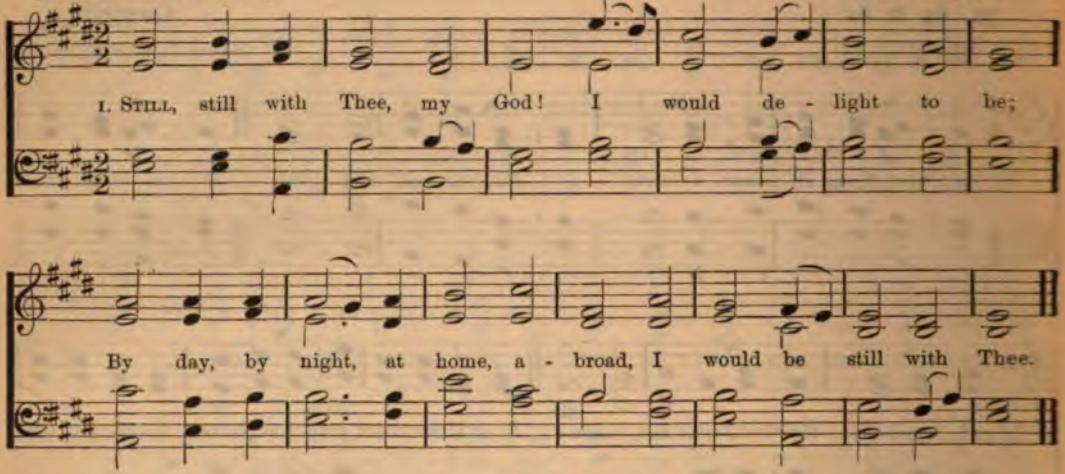
2 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, thro agony,
That Thy good confession,
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evil making payment;
Let not all Thy woe and pain,—
Let not Calvary, be in vain!

3 When I cross death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher;
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish:
Tell me—"*Verily, I say,*
"*Thou shalt be with Me to-day.*"

414 Still, still with Thee, my God!

S. M. *"Of whom shall I be afraid!"* **Mornington.**

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, 1856. GARRATT C. WELLESLEY, 1760.



2 With Thee, when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God! in prayer.

3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind.
The setting, as the rising, Sun
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee!

415

1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows His gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till He appear,
And pray and pray again.

3 Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, tho He may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, He hears, and from on high
Will make our cause His care.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

416

*"I thank Him that enabled me * * * appointing me to His service."*

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care!
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly.

3 I want a true regard,—
A single, steady, aim,
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,—
To Thee and Thy great name.

4 The praying spirit breathe.
The watching power impart.
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart.

5 Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the Earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of Thy love,
And shut me up in God!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. *Abr.*

417

1 JESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or self are we now met:
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

3 We meet the grace to take,
Which Thou hast freely given;
We meet on Earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in Heaven.

4 Present we know Thou art,
But, oh, Thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

5 Oh, may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

418

1 OUR Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now.
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To Thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come. Thy will
On Earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by Thy word we live.
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend.
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of Heaven and Earth are Thine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

419

1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest!"

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee,
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember Thee.

3 God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast.
Oh guide me thro the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

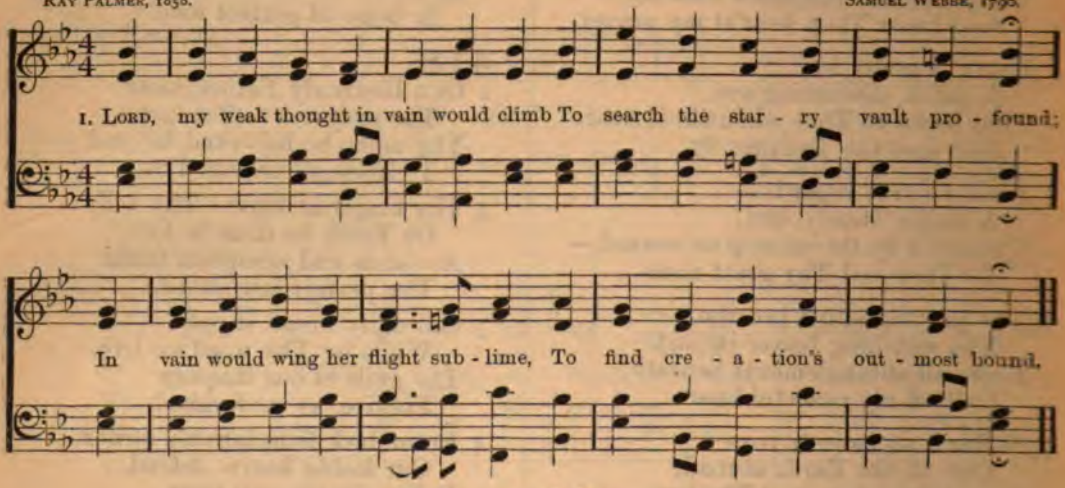
HENRY F. LYTE, 1834. *Abr.*

Submission.

420 Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb.

L. M. *"Unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness."* **Melcombe.**

RAY PALMER, 1858. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1790.



2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search Thy great eternal plan,—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began!

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,—
That so it seemeth good to Thee!

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will.
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

421

1 THY will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by Thy love;
Tho clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

2 The stars of Heaven are shining on,
Tho these frail eyes are dimmed with tears.
The hopes of Earth indeed are gone:
But are not ours th' immortal years?

3 Father! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time,
And bid my soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love:
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

JANE E. (ROSCOE) HORNBLOWER, 1831. *Abr.*

Submission.

"Knowing that the same sufferings are accomplished in your brethren."

422

1 O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each Earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

2 Tho long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year;
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1859.

423

1 Oh grant us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give,
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.

2 Oh grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple Word the more.

3 Oh grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart,
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

4 Oh grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 Oh grant us light, when soon or late
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

Lawrence Tuttiet, 1864.

424

1 I bless Thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power;
For now, my shallow cisterns spent,
I find Thy founts, and thirst no more.

2 I take Thy hand,—my fears are still;
Behold Thy face,—my doubts remove.
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect Truth and boundless Love!

3 That Truth gives promise of a dawn,
Beneath whose light I am to see,
When all these blinding vails are drawn,
This was the wisest path for me.

4 That love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of Thine eternal calm,
And tune its sad and broken speech
To join, on Earth, the angels' psalm.

Samuel Johnson, 1858.

425

1 O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free.
Tell me Thy secret. Help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Help me to bear the sting of spite,
The hate of men who hide Thy light,
The dulness of the multitude
Who dimly guess that Thou art good.

4 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

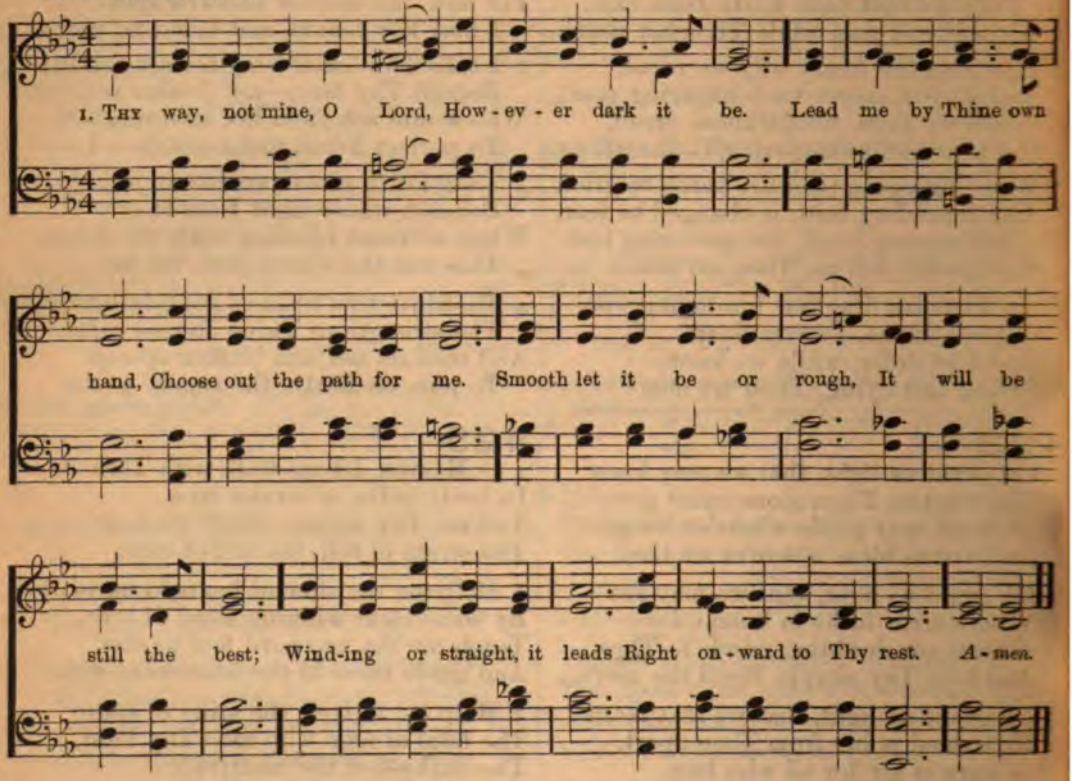
5 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

Washington Gladden, 1879. *Abr.*

426 Thy way, not mine, O Lord.

6.6.6.6, D. *"If we ask anything according to His will He heareth us."* **Baxter.**

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857. *Abr.* UZZIAH C. BURNAP, 1868.



2 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem.
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health.
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All. *Amen.*

427

"Is any among you afflicted? Let Him pray."

1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Oh, may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Thro sorrow, or thro joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Tho seen thro many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on Earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me.
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done! *Amen.*

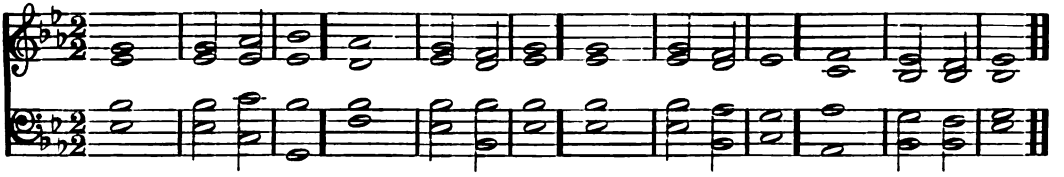
Ger. Benjamin Schmolke, 1716.
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1853. *Abr.*

428 My God and Father, while I stray.

"Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him."

8.8.8.4. **Troyte's Chant.**

Charlotte Elliott, 1834. *Abr.* *Arr.* Arthur H. D. Troyte, 1857.



1 My God, and Father, | while I | stray ||
Far from my home, on | life's rough | way, ||
Oh teach me from my | heart to | say, ||
Thy | will be | done!

2 Tho Thou hast called me | to re- | sign ||
What most I prized, it | ne'er was | mine; ||
I have but yielded | what was | Thine. ||
Thy | will | be done!

3 Should grief or sickness | waste a- | way ||
My life in prema- | ture de- | cay, ||
My Father, still I | strive to | say, ||
Thy | will be | done.

4 Let but my fainting | heart be | blest ||
With Thy sweet Spirit | for its | guest, ||
My God, to Thee I | leave the | rest. ||
Thy | will be | done!

5 Renew my will from | day to | day; ||
Blend it with Thine, and | take a- | way ||
All that now makes it | hard to | say, ||
Thy | will be | done!

6 Then when on Earth I | breathe no | more ||
The prayer, oft mixed with | tears be- | fore, ||
I'll sing upon a | happier | shore, ||
Thy | will be | done!

429 I have no hiding-place.

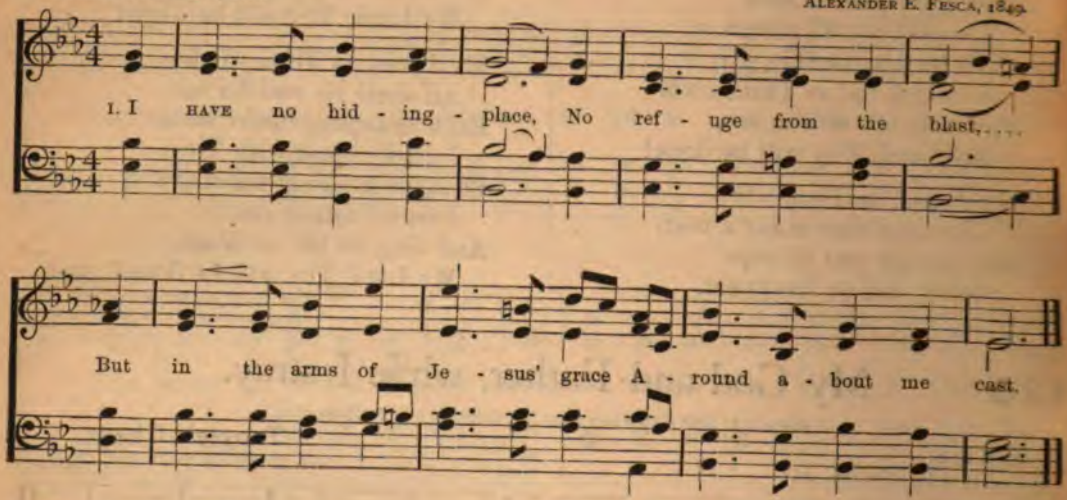
S. M.

THOMAS MACKELLAR, 1880.

"It was for my peace that I had great bitterness."

Peace.

ALEXANDER E. FESCA, 1849.



2 Tho I see not His hand,
I feel its loving power;
And guardian angels near me stand
In my distressful hour.

3 I dare not look within:
But heavenward turn my gaze;
And lest my grief become my sin,
My tongue breaks out in praise.

4 Tho tears mine eyes bedim,
He dries the tears I shed;
And in my soul I sing a hymn,
Content and comforted.

430

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who Earth and Heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom wind and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on.
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care:
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Give to the winds thy fears.
Hope, and be undismayed.
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

6 Thro waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

7 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

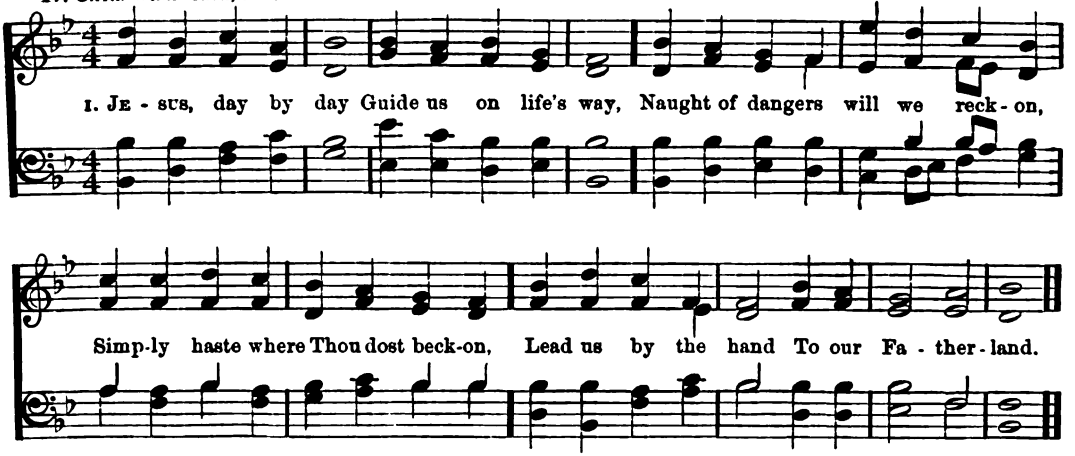
Ger. PAUL GERHARDT, 1659.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1739. *Abr.*

431 Jesus, day by day.

5.5.8.8.5.5. "*He that hath mercy on them shall lead them.*" **Hafodwen.**

NICOLAUS L. VON ZINZENDORF, 1721.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862.

PETER MAURICE, 1876.



2 Hard should seem our lot,
Let us waver not,
Never murmur at our crosses
In dark days of grief and losses;
'Tis thro trial we
Here must pass to Thee.

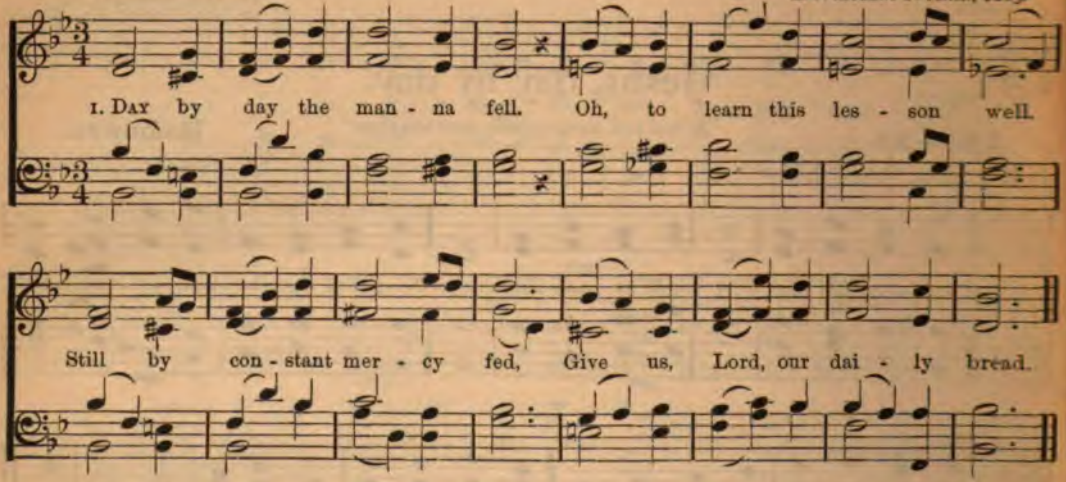
3 When the heart must know
Pain for other's woe,
When beneath its own 'tis sinking,
Give us patience, hope unshrinking,
Fix our eyes, O Friend,
On our journey's end.

4 Thus our path shall be
Daily traced by Thee;
Draw Thou nearer when 'tis rougher,
Help us most when most we suffer,
And when all is o'er
Ope to us Thy door.

432 Day by day the manna fell.

7.7.7.7. *"Tho He was a Son, yet learned obedience by the things which He suffered."* **Last Hope.**

JOSIAH CONDER 1836. *Abr.* LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK, 1854. *Arr.* HUBERT P. MAIN, 1865.



2 "Day by day," the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord, our times are in Thy hand;
All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
To Thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to Thine.

4 Thou our daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee we live;
So shall added years fulfil
Not our own, our Father's will.

433

1 WAIT, my soul! upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word,—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace;
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayest see;
This is still thy sweet relief,—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of ages! I'm secure,
With Thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure,—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

WILLIAM F. LLOYD, 1831.

434

1 CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon His word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by His hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From His grace are never moved.

JOHN CENNICK, 1745, *Abr.*

435

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weanéd child.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.

JOHN NEWTON, 1799. *Abr.*

436

1 THINE for ever—God of love!
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in Eternity.

2 Thine for ever—Lord of life!
Shield us thro the earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever—Oh! how blest
They who find in Thee their rest.
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh! protect us to the end.

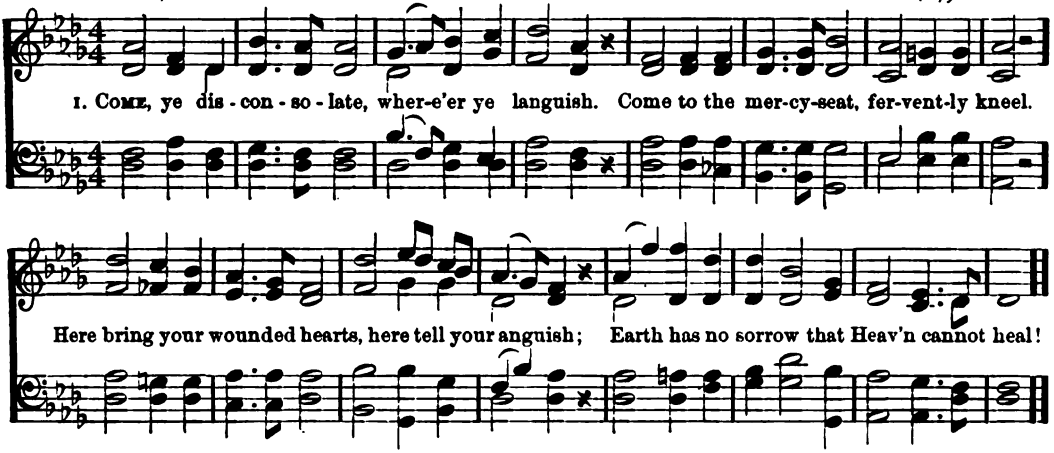
MARY F. MAUDE. 1848.

437 Come, ye disconsolate.

"To you it hath been granted in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him: but also to suffer."

11.10.11.10. **Come, ye disconsolate.**

THOMAS MOORE, 1816. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1790. *Abr.*

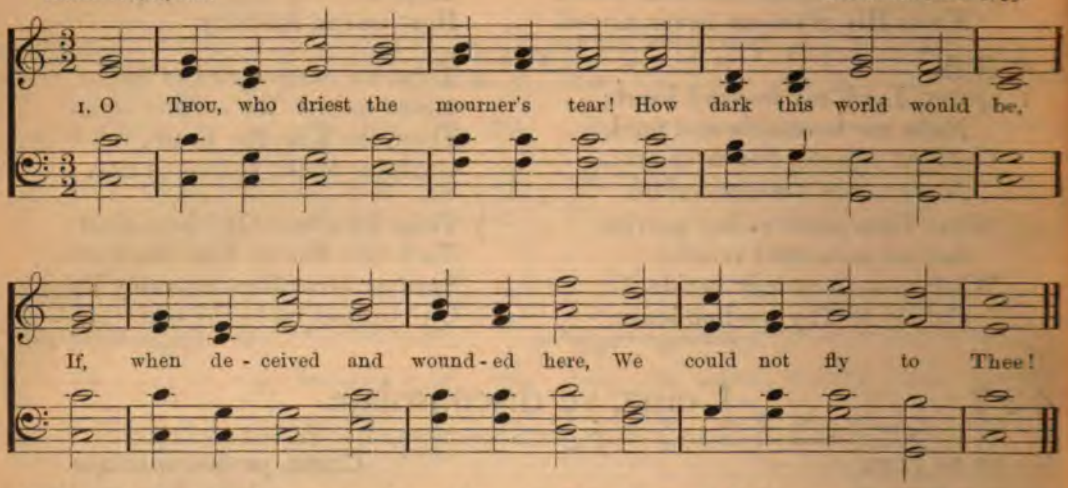


2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot cure!

438 O Thou, who driest the mourner's tear.

C. M. *"Smitten down, yet not destroyed."* **Lucius.**

THOMAS MOORE, 1816. GEORGE KINGSLEY 1853.



2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting, thro the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows
With more than rapture's ray; [bright,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

439

1 THO lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do,
In faith, O Lord, to follow Thee,
Whose lot was lowly too.

2 Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in our Father's love;
We lean on His almighty arm,
And fix our hopes above.

3 Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds may be,
As streams, that still the nobler grow,
The nearer to the sea.

4 To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and prest,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.

5 Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright;
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1837.

Submission.

440 *"Having been taken captive by the Lord's servant unto the will of God."*

1 My spirit to Thy chastening stroke
I meekly would resign;
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am Thine.

2 I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace,
That oft in dark attire He sends
Some embassy of grace.

3 May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, tho late, I entertained
An angel unawares.

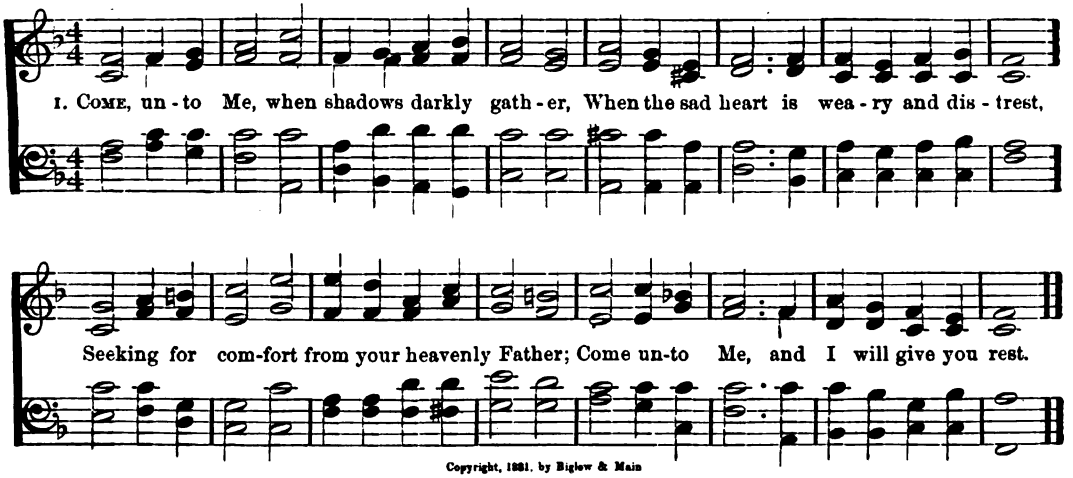
4 So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

JAMES D. BURNS, 1858. *Abr.*

441 Come unto Me when shadows darkly gather.

11.10.11.10. *"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."* **Comfort.**

CATHRINE H. (WATERMAN) ESLING, 1839, *Abr.* HUBERT P. MAIN, 1881.



Copyright, 1881, by Biglow & Main

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

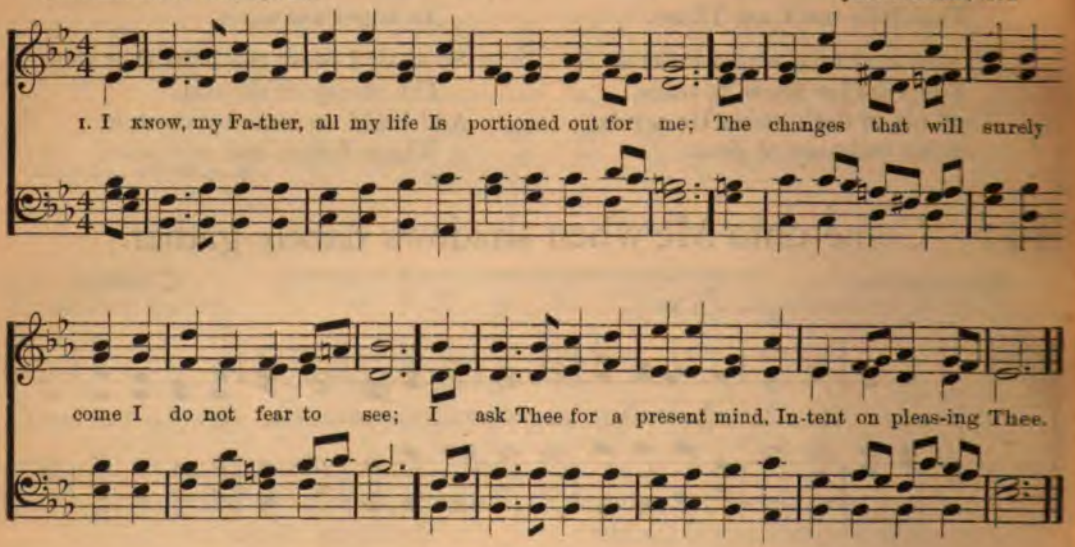
3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the Earth too rudely prest
Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

Submission.

442 I know, my Father, all my life.

8.6.8.6.8.6. *"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."* **St. Bede.**

ANNA LAETITIA WARING, 1850. *Alt.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.



2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Thro constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

5 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessing be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful, love to Thee;
More careful not to serve Thee much,
But please Thee perfectly.

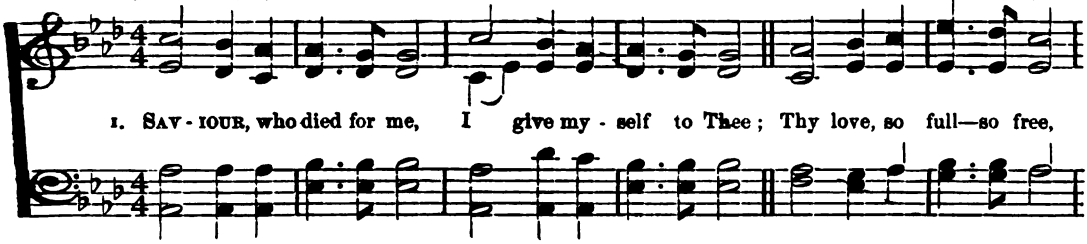
6 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

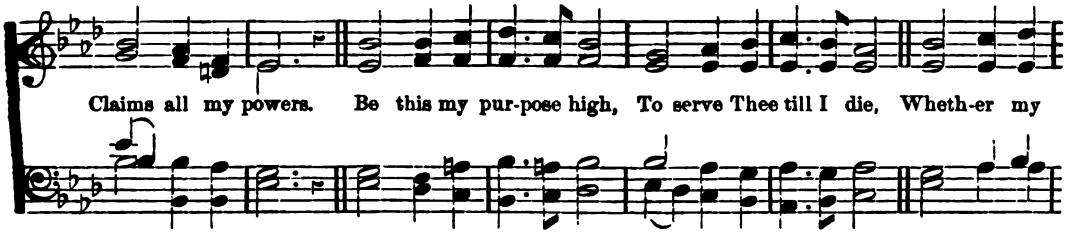
443 Saviour, who died for me.

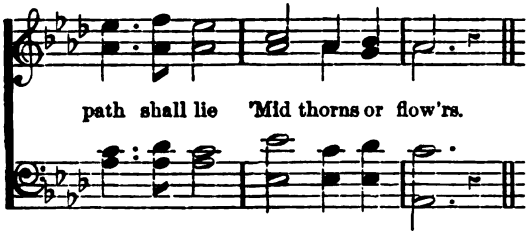
"That the strength of Christ may rest upon me."

6s & 4s. P. **Agapè.**

MARY JANE MASON, 1871. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN, 1871.







2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak,
Thy gracious aid I seek;
For Thou the word must speak,
That makes me strong.
Then let me hear Thy voice;
Thou art my only choice.
Oh, bid my heart rejoice,
Be Thou my song.

3 May it be joy to me
To follow only Thee,
Thy faithful servant be,—
Thine to the end.
For Thee, I'll do and dare,
For Thee, the cross I'll bear,
To Thee direct my prayer,
On Thee depend.

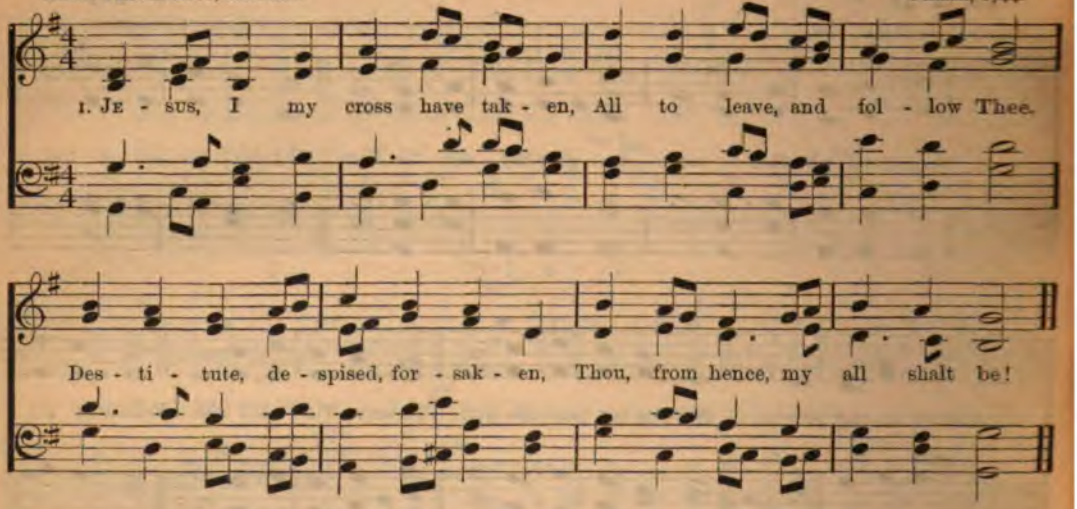
4 Saviour, with me abide!
Constantly near my side,
Support, defend and guide;
I look to Thee.
I lay my hand in Thine,
All fleeting joys resign,
So I may call Thee mine
Eternally.

444 Jesus, I my cross have taken.

"I have not concealed Thy loving-kindness and Thy truth from the great congregation."

8s & 7s. **Zephaniah.**

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1822. *Abr.* German, 1744.



2 Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought and hoped and known;
Yet how rich is my condition;
God and Heaven are still my own!

3 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour, too.
Human hearts and looks deceive me:
Thou art not, like man, untrue.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast.
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!

5 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me.
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

6 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

7 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee!
Child of Heaven, shouldst thou repine?

8 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

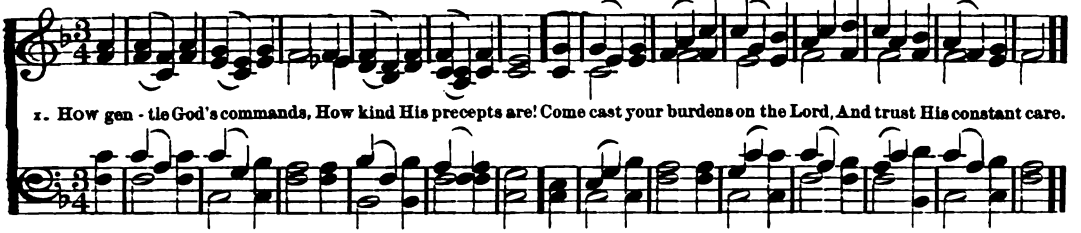
9 Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

445 How gentle God's commands.

S. M. — PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

"We brethren, as Isaac was, are children of promise."

Dennis. — JOHANN GEORG NAGELI, 1790.



2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

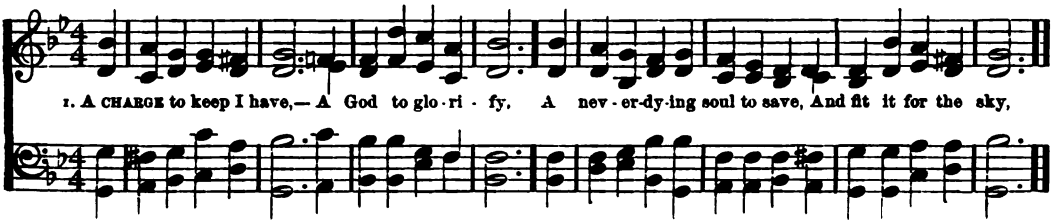
4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet.
And bear a song away.

446 A charge to keep I have.

S. M. — CHARLES WESLEY, 1762.

"If by the Spirit ye mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

Aston. — JOHN HEYWOOD.



2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

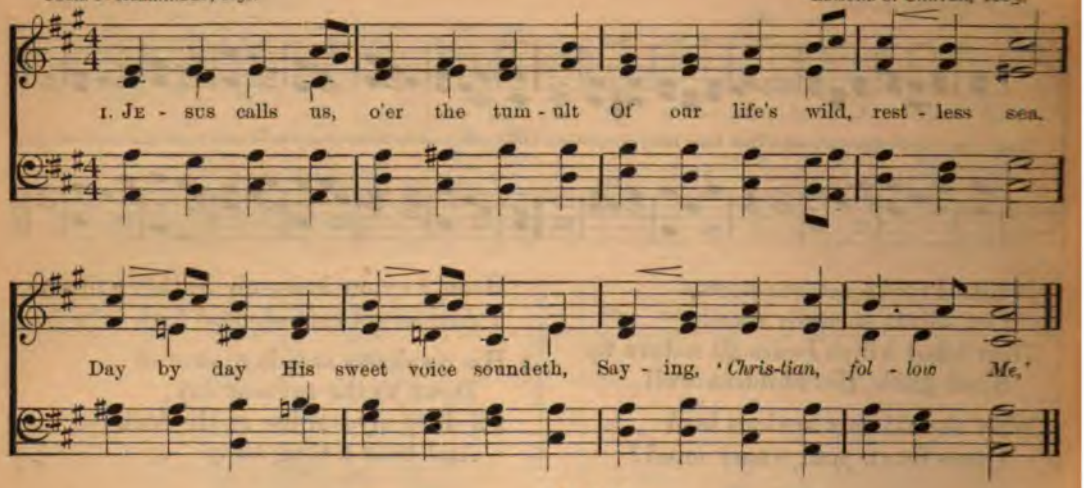
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely!
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

447 Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult.

8s & 7s. *"Not a hearer that forgetteth: but a doer that worketh."* Devotion.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1852. EDMUND S. CARTER, 1865.



2 As, of old, disciples heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake;

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, '*Christian, love Me more.*'

5 Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

448

1 DAY by day we magnify Thee,—
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience,
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

2 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
When for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

3 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
When, as each new day is born,
On our knees at home, we bless Thee,
For the mercies of the morn.

4 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
Till our days on Earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labors,
Waiting for Thy day in peace.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1855. *Abr.*

449 I love the Lord; He lent an ear.

C. M. D. *"The Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him."* **Jerusalem.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. LOUIS SPOHR, 1835.

1. I LOVE the Lord; He lent an ear When I for help im - plored. He re-scued me from all my fear, Therefore I love the Lord. Re-turn, my soul, un - to thy rest, From God no longer roam; blest, His goodness called thee home.

D.S.—His hand hath bounti - ful - ly

FINE. D.S.

2 What shall I render unto Thee,
My Saviour, in distress
For all Thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?
This will I do, for Thy love's sake,
And thus Thy love proclaim;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon Thy name.

3 Thou God of covenanted grace!
Hear and record my vow,—
While in Thy courts I seek thy face
And at Thine altar bow;
Henceforth myself to Thee I give,
With single heart and eye,
To walk before Thee while I live,
And bless Thee when I die.

450

1 OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

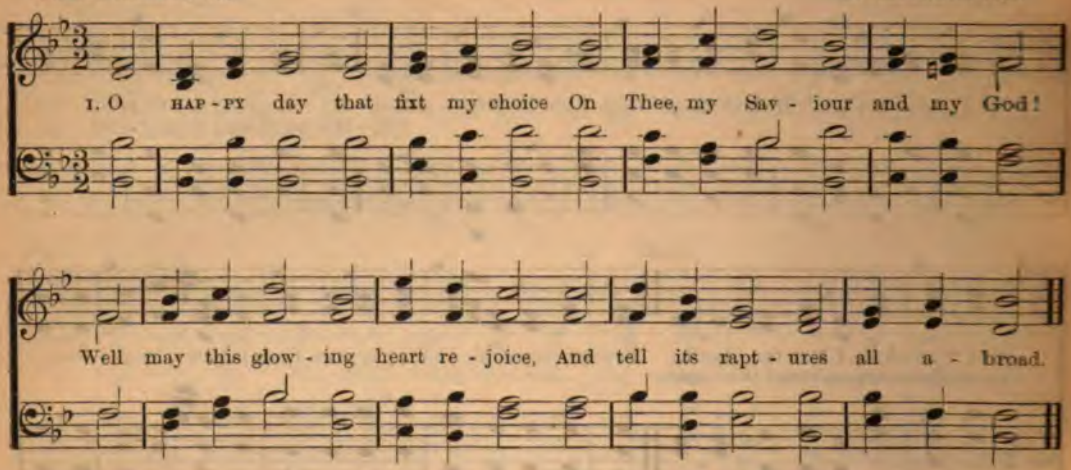
2 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
The dearest idol I have known,
What'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. *Abr.*

451 O happy day that fixt my choice.

L. M. *"That they may be put to shame who revile your good manner of life in Christ."* **Hebron.**

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love.
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine.
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the Voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

452

1 LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine thro all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

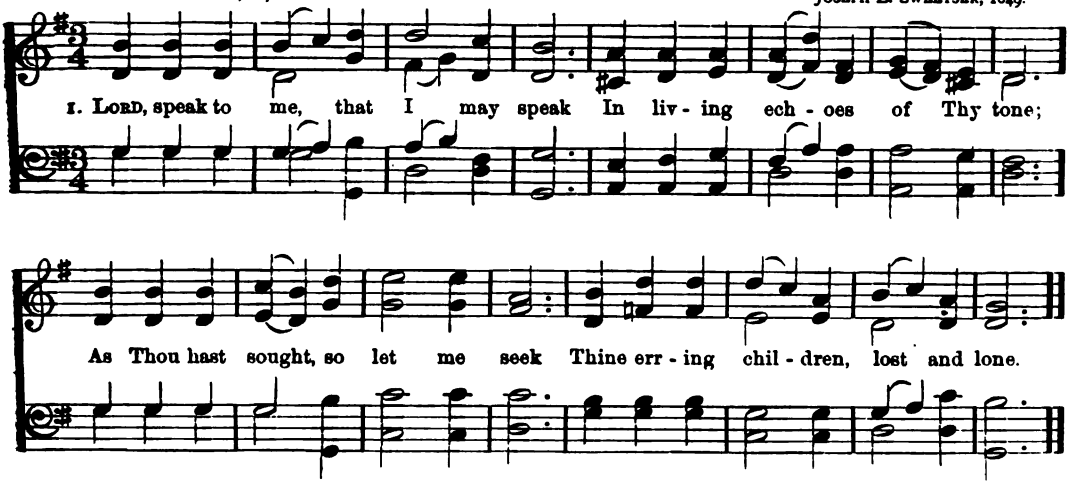
4 Here at the Cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

SAMUEL DAVIES, 1760. *Abr.*

453 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak.

L. M. *"That ye may shew forth the excellencies of Him who called you."* **Rose Hill.**

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1872. *Abr.* JOSEPH E. SWEETSER, 1849.



2 Oh lead me, Lord that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet.
Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 Oh strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 Oh give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones, in needful hour.

5 Oh fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

454

1 REDEEMED from guilt, redeemed from fears,
My soul at rest and dried my tears,
What can I do, O Love Divine,—
What to repay such gifts as Thine?

2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from Thy hands new blessing seek,—
A heart to feel Thy mercies more,
A soul to know Thee and adore?

3 Oh teach me at Thy feet to fall,
And yield Thee up myself, my all,
Before Thy face my sins to own,
And live and die to Thee alone!

4 Thy gracious Spirit, Lord, impart,
Expand and raise and fill my heart;
So that a holy life may be
Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

455 Onward, Christian soldiers!

6s & 5s. "*By the armor of righteousness.*" St. Gertrude.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865. *Abr.* Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872.

Con moto.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y arm - y, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing

Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to
Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope, in

mf

bat - tle See His ban-ners go. *Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war,*
doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.

With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

456 The Son of God goes forth to war.

"Subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises."

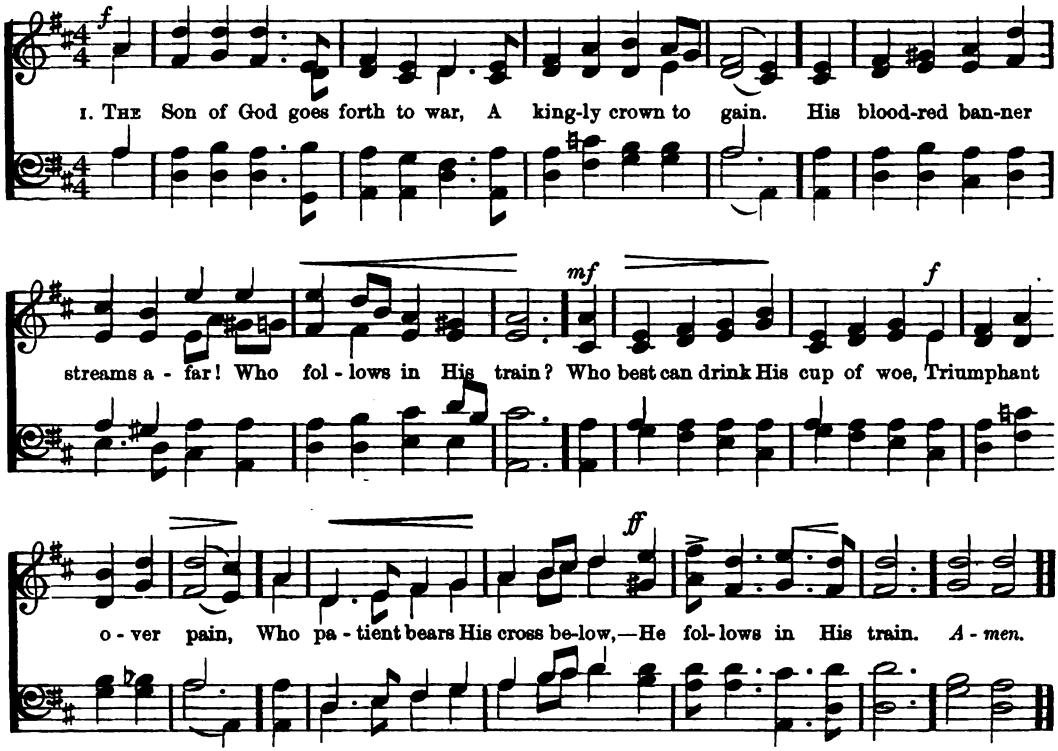
C. M. D.

REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

Alla marcia.

St. Bartholomew.

ARCHIBALD MACDONALD, 1870.



2 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
Thro peril, toil, and pain;—
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

DOXOLOGY.

THE songs of glory here begun
Let heavenly songs complete,
To Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Paraclete.
We are as all Thy servants were,
And as they are shall be,—
Creator, Saviour, Comforter,—
Forever one in Thee! *Amen.* 1884.

Consecration.

457 Forward! be our watchword.

6s & 5s.
HENRY ALFORD, 1871.

"Why satest thou to hear the pipings for the flocks?"

St. Albans.
FRANCIS J. HAYDN, 1797.

Moto.

1. FORWARD! be our watch-word, Steps and voic-es joined, Seek the things be-fore us,
Not a look be-hind. Burns the fier-y pil-lar At our ar-my's head;
Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap-tain led? For-ward thro the des-ert,
Thro the toil and fight. Jor-dan flows be-fore us, Zi-on beams with light.

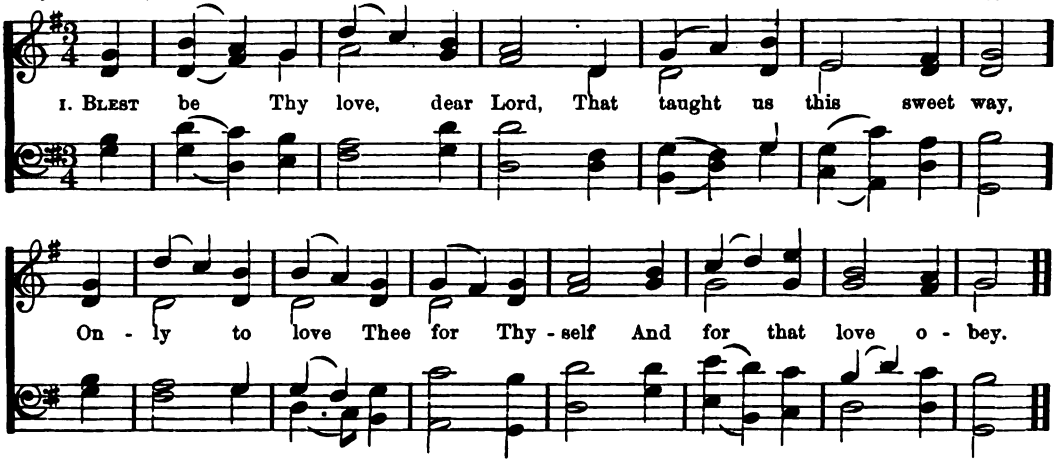
2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All thro youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind.
Speed thro realms of nature,
Climb the steeps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours.
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold,
Flows the gladd'ning river
Shedding joys untold.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night,
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!

458 Blest be Thy love, dear Lord!

S. M. *"Sincere and void of offence unto the day of Christ."* **Thatcher.**

JOHN AUSTIN, 1668. *Abr.* *From* GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1732.



2 O Thou, our souls' chief hope,
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

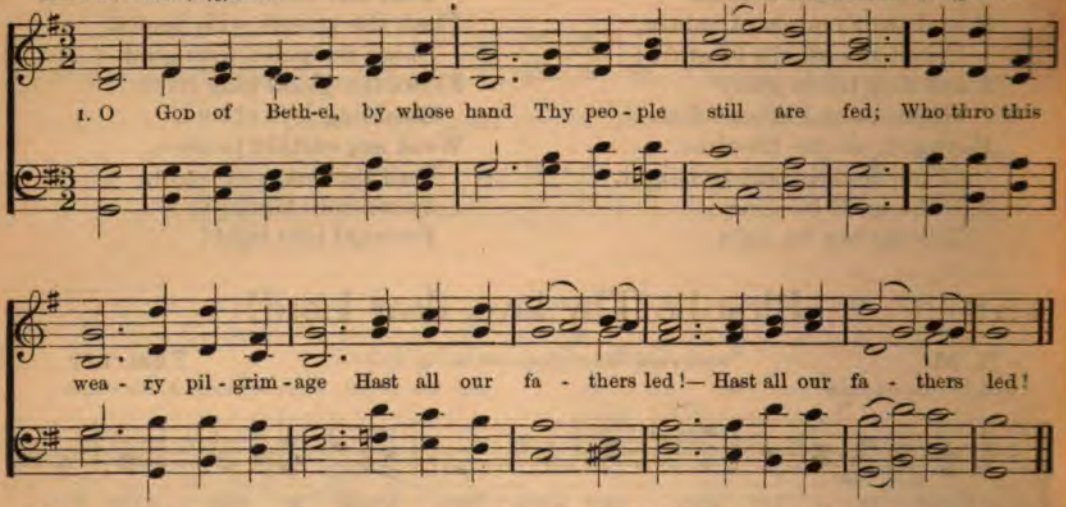
3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

459 O God of Bethel, by whose hand.

C. M. *"I will counsel thee with Mine eye upon thee."* **Newbold.**

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1737. *Abr.* GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1843. *Arr.*



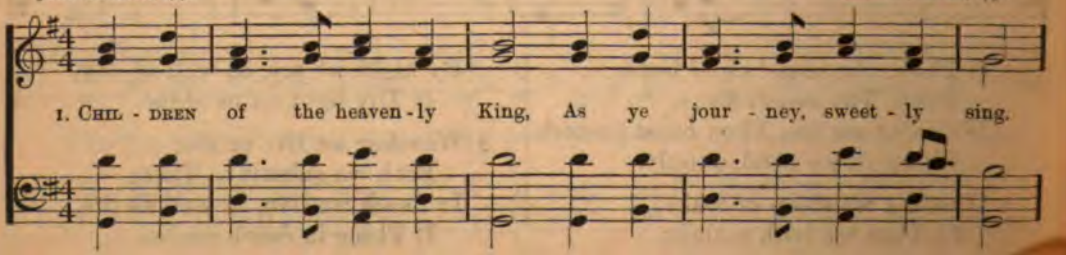
2 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

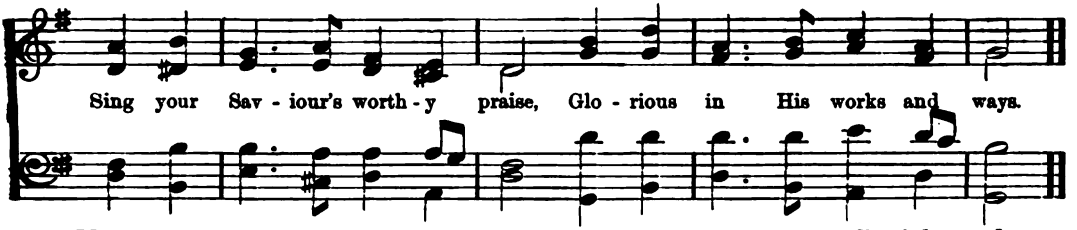
3 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

460 Children of the heavenly King.

7·7·7·7· *"To make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord."* **Pleyel.**

JOHN CENNICK, 1742. IGNACE PLEYEL, 1790.





2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

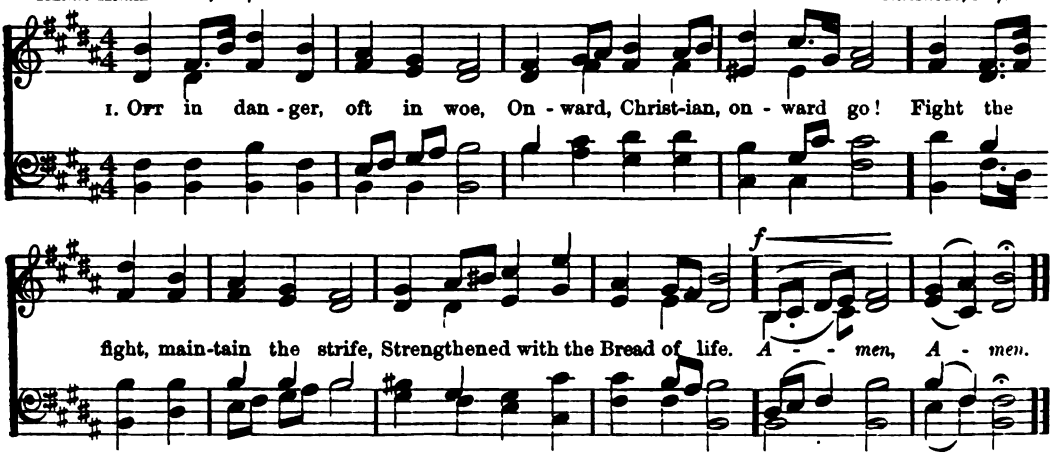
4 Fear not, brethren. Joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee

461 Oft in danger, oft in woe.

7.7.7.7. *"Against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness."* **Clarion.**

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1804. *Alt.* EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, 1867.



2 Onward, Christian, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe.
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

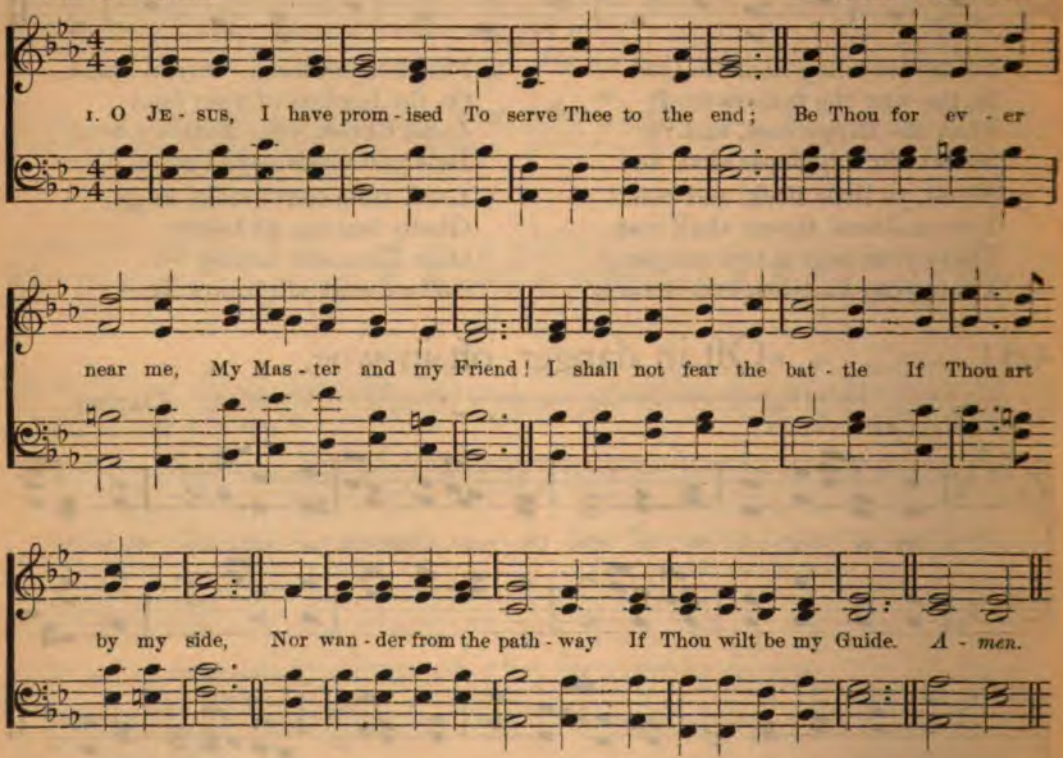
3 Let your drooping hearts be glad.
March, in heavenly armor clad.
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Vict'ry soon shall tune your song. *Amen.*

462 O Jesus, I have promised.

"The God whose I am, whom also I serve."

7s & 6s. D. — **Aurelia.**

JOHN E. BODE, 1860. — SAMUEL SEB. WESLEY, 1864.



2 Oh! let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within:
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all that follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend. *Amen.*

463

"These things I will that thou affirm confidently."

1 STAND up,—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Cross.
Lift high His royal banner;
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquish'd
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear.
If while ye sleep He suffers,
Away with shame and fear.
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge, for the God of Battles,
And put the foe to rout.

3 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey.
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men now serve Him,
Against unnumber'd foes.
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!

5 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus!
Each soldier to his post.
Close up the broken column,
And shout thro all the host!
Make good the loss so heavy,
In those that still remain,
And prove to all around you
That death itself is gain.

6 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of Glory,
Shall reign eternally! *Amen.*

GEORGE DUFFIELD, 1858.
(The entire and authentic text.)

464

1 LORD! when thro sin I wander
So very far from Thee,
I think in some far country
Thy sinless home must be;
But when with heartfelt sorrow
I pray Thee to forgive,
Thy pardon is so perfect,
That in Thy Heaven I live!

2 That Heaven, Lord, so surrounds me,
That when I do the right,
The saddest path of duty
Is lightened by its light.
I know not what its glories
Before Thy throne must be:
But here Thy smiling presence
Is Heaven on Earth to me.

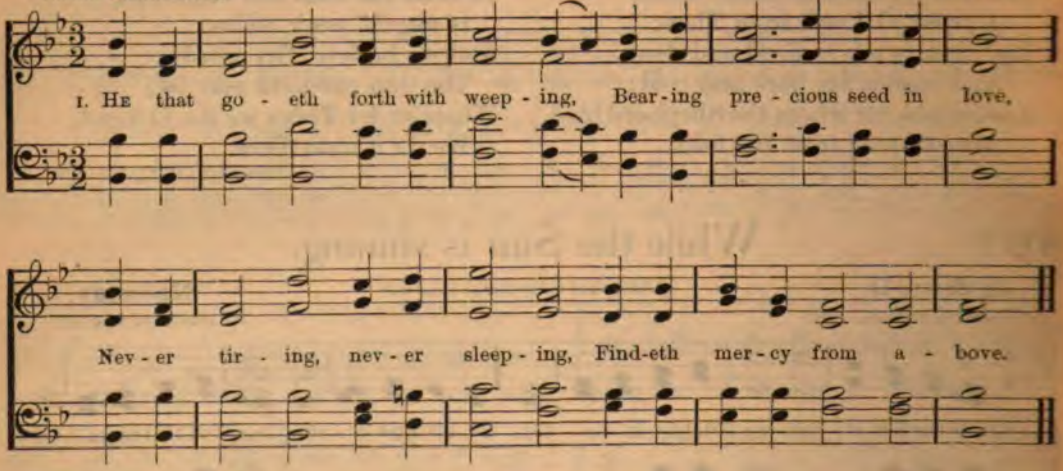
3 To love the right and do it,
Is to my heart so sweet,
It makes the path of duty
A shining golden street!
Give me Thy strength, O Father,
To choose this path each day,
Then Heaven within, about me,
Shall compass all my way. *Amen.*

CHARLES SMITH, 1875.

468 He that goeth forth with weeping.

8.7.8.7. *"According as each hath received a gift, ministering it."* **Stockwell.**

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1835. DARIUS E. JONES, 1847.



2 Soft descend the dews of Heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Thro an influence all divine.

3 Sow Thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest-time is near.

469

1 LIKE the eagle, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be born.
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
Let mine eyes reflect the morn.

2 Where the Cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be!

3 Oh, may I no longer dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward press my way!

HORATIUS BONAR, 1856. *Abr.*

470

1 THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea.
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

3 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed.
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

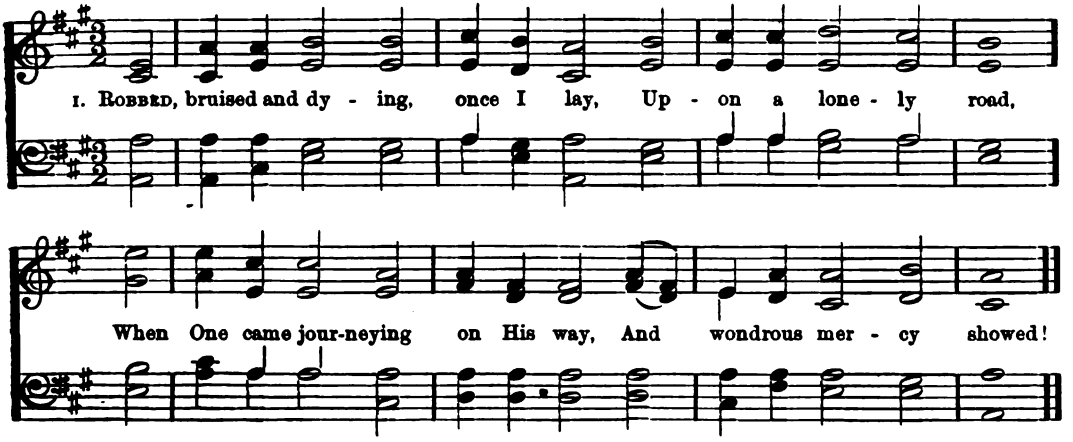
FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849. *Abr.*

471 Robbed, bruised and dying, once I lay.

C. M. *"The love which ye shewed toward His name, in that ye ministered unto the saints."* **Azmon.**

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1886.

CARL GOTTHILF GLÄSER, 1828.
Arr. LOWELL MASON, 1841.



2 He saw me, pitied, came and bound,
And bore me to the inn,
Cared wisely for my every wound,
As He were very kin.

3 He watched beside me all the night,
Till dawn did comfort bring;
Went only when 't was fully light,
And paid my reckoning.

4 So now, to keep the vows I made
Beneath those glowing eyes,
I would my fallen fellow aid,
And go and do likewise.

472

1 FILL Thou my life, O Lord, my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

2 Not in the temple crowd alone,
Where holy voices chime:
But in the silent paths of Earth,
The quiet rooms of Time.

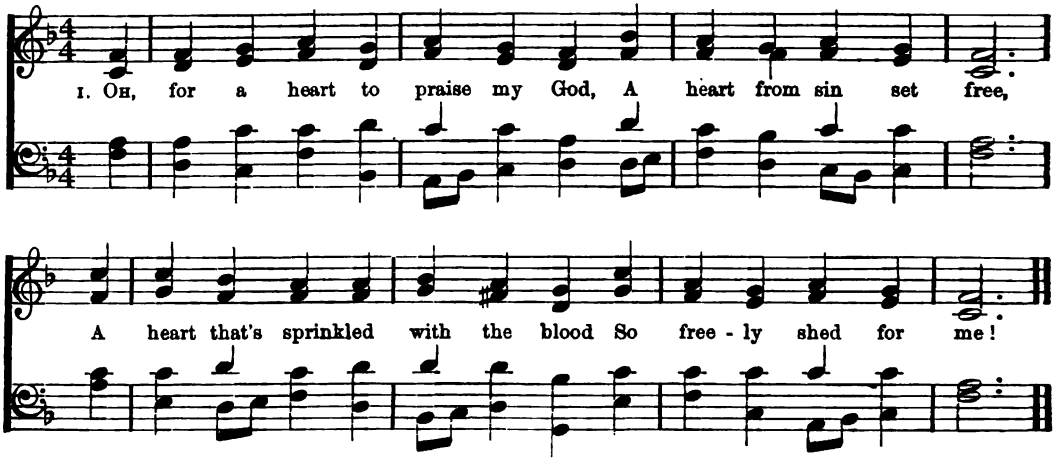
3 So shall each hour of day or night
Continual worship be,
And all my life, in every step,
Have fellowship with Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR. *Abr.*

473 Oh, for a heart to praise my God.

C. M. "Ye have purified your souls in your obedience to the truth." Tudor.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. JOHN MARBECKE'S BOOK, 1550. *Har.* HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1846.



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed
And filled with love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart!
Come quickly from above,
Write Thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of love.

474

1 MY God! accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the Cross of Him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified;
Let Christ be all in all.

3 May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,
That I, from first to last, may be
The purchase of Thy love.

4 Let every thought and work and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord!
And death the gate of Heaven.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848.

475 Consecration.

1 ALL that I was, my sin and guilt,
My death was all my own:
All that I am, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice,
Is Thine, and only Thine.

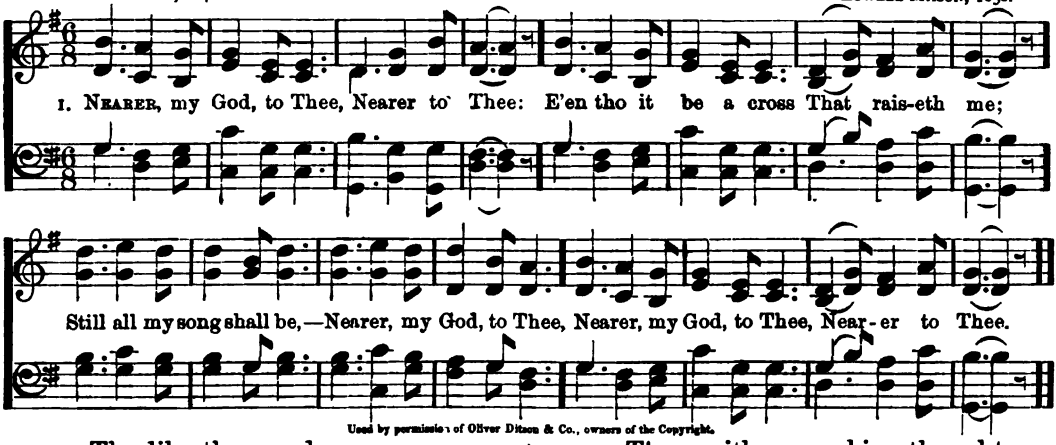
3 All that I am, e'en here on Earth;
All That I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1850. *Abr.*

476 Nearer, my God, to Thee.

6s & 4s. *"Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Almighty, and shalt lift up thy face unto God."* **Bethany.**

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840. LOWELL MASON, 1856.



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2 Tho like the wanderer,
The Sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

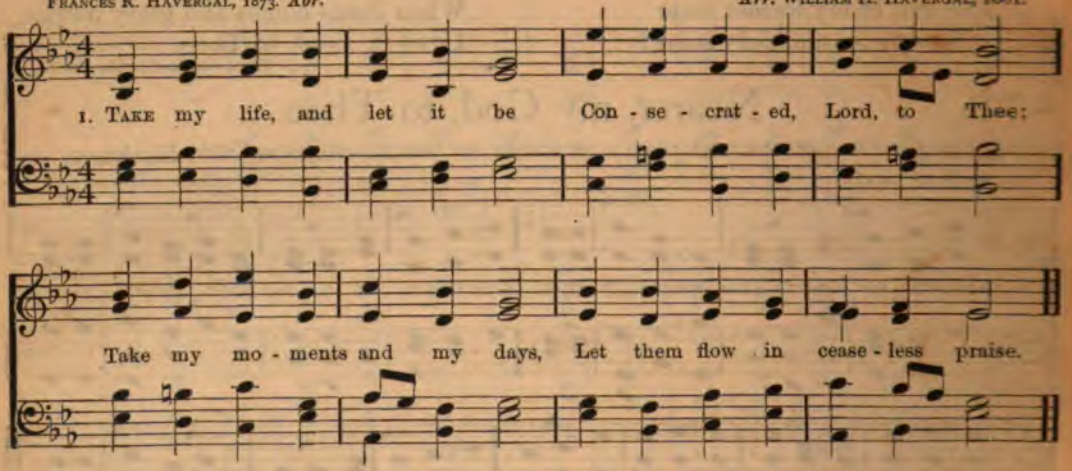
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Beth-El I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Clearing the sky,
Sun, Moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

477 Take my life, and let it be.

7.7.7.7. *"We may have a strong encouragement."* **Culbach.**

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1873. *Abr.* German, 1750. *Arr.* WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL, 1861.



2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

3 Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

5 Take my heart, it *is* Thine own!
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all!—for Thee.

478

Tune—SEASONS.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the Cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait.
And glittering robes for conquerors

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

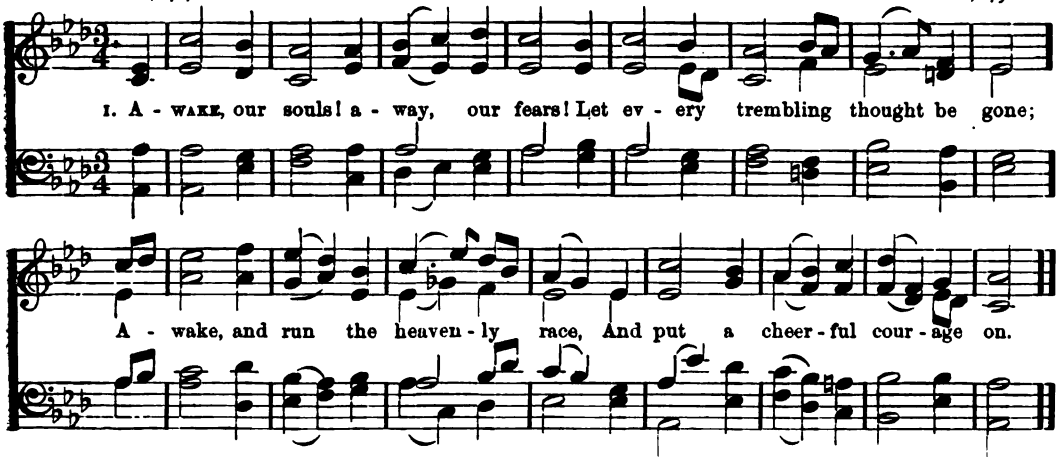
ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Abr.*

Aspiration.

479 Awake, our souls! away, our fears!

L. M. *"He that voucheth for me is on high."* **Seasons.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. IGNACE PLEYEL, 1790.



2 True,—'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint:
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 Thee, mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever one,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While they that trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

480

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light!
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee.
Oh! burst these bonds, and set me free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross.
Nail my affections to the Cross.
Hallow each thought. Let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord! art clean.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus! Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

4 Saviour! where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
Oh! let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

Ger. GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1738. *Abr.*

Aspiration.

481 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.

7s & 6s, P. *"Fully assured in all the will of God."* **Amsterdam.**

ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1742. JAMES NARES, 1750.

1. { RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Toward Heav'n, thy na - tive place. }

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this Earth re - move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course.
Fire, ascending, seeks the Sun.
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Fly me, riches, fly me, cares,
While I that coast explore;
Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares
Solicit me no more!
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And Earth exchanged for Heaven.

482

1 CHRIST, my hidden Life, appear,
Soul of my inmost soul!
Light of Life, the mourner cheer,
And make the sinner whole.
Thou, in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the power is Thine!
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love;
And all Thou art is mine!

2 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice!
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place!
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of Thy grace!

3 Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within:
Take me, whom Thyself hast bought!
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought,
That would not stoop to Thee!

4 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry I withdraw;
For the small and inward Voice
I wait with humble awe:
Silent am I now and still;
Dare not in Thy presence move:
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. *Abr.*

483

1 FAIN would I my Lord pursue,
Be all my Saviour taught,
Do as Jesus bade me do,
And think as Jesus thought:
But 'tis Thou must change my heart;
The good gift must come from Thee;
Meek Redeemer! now impart
Thine own humility!

2 Let Thy Cross my will control;
Conform me to my Guide!
And in the manger lay my soul,
And crucify my pride!
Give me, Lord, Thy gentle heart;
Lowly Mind! my portion be!
Meek Redeemer! now impart
Thine own humility!

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1759. *Abr.*

484

1 LORD, and is Thine anger gone,
And art Thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost Thou no longer chide?
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I've any hope of Heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I am much forgiven!

2 To the Cross, Thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Never let me freedom find
From Thee, my Lord, to move:
That I never, never more
From my much-loved Master part,
To the posts of mercy's door,
Oh, nail my willing heart!

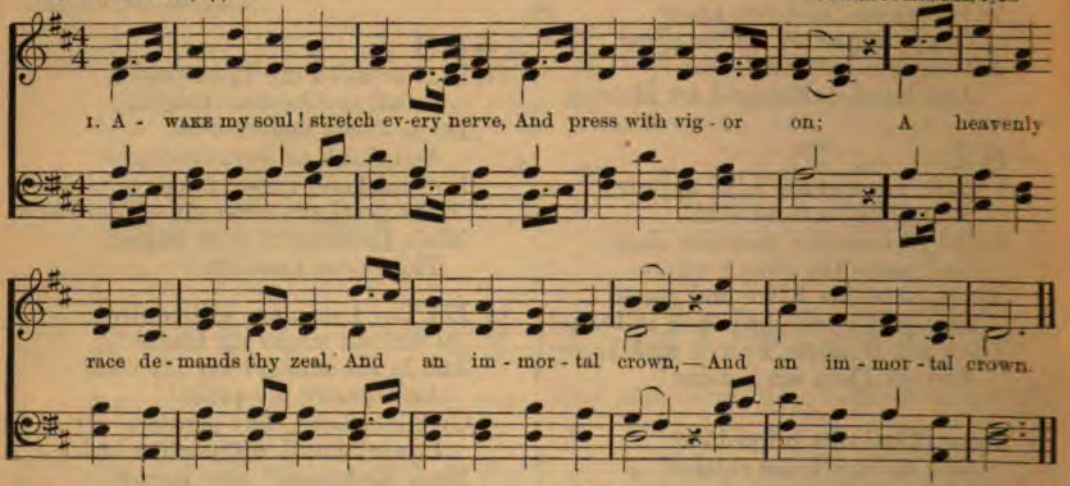
CHARLES WESLEY, 1745. *Abr.*

Aspiration.

485 Awake my soul! stretch every nerve.

C. M. *"I will clothe thee with rich apparel."* **Christmas.**

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740. GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1728.



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high.
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye,—

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun,
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

486

1 UNHEARD the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed;
And silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.

2 Night moves in silence round the pole,
The stars sing on unheard.
Their music pierces to the soul,
Yet borrows not a word.

4 Noiseless the morning flings its gold,
And still the evening's place,
And silently the Earth is rolled
Amid the vast of space.

4 Lord, grant my soul to hear at length
Thy deep and silent voice,—
To work in stillness, wait in strength,
And in Thy calm rejoice.

GEORGE W. BRIGGS, 1845.

Aspiration.

487 *"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."*

1 Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed thro bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

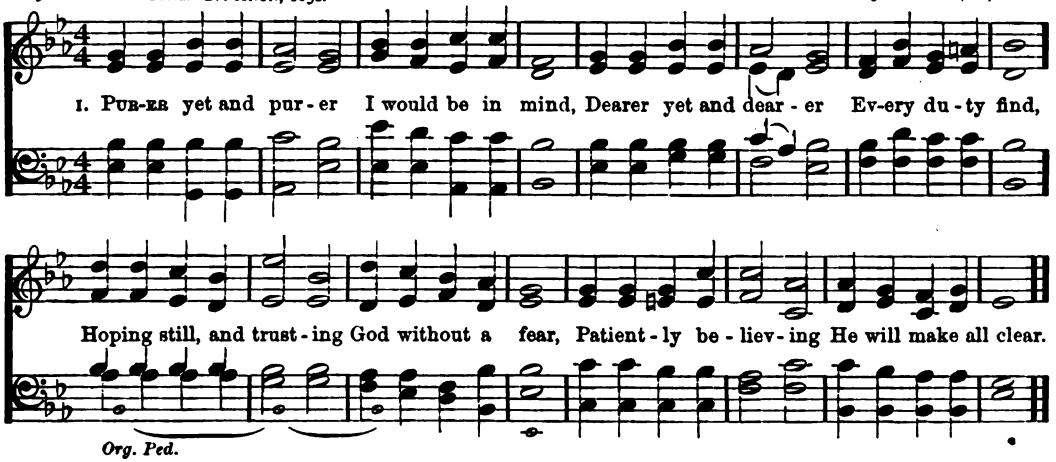
4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

Isaac Watts, 1723. *Abr.*

488 Purer yet and purer.

6s & 5s, D. *"The old things are past away."* **Papworth.**

J. W. Von Goethe. *Tr.* Anon, 1858. Edward J. Hopkins, 1870.



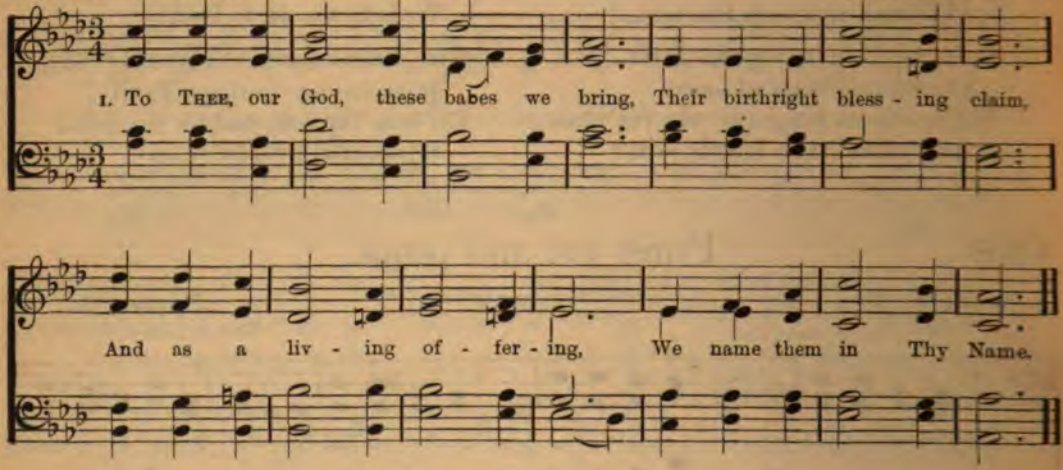
2 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain,
Suff'ring still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light,—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

489 To Thee, our God, these babes we bring.

C. M. *"Else were your children unclean: but now are they holy."* St. Agnes.

M. Woolsey Stryker, 1886. John B. Dykes, 1858.



2 Of Christian faith and wedlock born,
Now are they holy, Lord;
The promise to our children sworn
Rests on Thy covenant word.

3 These bright baptismal drops we pour
About their tender brows;
Cleanse Thou their spirits more and more,
And seal our joyful vows.

4 By Thy regenerating choice
Draw all their hearts to Thee,
To recognize the Saviour's voice,
And God's dear children be.

5 Faithful Creator, Holy Child,
And Gracious Paraclete,
Fold safe Thy lambs amid this wild,
And homeward guide their feet.

490

1 How large the promise, how divine,
That ancient word secures!
I'll be a God to thee and thine,
While age to age endures.

2 Abra'm believed, and kept the vow,
Saw Christ's glad day revealed;
So waters pledge the blessings now,
That once with blood were sealed.

3 The token changed, Thy constant grace
Abideth still the same;
O Angel of the Covenant! trace
Our children's children's name!

4 Thus, in that word established fast,
Let household mercies come,
And faith's whole family meet at last,
In one eternal home.

Isaac Watts, 1709. *Alt.*

491

"As long as he liveth he is granted to the Lord."

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their heavenly claim;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful songs,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine.
Thine let our offspring be!

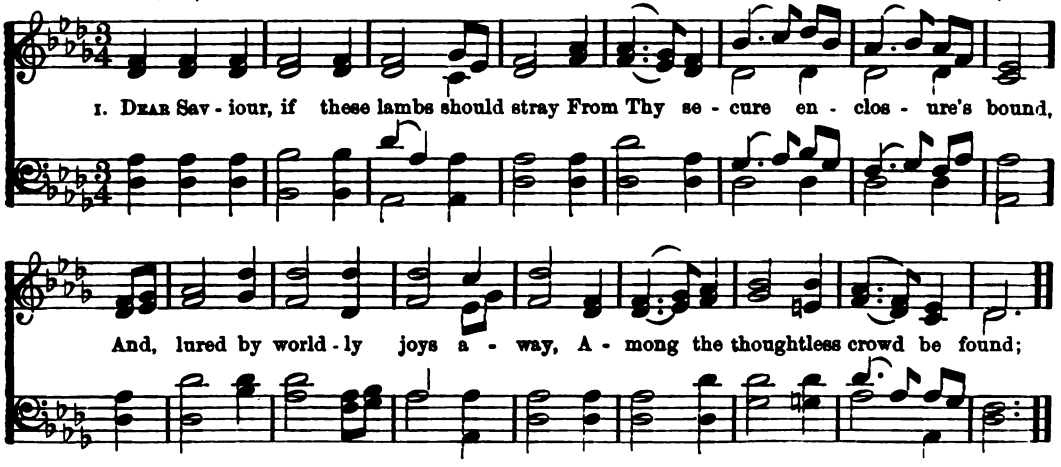
4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;—
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755. *Abr.*

492 Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray.

L. M. *"I will for their sakes remember the covenant of their ancestors."* **Redemption.**

ABBY B. HYDE, 1824. LUIGI CHERUBINI, *d.* 1842.



2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

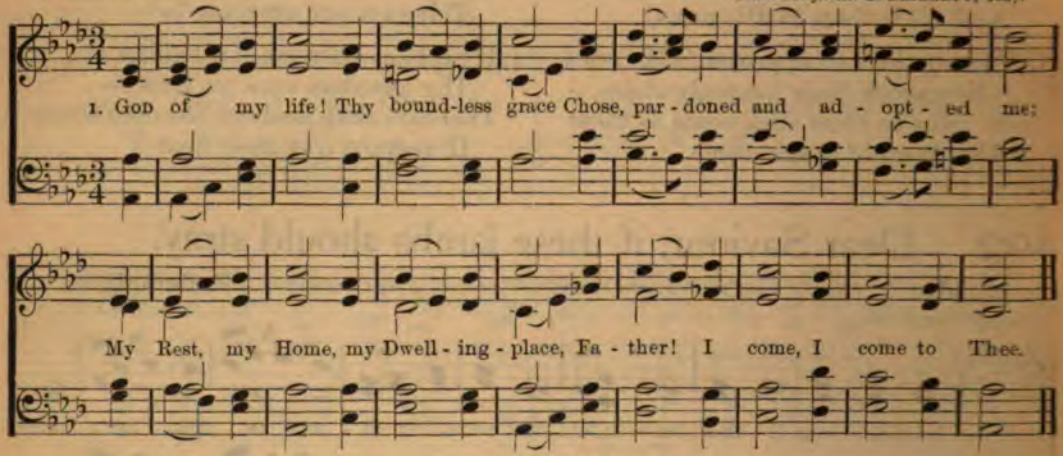
3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh! let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which consecrated them to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,
The wand'rers to Thy fold restore.

493 God of my life! Thy boundless grace.

L. M. *"This is My covenant which ye shall keep, between Me and you, and thy seed after thee."* **Louvan.**

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1841. VIRGIL C. TAYLOR, 1847. *Har.* BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1887.



2 Jesus, my Hope, my Rock, my Shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into Thy hands my soul I yield.
Saviour! I come, I come to Thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God!
Long hast Thou deigned my guide to be;
Now be Thy comfort sweet bestowed,
O God Triune! I come to Thee.

494

1 WITH trusting heart and spoken vow,
I claim my Saviour and my Lord.
His name is on my forehead now,
His shield He gives me, and His sword.

2 All ye that live by Him who died,
And wage His war with death and sin,
Receive a comrade to your side,
Your fight to share, your crown to win!

HERVEY D. GANSE, 1887.

495

1 MY Maker! at Thy holy throne,
In full surrender here I bow;
What Thou hast made is all Thine own;
Accept Thy glad new creature now.

2 Thou Master, Christ, alone ordained
My Mediator, Thy decree [stained;
Of grace hath cleansed this heart all-
Henceforth may I Thy namesake be!

3 These waters, like Thy flowing love,
O Holy Ghost, apply to me!
Grant, undivided, from above,
Truth, mercy, power, O Trinity!

4 So let the childhood of my soul
The heavenly kingdom now declare,
Thought, love and choice His will control,
Who called me thus His name to wear.

M. W. STRYKER, 1888.

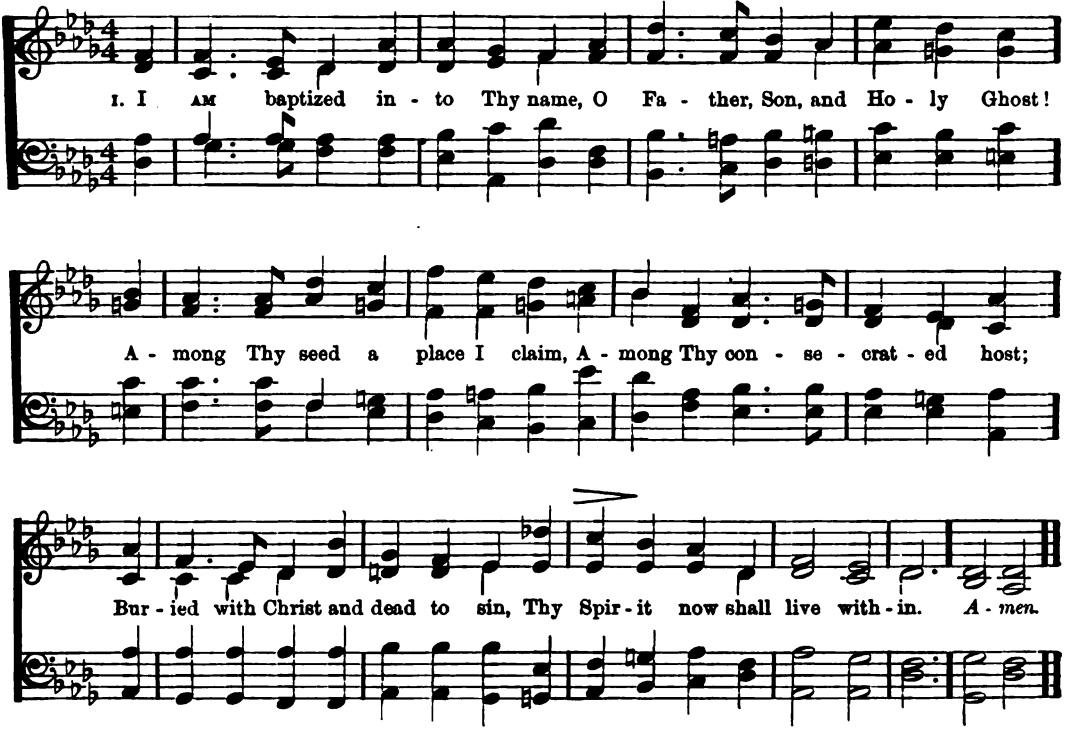
496 I am baptized into Thy name.

"The Lord had a delight in thy fathers to love them, and He chose their seed after them."

8.8.8.8.8.8. **Bethabara.**

Ger. Johann Jacob Rambach, 1720.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1858. *Abr.*

John Stainer, 1874. *Alt.*



2 My loving Father, here dost Thou
Proclaim me as Thy child and heir;
Thou, faithful Saviour, bidd'st me now
The fruit of all Thy sorrows share;
Thou, Holy Ghost, wilt comfort me
When darkest clouds around I see.

3 I bring Thee here, my God, anew,
Of all I am or have the whole;
Quicken my life, and make me true.
Take full possession of my soul,
Let naught within me, naught I own,
Serve any will but Thine alone.

4 And never let me waver more,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Till at Thy will this life is o'er,
Still keep me in Thy faithful host,
So unto Thee I live and die,
And praise Thee evermore on high. *Amen.*

497 Many centuries have fled.

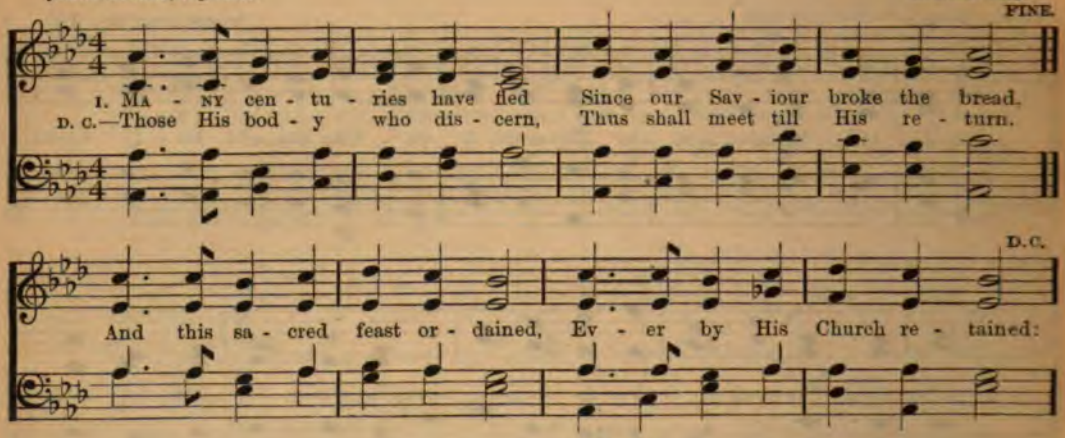
7·7·7·7·7·7·

JOSIAH CONDER, 1836. *Abr.*

"My glory and the lifter up of my head."

Spanish Hymn.

B. CASE, 1833.



2 Thro the Church's long eclipse,
When from priest or pastor's lips
Truth divine was never heard,—
'Mid the famine of the word,
Still these symbols witness gave
To His love who died to save.

3 All who bear the Saviour's name,
Here their common faith proclaim;
Tho diverse in tongue or rite,
Here, One Body we unite;
Breaking thus one mystic bread,
Members of one common Head.

4 Come, the blessed emblems share,
Which the Saviour's death declare.
Come, on truth immortal feed;
For His flesh is meat indeed.
Saviour! witness with the sign,
That our ransomed souls are Thine.

498

1 "*Till He come:*" Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how Heaven and home
Lie beyond that—'*Till He come.*'

2 Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the Cross,
All that tells the world its loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper,—'*Till He come.*'

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from Earth, from glory some,
Severed only—'*Till He come.*'

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1861. Alt.

499 He is gone! and we remain.

7.7.7.7. "*It is expedient for you that I go away.*" **Nuremberg.**

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, 1862. JOHANN RUDOLPH AHLE, 1664.

(Use repeat with first hymn only.)

1. { He is gone! and we re - main In this world of sin and pain,
In the void which He has left, On this Earth of Him be - reft: }

We have still His work to do, We can still His path pur - sue.

2 He is gone! we heard Him say,
"Good that I should go away;"
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
Tho Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be.

3 He is gone! unto their goal
World and Church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward all our glances cast;
Still His words before us range
Thro the ages, as they change.

4 He is gone! but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the Heaven of heavens the same
As on Earth He went and came.
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we shall yet be one!

500

1 AT the Lamb's high feast we sing,
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide,
Flowing from His wounded side.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Thro the wave that drowns the foe.

3 Praise we Christ whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love,
Eat we manna from above.

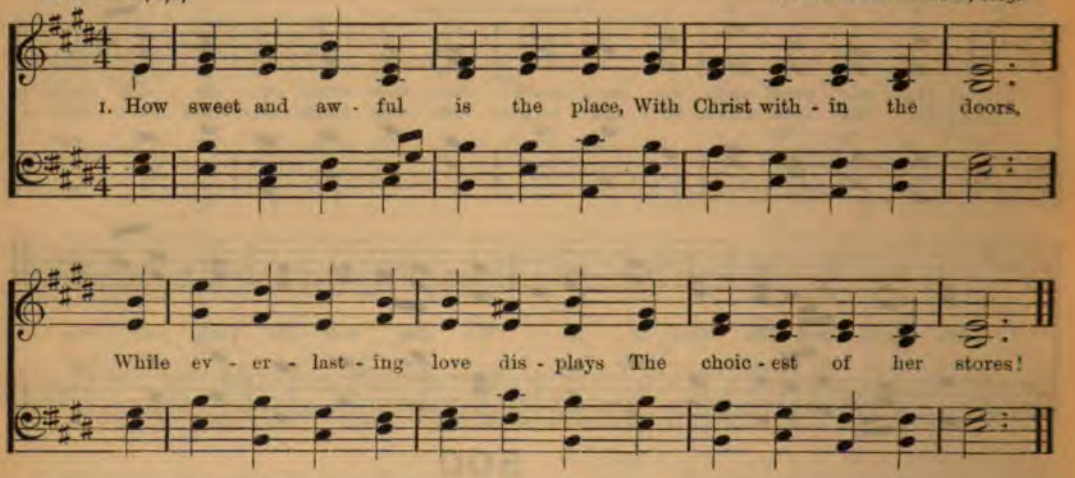
4 Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light.

Latin. Sixth Century.
Tr. ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1850. *Abr.*

501 How sweet and awful is the place.

C. M. *"To Thy Name and to Thy memorial is the desire of our soul."* Dundee.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. ANDRO HART'S PSALTER, 1615.



2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast;
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,—
"Lord! why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
Compelled us sweetly in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the Earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

502

1 SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone:
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread:
But do not then depart!
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 Lord, sup with us in love divine!
Thy body and Thy blood,—
That living bread, that heavenly wine,—
Be our immortal food!

Stanzas 1, 2, 3, Moravian. ANON.
4, 5, JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1832.

503

1 SING we the song of those who stand
About the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Time's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On Earth the pilgrims' throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church Triumphant's song.

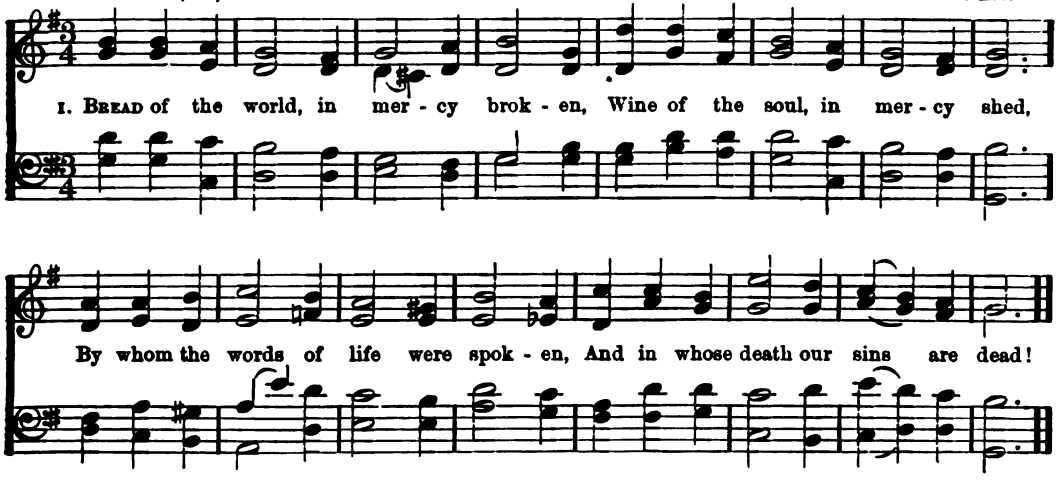
4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"—
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honor to obtain
And everlasting love!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1846. *Abr.*

504 Bread of the world, in mercy broken.

9.8.9.8. *"Is it not a communion of the blood of Christ?"* **Grace Church.**

REGINALD HEBER, 1827. IGNACE PLEYEL. *Arr.*

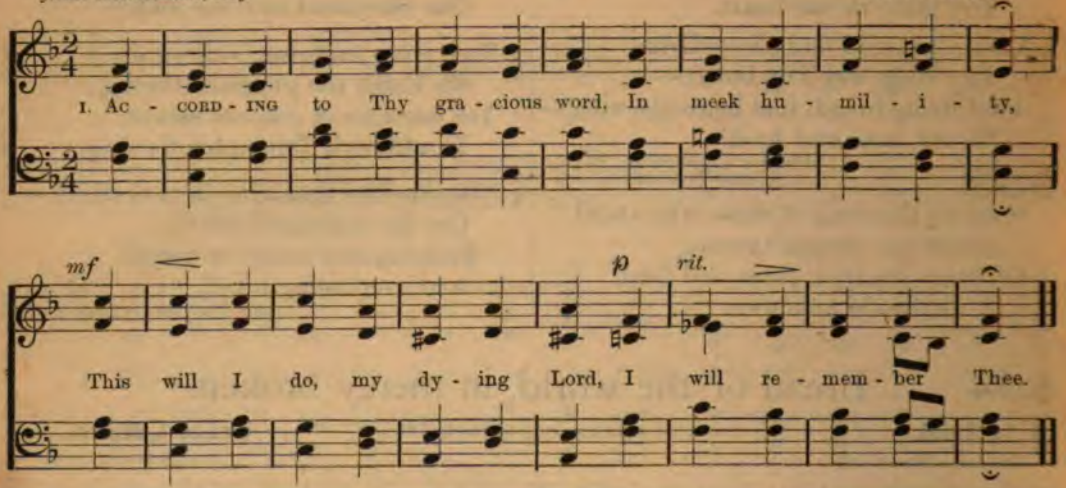


2 Look on the hearts by sorrow broken
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

505 According to Thy gracious word.

C. M. — *"Thy comforts delight my soul."* — St. John.

James Montgomery, 1825. — James Turle, 1862.


1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from Heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:—

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me!—
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!

506

1 Together with these symbols, Lord,
Thy Blesséd Self impart;
And let Thy holy flesh and blood
Feed each believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be washed
In Thine atoning blood;
And let Thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love,
Prepare us for this feast;
Oh! let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon His breast.

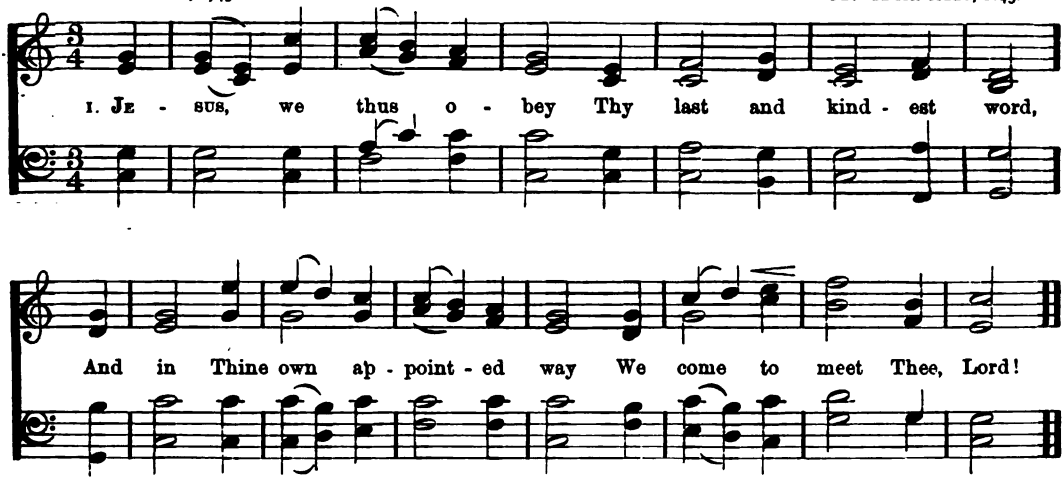
John Cennick, 1741.

507 Jesus, we thus obey.

S. M. — CHARLES WESLEY, 1745.

"We, who are many, are one bread, one body."

Ferguson. — GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1843.



2 Thus we remember Thee,
And take this bread and wine
As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.

3 Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be exprest,
The joy unspeakable!

4 With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And Thou hast brought us here.

5 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

508

1 A PARTING hymn we sing,
Around Thy table, Lord,
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here,
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

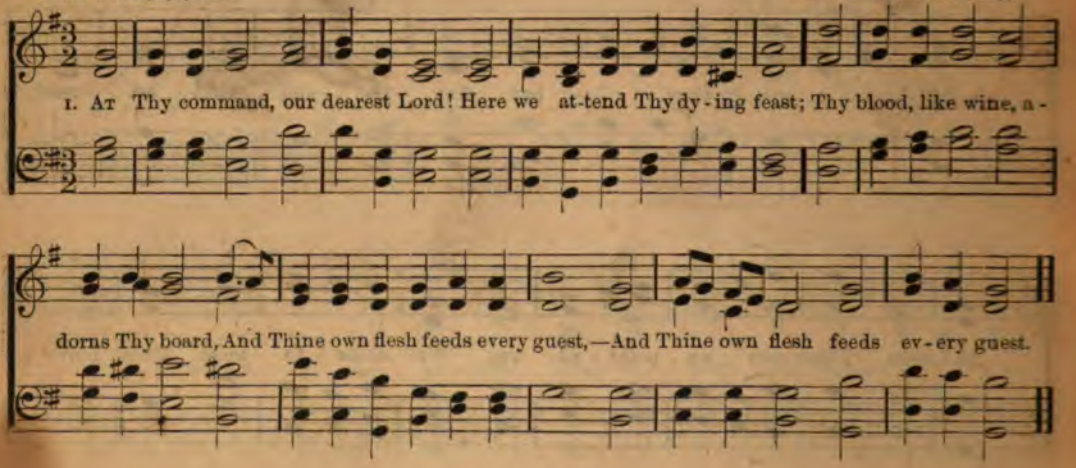
4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

AARON R. WOLFE, 1858.

509 At Thy command, our dearest Lord!

L. M. — "*The friendship of the world is enmity with God.*" — Rolland.

Isaac Watts, 1707. *Abr.* — William B. Bradbury, 1844.



2 Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on Thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in His Cross,

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left His tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see His day;
Come, Lord! nor let Thy promise fail,
Nor let Thy chariots long delay.

510

1 Now to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honors paid below.
And strains of noble praise above.

2 Jesus, Thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.

3 Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord! to Thee;—
Like the dear hour, when, from above,
We first received Thy pledge of love.

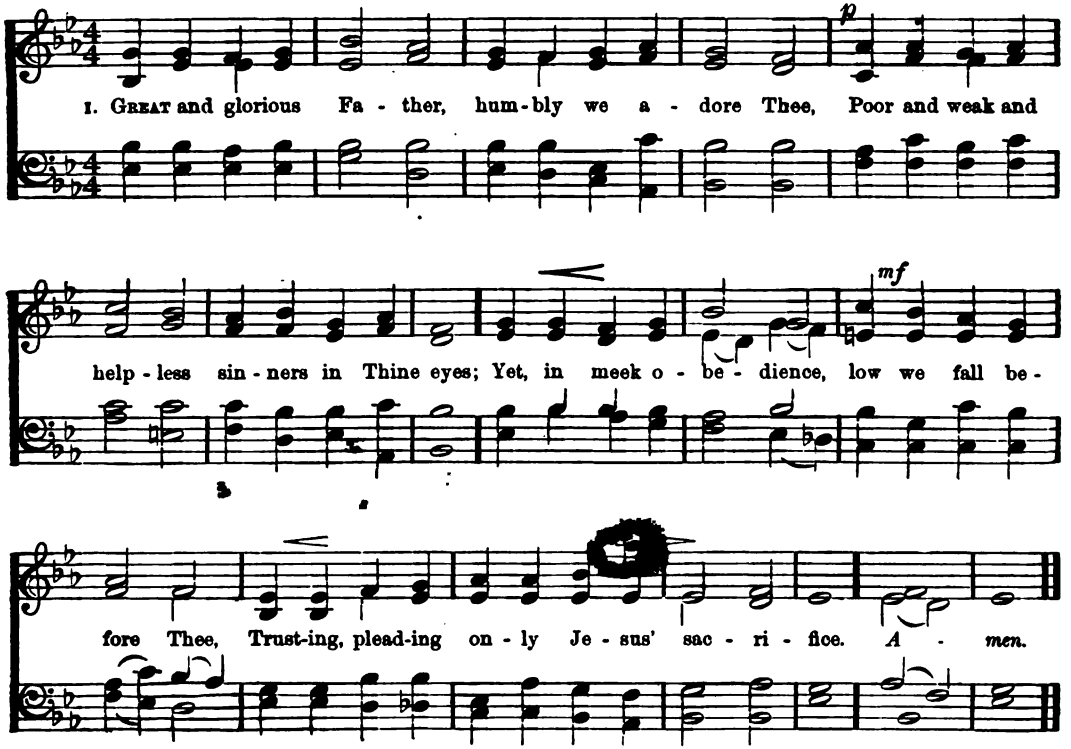
4 Each following moment as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are raised to sing Thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1707. *Abr.*

511 Great and glorious Father.

12.11.12.11. *"A propitiation, thro faith, by His blood, to shew His righteousness."* **Oswestry.**

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1874. *Abr. Alt.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1869.



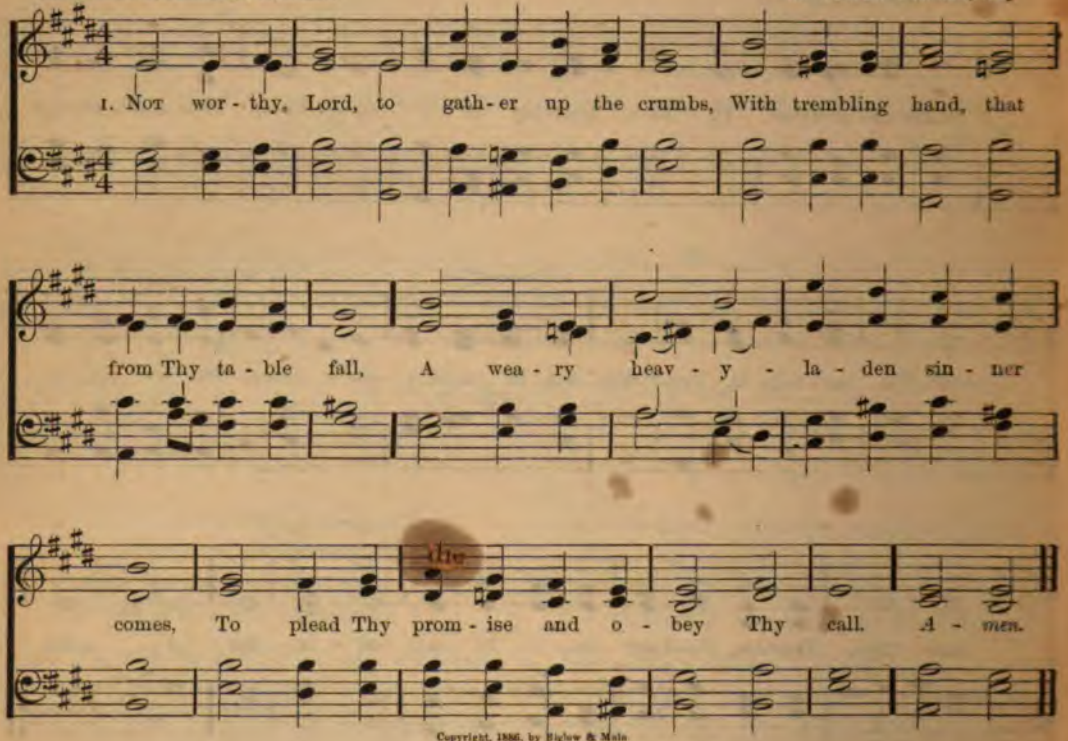
2 Bowed beneath Thy footstool, yet with boldness pleading,
Christ the only plea on which our hope relies,
Unto Thee, O Father, all Thy mercy needing,
Make we this memorial of His sacrifice.

3 In these sacred pledges we repeat the story,—
'Tis His broken body pictured to our eyes,—
Showing forth the passion, till He comes in glory,
Of the Lamb who died, who reigns above the skies. *Amen.*

512 Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs.

10.10.10.10. *"This Man receiveth sinners and eateth with them."* **Meridian.**

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1870. *Abr.* M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1885.



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2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board.
Too long a wand'rer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 I hear Thy voice; Thou bid'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy pierced feet!
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest,
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.

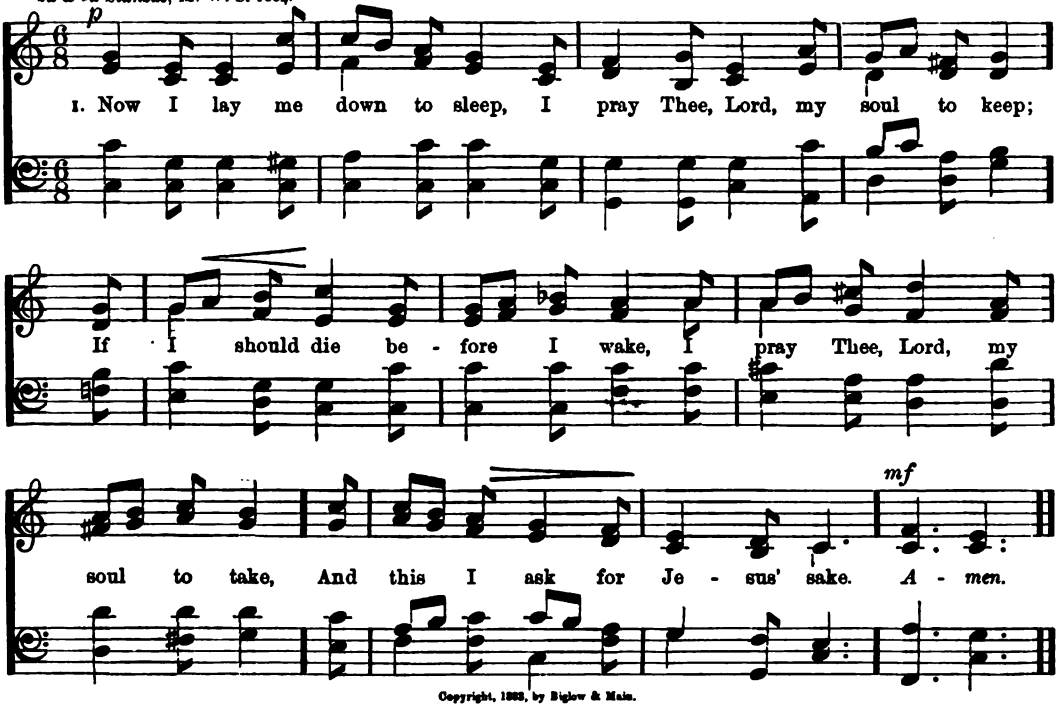
4 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee,
Dwell Thou forever in my heart, and there,
Lord! let me sup with Thee,—sup Thou with me. *Amen.*

513 Now I lay me down to sleep.

7s & 8s. *"I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in."* **Lambherd.**

First Stanza, Anon.
2d & 3d Stanzas, M. W. S. 1884.

Hubert P. Main, 1883.



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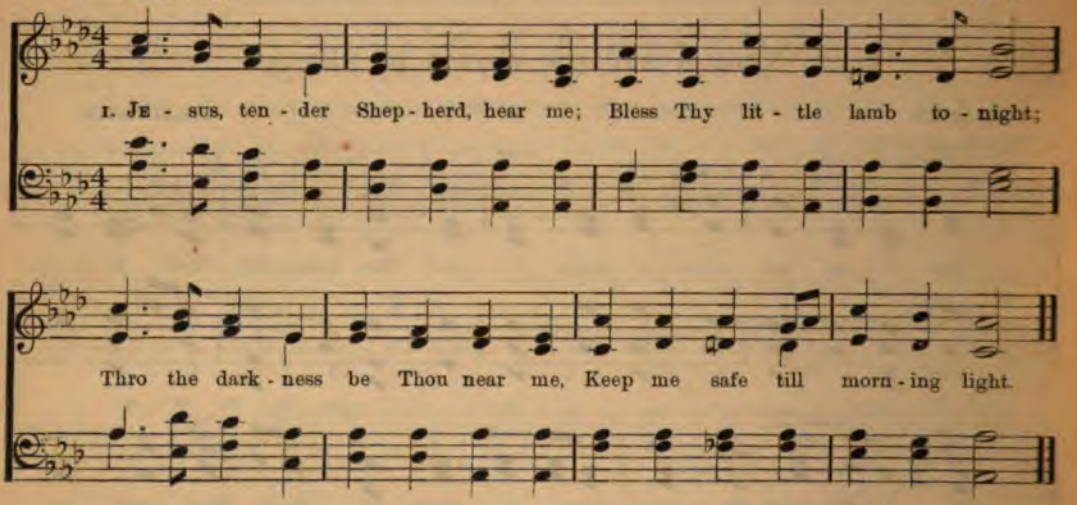
2 Now the light begins to break,
To Thee, O God, my prayer I make.
Keep me this day from every ill,
Help me to know and do Thy will,
With Jesus' love my spirit fill. *Amen.*

3 By and by, when, one by one,
These days and nights of Earth are done,
With those I love, redeemed from guile,
May I awake beneath His smile,
Whom I have prayed to all the while.
Amen.

514 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.

8.7.8.7. *"Come ye and let us walk in the light of the Lord."* **Northminster.**

MARY L. DUNCAN, 1839. ANON.



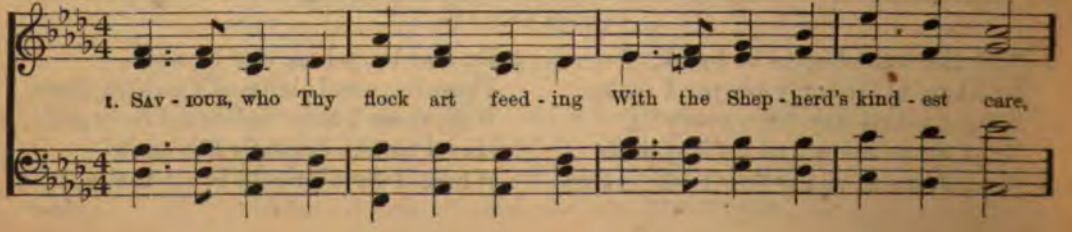
2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed [me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

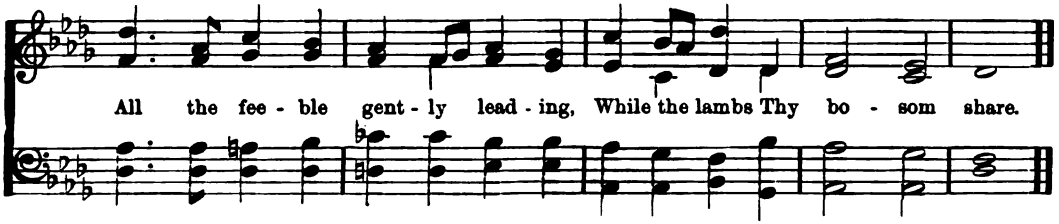
3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

515 Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding.

8.7.8.7. *"He shall gather the lambs in His arm."* **New Jersey.**

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBURG, 1826. WALTER B. GILBERT, 1870.





2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secured from harm.

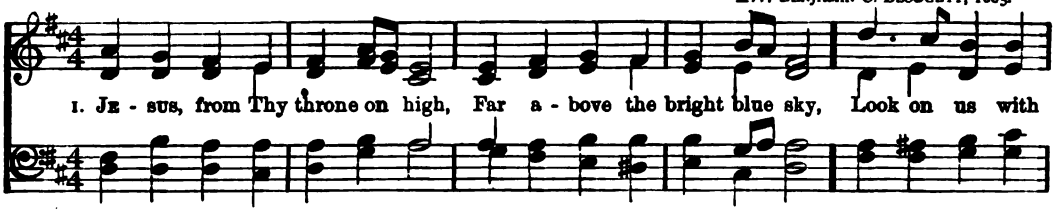
3 Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the Lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

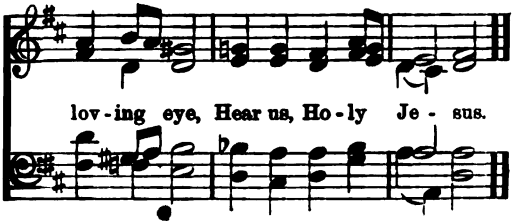
4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

516 Jesus, from Thy throne on high.

7.7.7.6. *"While he was yet young he began to seek after the God of his father."* **Nazareth.**

THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK, 1874. *Abr.* KARL REINECKE. *Arr.* BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1885.





2 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine.
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell;
Little hymns Thy praises swell.
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

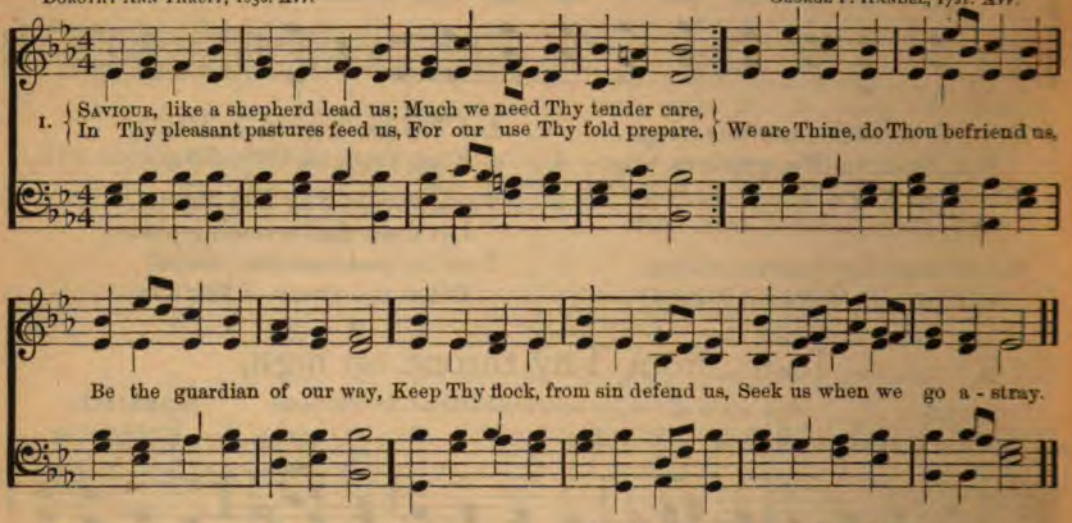
4 Once Thyself a child, so fair,
Knowing want and toil and care,
All that we may have to bear,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Shunning all that causes shame,
Hear us, Holy Jesus!

517 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.

8s & 7s, D. *"That we may be fellow workers with the truth."* **Harmony.**

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP, 1838. *Arr.* GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1721. *Arr.*



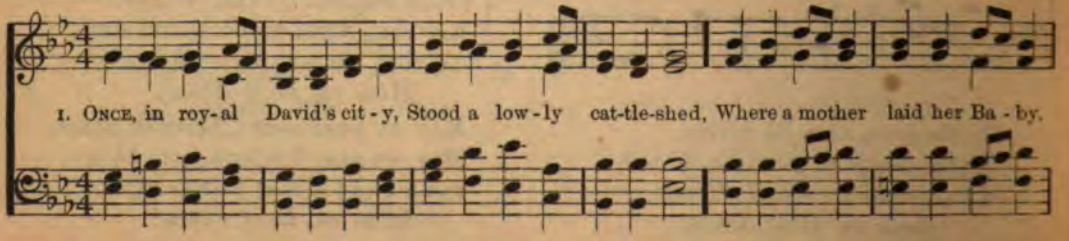
2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful tho we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;

Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early help us do Thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour!
With Thy grace our bosoms fill.

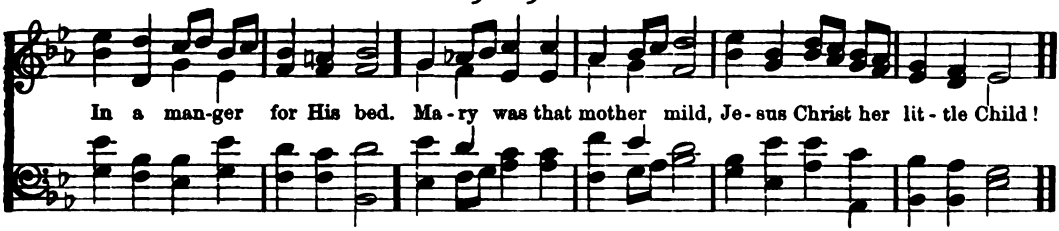
518 Once, in royal David's city.

8.7.8.7.7.7. *"Like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest."* **Annus Domini.**

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1848. *Abr.* CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD, 1872.



Childhood.



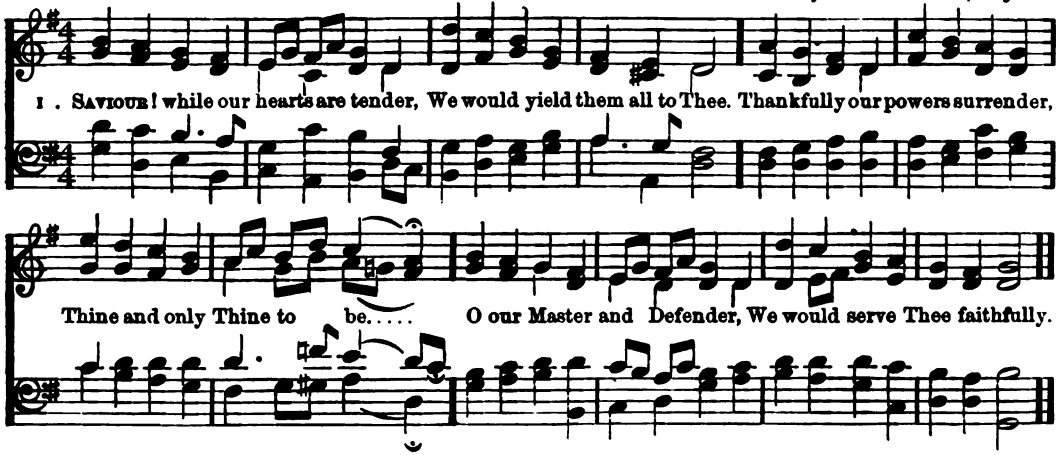
2 And thro all His wondrous childhood
He would honor and obey,
Love and watch the lowly mother,
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

3 Oh, our eyes at last shall see Him!
Thro His own redeeming love;
For that child, so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in Heaven above,
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

519 Saviour! while our hearts are tender.

8.7.8.7.8.7. "*A child, girded with a linen ephod.*" **Smith College.**

JOHN BURTON, 1806 (?). *Alt.* 1885. ROBERT SCHUMANN, 1829. *Arr.* BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1885.



2 Send us, Lord, where Thou wilt send us,
Only do Thou guide our way.
By Thy grace thro life attend us,
Gladly then shall we obey.
With Thy constant love befriend us
All, as children of the Day.

3 Write Thy Name upon our foreheads,
Write our names upon Thy hand.
Marching onward with hosannas,
In Thine holy pilgrim-band,
May we in that heavenly country,
With Thy ransomed armies stand.

520 Hosanna we sing, like the children dear.

10s, 9 & 11s, P. *"Can the children of the bride chamber fast?"* **Zion's King.**

GEORGE S. HODGES, 1874. JOHN B. DYKES, 1874. *Alt.*

f

1. Ho - SAN - NA we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the old - en days when the

p

Lord lived here; He blest lit - tle children and smil'd on them, While they chanted His

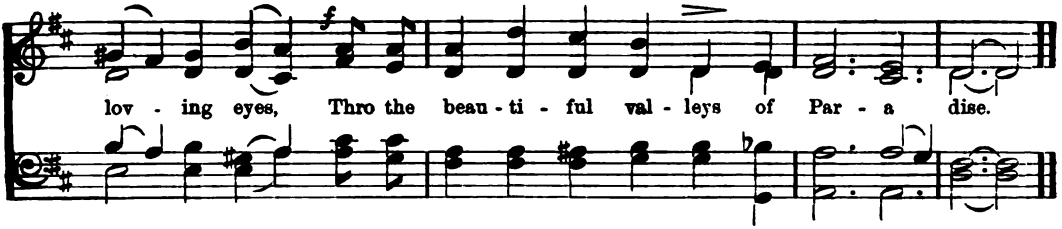
ff

praise in Je - ru - sa - lem. *Al - le - lu - ia* we sing, like the chil - dren bright

p *m*

With their harps of gold and their rai - ment white, As they fol - low their Shepherd with

Childhood.

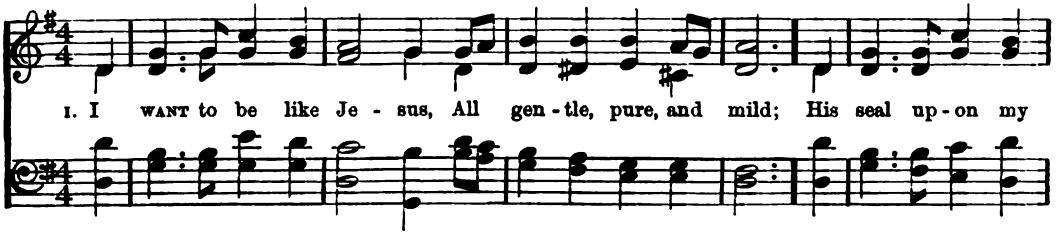


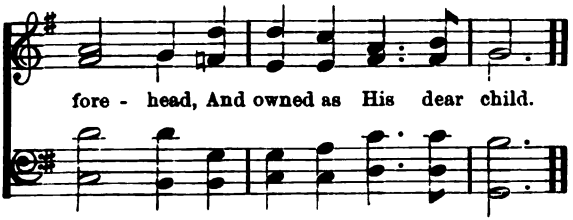
2 Hosanna! we sing, for He bends His ear,
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
We know that His heart will never wax cold
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.
Alleluia we sing in the Church we love,
Alleluia resounds in the Church above;
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given,
That we lose not our part in the song of Heaven!

521 I want to be like Jesus.

7.6.7.6. *"The incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit."* **Benhanan.**

WILLIAM MEYNELL WHITTEMORE, 1842. *Abr.* FRIEDRICH VON FLOTOW, 1847. *Arr.*





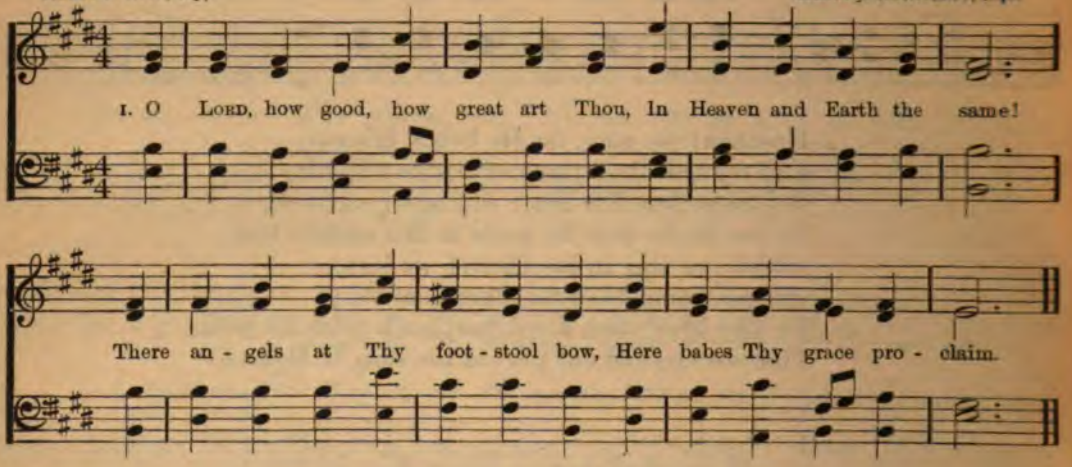
2 I want to live like Jesus,
Whose words with love were fraught;
I want to find His favor,
By Him be truly taught.

3 My heart so weak and sinful
All changed by grace divine,
And all my life to serve Him,
And ever call Him mine.

522 O Lord, how good, how great art Thou.

C. M. *"The promise is to you and to your children."* **Nottingham.**

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1846.



2 When glorious in the nightly sky
Thy moon and stars I see,
Oh, what is man! I wondering cry,
To be so loved by Thee!

3 To him Thou hourly deign'st to give
New mercies from on high;
Didst quit Thy Throne with him to live,
For him in pain to die.

4 Close to Thine own bright seraphim
His favored path is trod;
And all beside are serving him,
That he may serve his God.

5 O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,
In Heaven and Earth the same!
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

523

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,

4 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

REGINALD HEBER, 1827. Abr.

524 Childhood.

1 The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Hath waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All thro the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

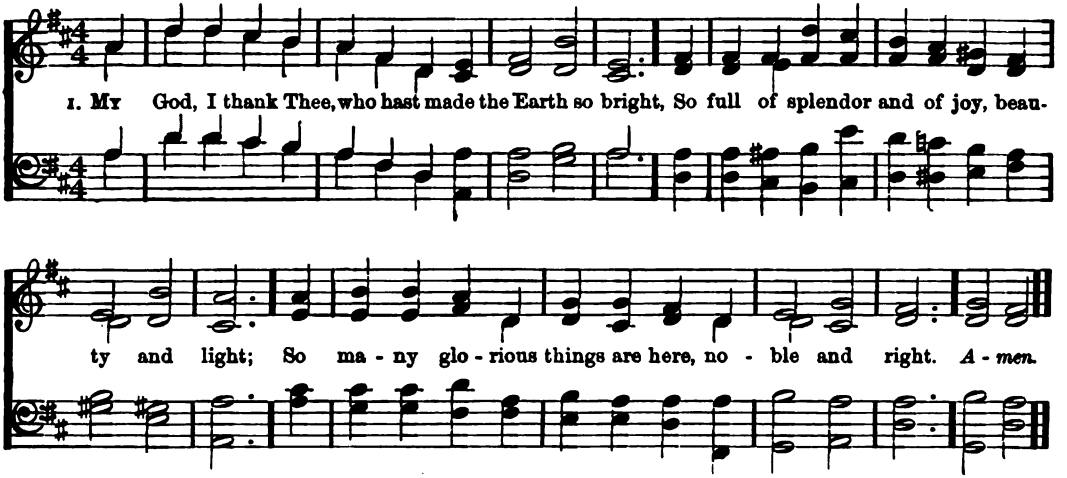
3 Oh make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

Thomas O. Summers, 1846.

525 My God, I thank Thee.

12.12.12. "*A little child shall lead them.*" **Wentworth.**

Adelaide A. Procter, 1858. F. C. Maker, 1876.



2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made joy to abound,
So many gentle thoughts and deeds circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of Earth some love is found.

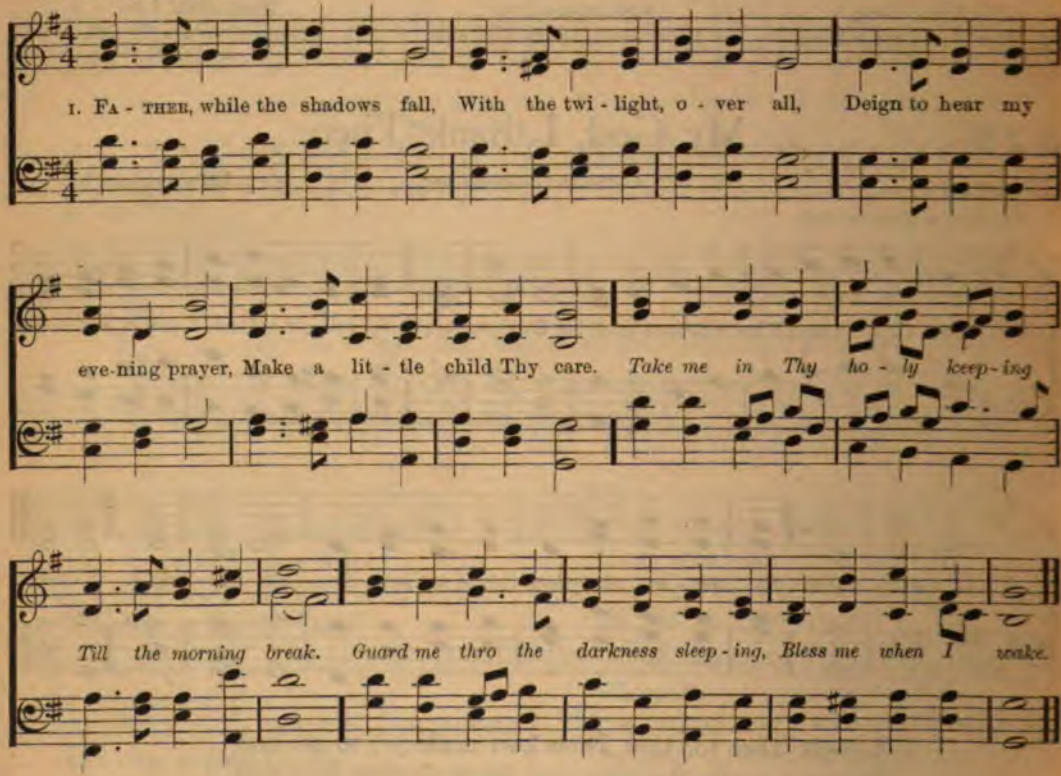
3 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept the best in store;
I have enough, yet not too much to long for more,—
A yearning for a deeper peace not known before.

4 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls, tho amply blest,
Can never find, altho they seek, a perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean on Jesus' breast. *Amen.*

526 Father, while the shadows fall.

7s, 8s & 5s. *"Thou art ever with Me, and all that is Mine is thine."* **Shadowlight.**

EMILY H. MILLER, 1868. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1881.



2 'Twas Thy hand that all the day
Scatted joys along my way,
Crowned my life with blessing sweet,
Kept from snares my careless feet.
Take me in Thy holy keeping
Till the morning break.
Guard me thro the darkness sleeping,
Bless me when I wake.

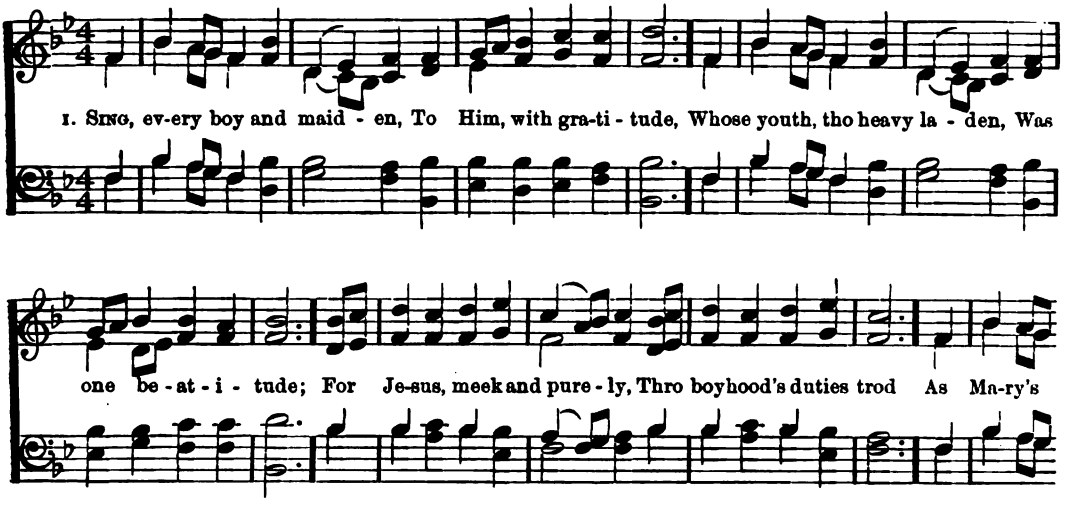
3 Like Thy patient love to me,
May my love to others be.
All the wrong my hands have done
Pardon Lord, thro Christ, Thy Son.
Take me in Thy holy keeping
Till the morning break.
Guard me thro the darkness sleeping,
Bless me when I wake.

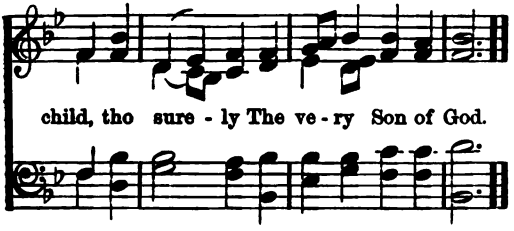
Childhood.

527 Sing, every boy and maiden.

7s & 6s, D. "*He was subject.*" Ellacombe.

M. Woolsey Stryker, 1885. St. Gall Gesangbuch, 1851.





2 The helper of His mother,
A faithful Hebrew lad,
For sister and for brother
Christ wrought with spirit glad;
And made that cottage lowly,
That work-bench by the door,
A labor-lesson holy
To love forevermore.

3 All rev'rently obeying,
He bore His daily part
Toward her who kept each saying
Safe in her wond'ring heart.
Along the ways where nature
Spake low, by hill and glen,
He grew in wisdom, stature,
And grace with God and men.

4 Oh sing, ye tired and tearful,
What this sweet story saith;
For all that's brave and cheerful
Comes out of Nazareth!
Let serving hands fly faster—
New years new burdens bring,—
Enough! if like our Master,
The Carpenter and King!

528 There's a Friend for little Children.

"Their angels do always behold the face of My Father."

8, 6, 7s & 6s. **Shelter.**

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1860. *Abr.* SAMUEL SMITH, 1872.

1. THERE's a Friend for lit - tle chil-dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, A Friend that nev - er changeth, Whose love will nev-er die. Un-like our friends by nat - ure, Who change with chang-ing years, This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre-cious name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blesséd Saviour
And to their Father cry,—
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus,
Shall wear it by-and-by.
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He shall sure bestow
On all who love their Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

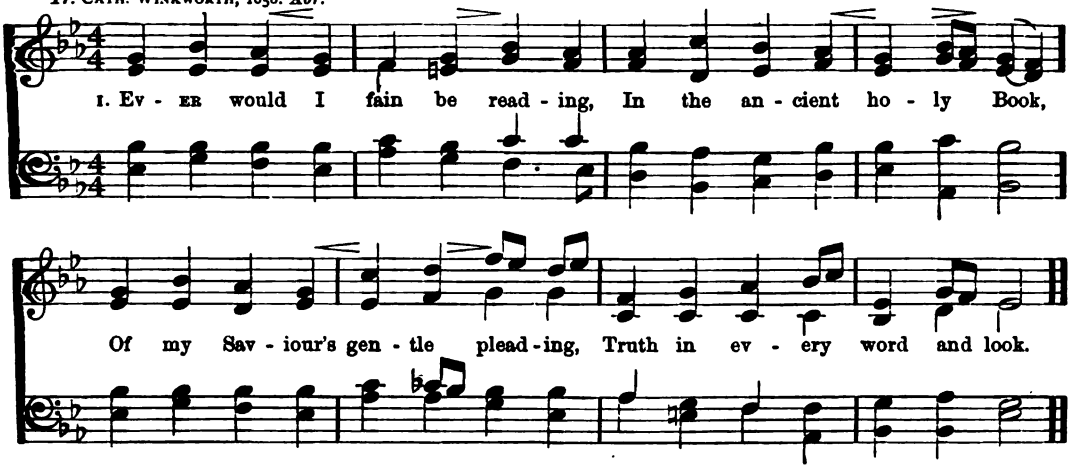
529 Ever would I fain be reading.

"Lo, these are but the outskirts of His ways, and how small a whisper do we hear of Him."

8.7.8.7. **Stockholm.**

Ger. Louise Hensel, 1829.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1858. *Abr.*

P. U. Stenhammar, *d.* 1884.



2 How, when children came, He blest them,
Suffered no man to reprove,
Took them in His arms, and prest them
To His heart, with words of love.

3 How, to all the sick and tearful,
Help was ever gladly shown;
How He sought the poor and fearful,
Called them brothers, and His own.

4 Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new;
How for us He left His glory,
How He still is kind and true.

5 Let me kneel, my Lord, before Thee,
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by Thy love, adore Thee,
Blest in Thee mid joy or woe.

530

1 Mighty God! while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal lisp Thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme.

2 Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded thro the wide creation—
Be Thy just and awful praise.

3 For the grandeur of Thy nature,—
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,—
Works with skill and kindness wrought;

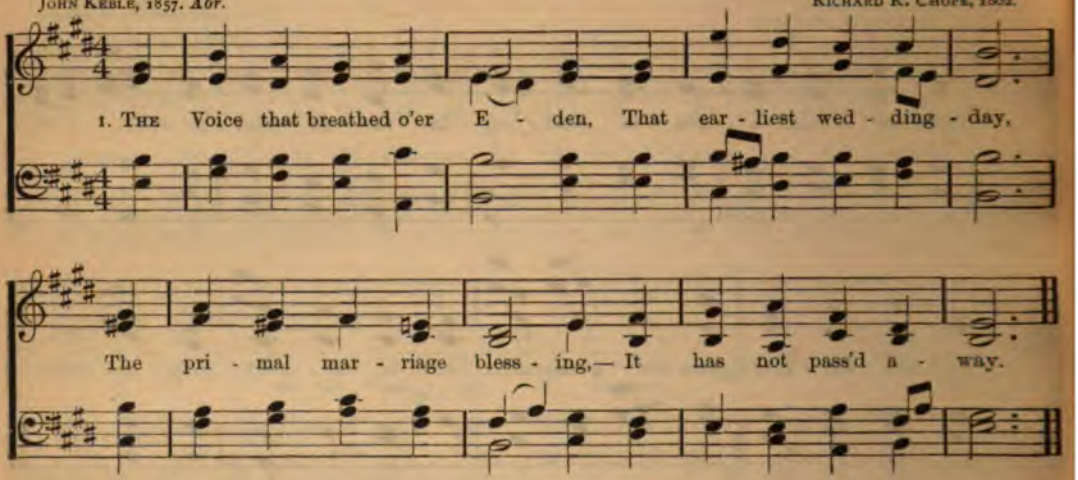
4 For Thy providence, that governs
Thro Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;—
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.

Robert Robinson, 1774. *Abr.*

531 The Voice that breathed o'er Eden.

7.6.7.6. *"As being joint heirs of the grace of life."* **St. Cecilia.**

JOHN KEBLE, 1857. *Abr.* RICHARD R. CHOPE, 1862.



2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, Heav'nly Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierc'd side.

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

5 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

532

1 O LOVE, divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light!

2 O Love, divine and tender,
That thro our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love!

3 God, bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted,
May they, thro life, go on,

4 Here, in Earth's home, preparing
For that bright Home above;
And there, for ever sharing
Its joy, where 'God is love.'

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862. *Abr.*

Death.

533 Days and moments quickly flying.

8s, 7s, 4s, 8 & 9. *"He withdraweth not His eyes from the righteous."* **St. Sylvester.**

EDWARD CASWALL, 1849. *Abr.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1860.

Lento.

Days and moments, quick-ly fly - ing, Speed us on - ward to the dead!

Soon shall we, who sing, be ly - ing Each with - in his nar - row bed!

p *m*

Life pass - eth soon, Death draw-eth near. Keep us, good Lord, 'till Thou ap - pear;

mf *f* *ff* *lentando.*

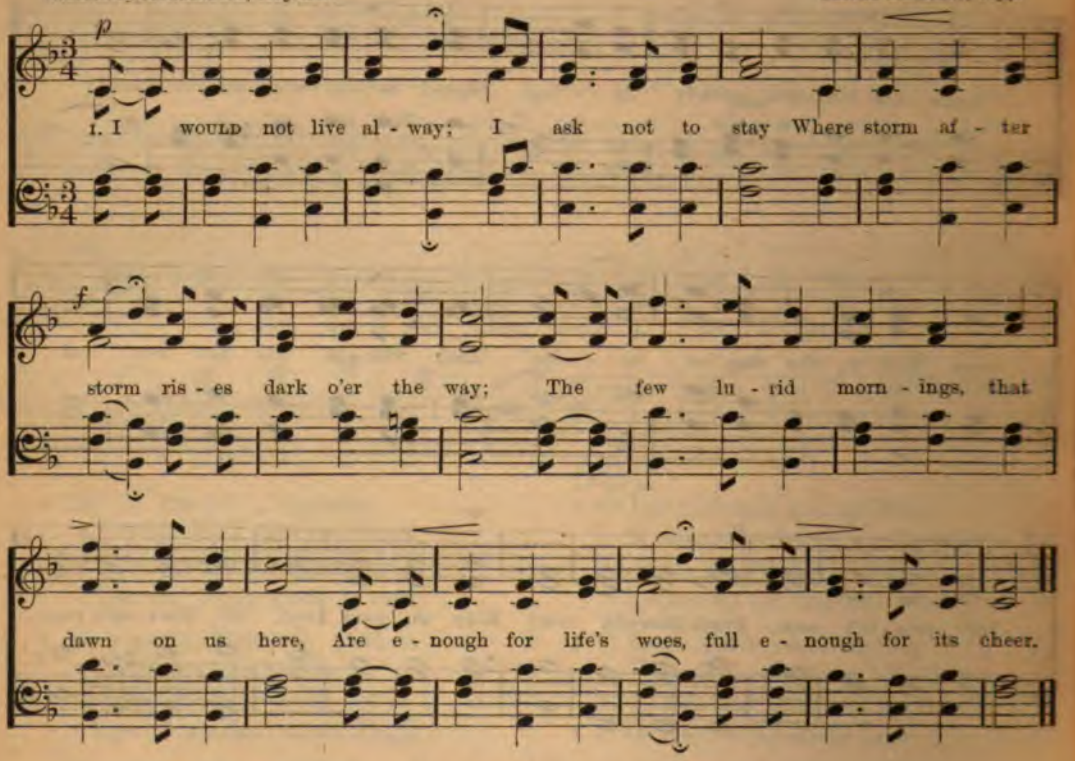
With Thee to live, with Thee to die, With thee to reign thro E - ter - - - - ni - ty!

534 I would not live alway.

"The Ark of the covenant of the Lord of all the Earth passeth over before you into Jordan."

II.II.II.II. **Frederick.**

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBURG, 1823. *Abr.* GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1834.



2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

535 When my tongue can sing no more.

"The Lord will deliver me from every evil work, and will save me unto His heavenly kingdom."

7s, D. **Blumenthal.**

ELIAS ELKILDSEN NAUR, 1728.
Tr. GILBERT TAIT.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL, 1849.
Har. by HUBERT P. MAIN, 1888.

1. WHEN my tongue can sing no more, When my lips have ceased to pray, Si - lent, may I still a - dore,—Ea - ger, Sav - iour, seek Thy way! Hear, O Christ, my lat - est sigh; O - pen wide the gates on high, For my soul, which an-gels bear Home to glo - ry, deathless, rare;—

Arr. Copyright, 1888, by Hubert P. Main.

2 Home, to Heaven's kingdom sweet;
Home, to join the chosen band,
Seraph, seraphim to meet;
Home, to courts where reigneth grand
Mercy's Monarch; home, to dwell
With the God who loves me well;
Home, to all my fathers dear;
Home, my Christ to serve and fear.

536

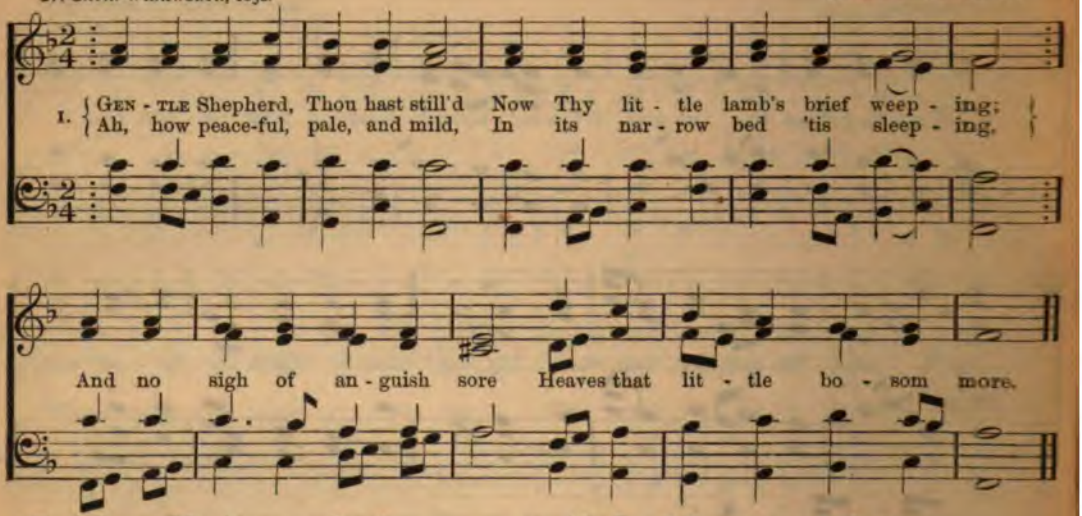
1 SAFELY, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this young fresh life,
Which awaits us now above,
Resting in the Saviour's love.

HENRIETTA O. DOBREE, 1881. *Abr.*

537 Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled.

7.8.7.8.7.7. *"To give unto them a garland, for ashes."* **Meinhold.**

Ger. Johann W. Meinhold. *Tr.* Cath. Winkworth, 1858. Johann Seb. Bach. (?)



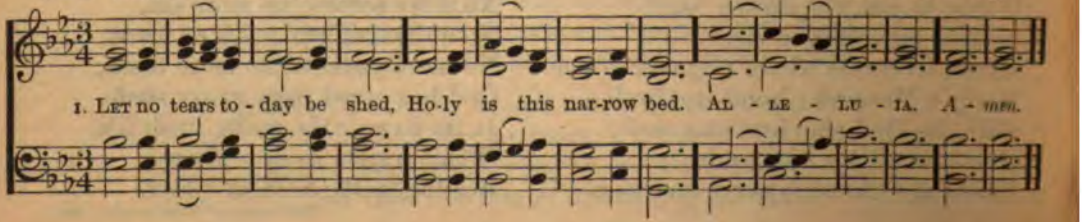
2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Tho Thou take what most we love.

538 Let no tears to-day be shed.

7.7.4. *"Supposing Him to be the gardener."* **St. Millicent.**

Lat. Tr. Richard F. Littledale, 1869. *Arr.* Arthur S. Sullivan, 1873.



2 Not salvation hardly won,
Nor the meed of race well run; ALLELUIA.

3 But the prize without the course,
Crown without the battle's force. ALLELUIA.

4 Ne'er shall earthly cry of pain
Part these precious lips again. ALLELUIA.

5 Tender Shepherd, in Thy breast
One more tired lamb hath its rest. ALLELUIA.

6 All our broken sobbings cease,
Thinking on that perfect peace. ALLELUIA.

7 There our darling sees Thy face
Held forever in Thy grace. ALLELUIA.

Amen.

539 Tranquilly, slowly, solemnly, lowly.

5.5.9.5.5.9. "*That, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him.*" **Urijah.**

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884. *Abr.* CARL HEINRICH GRAUN, *d.* 1759. *Arr.*

Marche funebre.

1. TRANQUILLY, slow-ly, Sol-emn-ly, low-ly, Bring the precious earth that sleep hath kissed!

Soul to its Mak-er, Dust to God's a-cre, Qui-et bid-ing res-ur-rec-tion tryst.

2 With eyes bedimming,
Requiems hymning,
Smite we music from these broken chords;
Yet smile in grieving,
Calmly believing,
Tho we live or die, we are the Lord's.

3 The form is buried,
But angels serried
Bear up safe the spirit homeward called.
High o'er these dirges
Heaven's anthem surges,
Praising God one more is disenthralled.

4 Glad transformation!
Perfect salvation,
Mortal shadows merged in glowing day;
Heart no more weary,
Answered each query.
All the former things are past away.

5 Loosed Earth's last fetter!
Sure 'tis far better
To depart and be for aye with Christ.
So come, Lord Jesus,
Soon to release us,
Join us with the souls emparadised!

540 With silence only as their benediction.

Chant. *"Behold I die: but God shall be with you."* **Whittier.**

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1845. ARR. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883.

Piano.

1. WITH silence only as their ben - e - diction, God's an - gels come,

rit.

Where, in the shadow of a great af - fliction, The soul sits dumb.

Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2 Yet would we say, what every | heart ap- | proveth, |
Our | Father's | will, ||
Calling to Him the dear ones | whom He | loveth, |
Is | mercy | still! ||

3 Not upon us or ours, the | solemn | angel |
Hath | evil | wrought; ||
The funeral anthem is a | glad e- | vangel; |
The | good die | not! ||

4 God calls our loved ones, but we | lose not | wholly |
What | He has | giv'n; ||
They live on Earth, in thought and | deed, as | truly |
As | in His | Heaven. ||

541

1 A VOICE is heard on Earth of | kinsfolk | weeping |
The loss of | one they | love; ||
But he is gone where the re- | deemed are | keeping |
Their | festival a- | bove. ||

2 The mourners throng the way, and | from the | steeple |
The funeral | bell tolls | slow: ||
But on the golden streets the | holy | people |
Are passing | to and | fro, ||

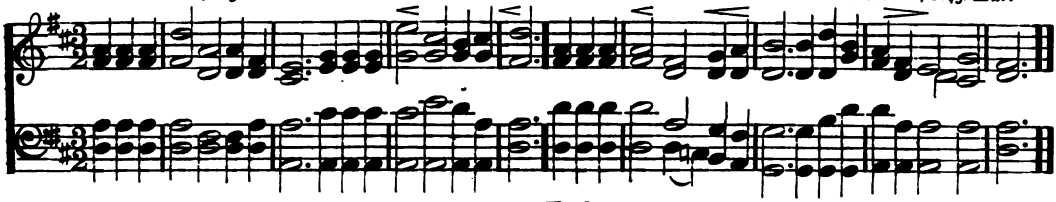
3 And saying as they meet, 'Re- | joice! an- | other, |
Long waited | for, is | come.' ||
The Saviour's heart is glad; a | younger | brother |
Hath reached the | Father's | home. ||

JAMES D. BURNS, 1854. *Abr.*

542 Asleep in Jesus! blessèd sleep!

L. M. "*The Almighty shall be thy treasure.*" **Rest.**

MARGARET MACKAY, 1832. *Abr.* WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1843. *Har.*



1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death hath lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

543

1 WHAT sinners value I resign.
Lord! 'tis enough that Thou art mine.
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream—an empty show:
But that bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;—
When shall I wake, and find me there!

3 Oh, glorious hour! Oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet sur-
And in my Saviour's image rise! [prise,

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.*

544 Now the laborer's task is o'er.

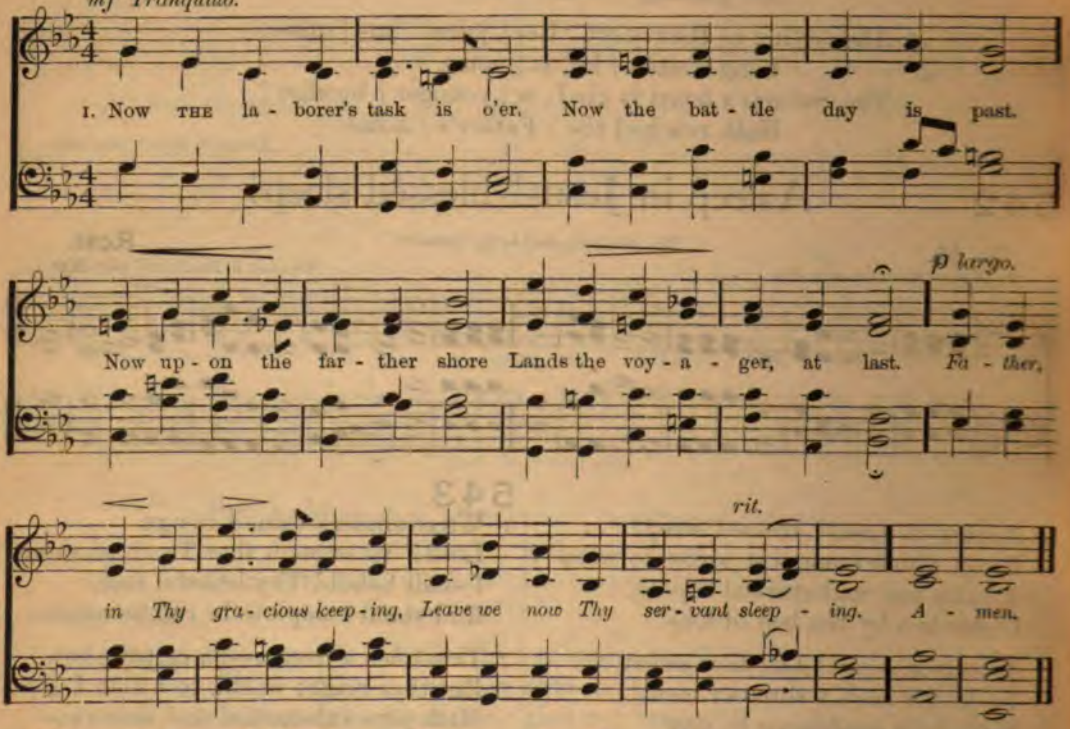
7.7.7.7.8.8.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1871. *Abr.*

"We shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

Christlight.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1874.



2 There the tears of Earth are dried,
There its hidden things are clear,
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy, etc.

3 There the angels bear on high
Many a strayed and wounded lamb,
Peacefully at last to lie
In the breast of Abraham.
Father, in Thy, etc.

4 There the sinful souls that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy, etc.

5 "Earth to Earth and dust to dust!"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait, in trust,
For the Resurrection day.
Father, in Thy, etc. *Amen.*

545 Sleep thy last sleep.

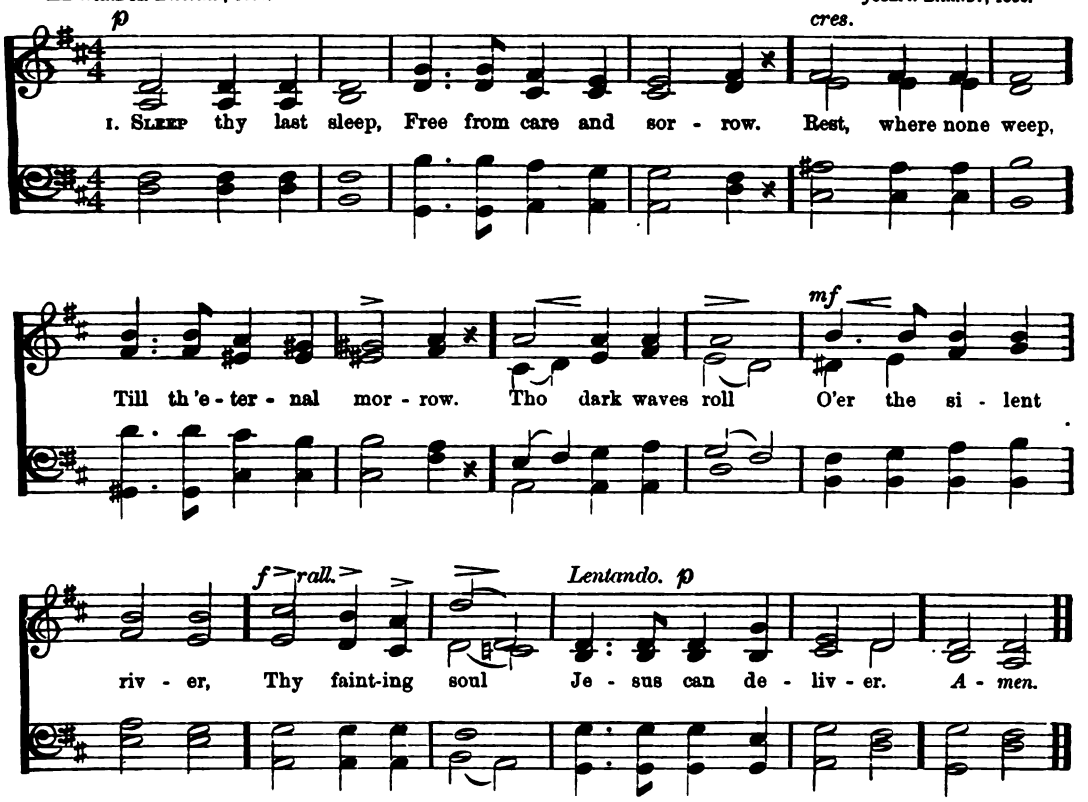
4s & 6s, D.

EDWARD A. DAYMAN, 1868.

"I thank my God upon all my rememberance of you."

Requiescat.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness,
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness;
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

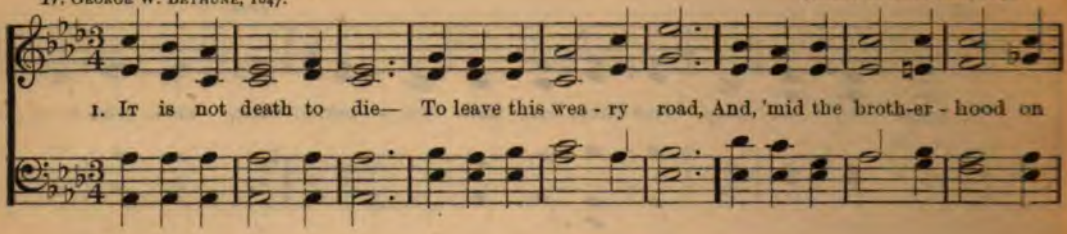
3 Tho we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest!
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice,
All in Jesus sleeping. *Amen.*

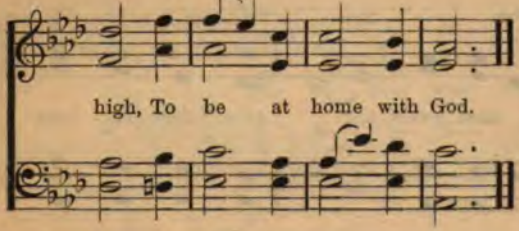
546 It is not death to die.

S. M. *"Are the consolations of God too small for thee?"* **Greenwood.**

Tr. César Henri A. Malan, 1841.
Tr. George W. Bethune, 1847.

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1848.





2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain,—to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

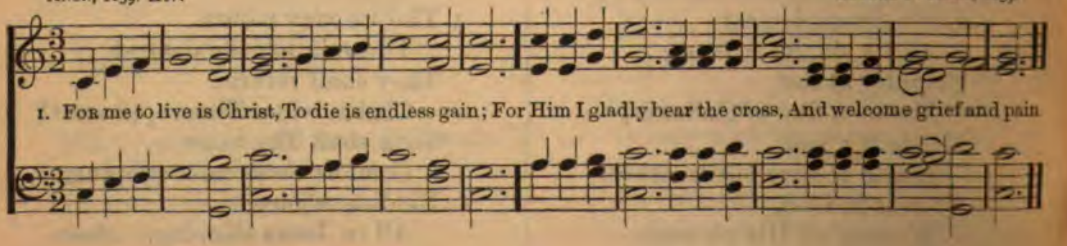
5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

547 For me to live is Christ.

S. M. *"Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our confession."* **Rialto.**

Anon, 1859. *Abr.*

George F. Root, 1859.



2 I fare with Christ my Lord;
His path the path I choose;
They joy who suffer most with Him—
They win who with Him lose.

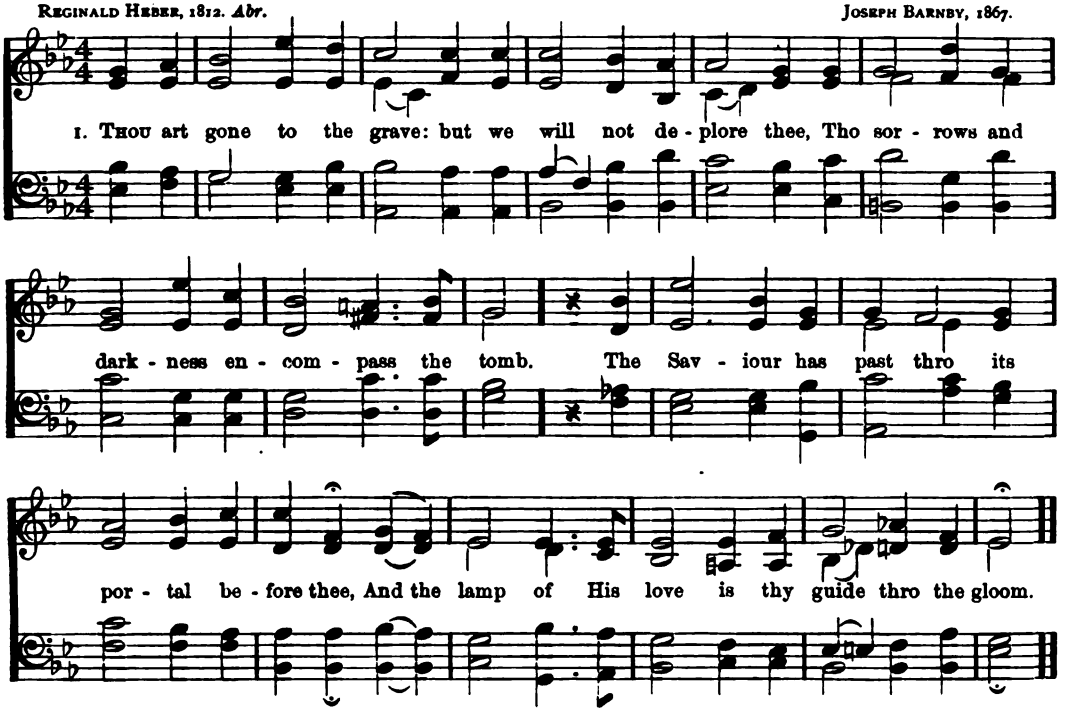
3 The dawn on distant hills
Shines o'er the vales below.
The shadows of this world are lost
In light to which I go.

4 Faithful may I endure,
And hear my Saviour say,
Thrice welcome home, belovéd child
Inherit endless day!

548 Thou art gone to the grave.

13.11.13.11. "*Our friend is fallen asleep.*" **Conquest.**

REGINALD HEBER, 1812. *Abr.* JOSEPH BARNBY, 1867.

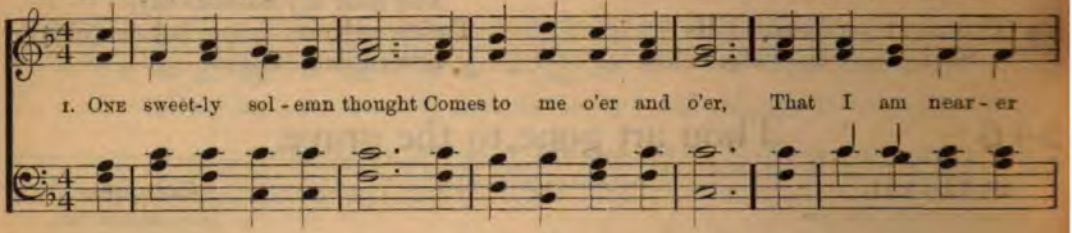


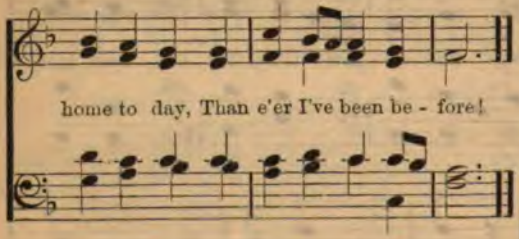
2 Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide,
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

549 One sweetly solemn thought.

S. M. *"Now is salvation nearer to us than when we first believed."* **Newland.**

PHŒBE CARY, 1852. *Abr. Alt.* HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1857.





2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white judgment-throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound where life
May lay its burden down,
And leave its cross of heavy grief
To gain the starry crown.

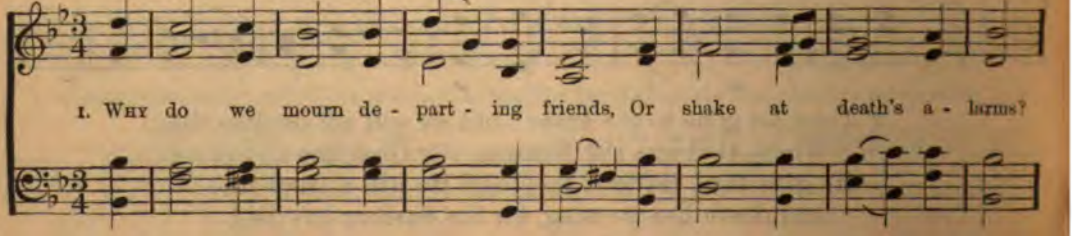
4 Nearer that silent stream
Down winding thro the night,
Beyond whose swelling waters gleam
The coasts of perfect light!

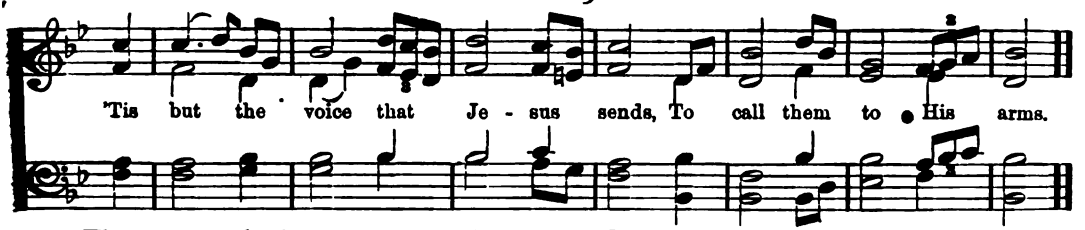
550 Why do we mourn departing friends.

"Perhaps he was therefore parted from thee for a season that thou shouldst have him forever."

C. M. **China.**

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. *Abr.* TIMOTHY SWAN, 1800.





2 The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

3 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly,
At the great rising day!

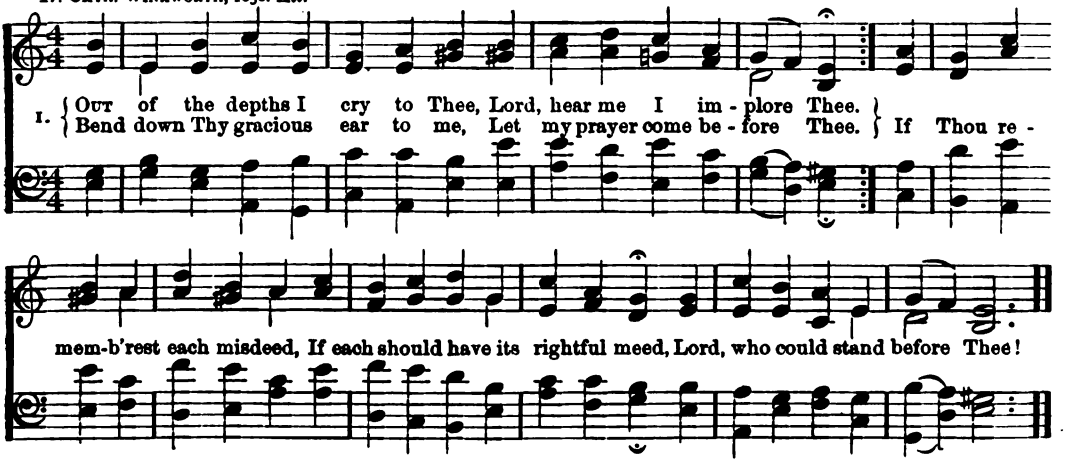
551 Out of the depths I cry to Thee.

"I hope shortly to see thee, and we shall speak face to face."

8.7.8.7.8.8.7. **"Aus tiefer Noth."**

Ger. Martin Luther, 1524.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1858. *Alt.*

Martin Luther, 1524. *Har.*



2 And tho it tarry till the night
And round till morning waken,
My heart shall ne'er misdoubt His might,
Nor count itself forsaken;
Our God is merciful and just,
Here is my comfort and my trust,
His help I wait unshaken.

3 Tho great our sins and sore our woes,
His grace much more aboundeth.
His helping love no limit knows,
Our utmost need it soundeth.
Our kind and faithful Shepherd He,
Who shall at last set Israel free,
Tho bondage now surroundeth.

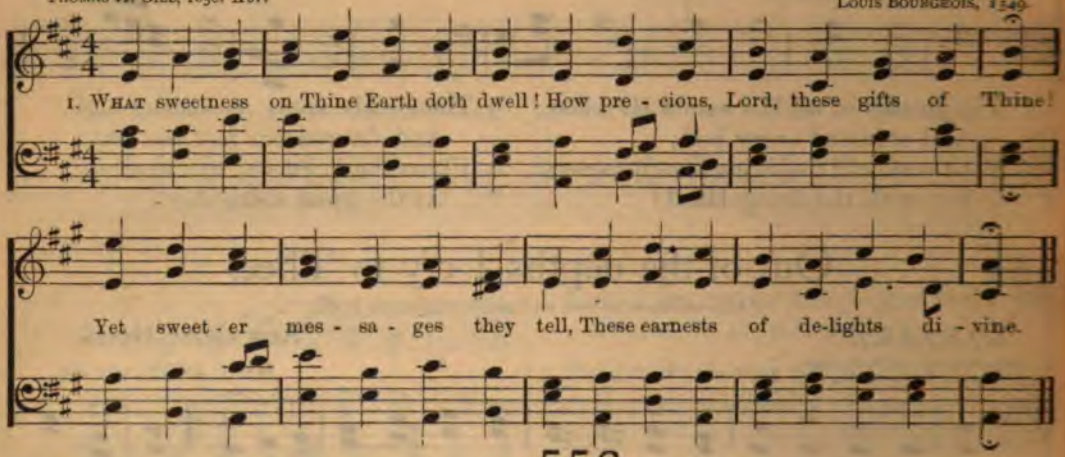
552 What sweetness on Thine Earth doth dwell!

"Lo! the winter is past, the rain is overgone; the flowers appear on the Earth; the time of the singing is come."

L. M. "Old Ten Commandments."

THOMAS H. GILL, 1850. *Abr.*

THE GENEVAN PSALTER.
LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1549.



2 Yes, glory out of glory breaks
More than the gift itself is given;
Each gift a glorious promise makes;
Thine Earth doth prophesy of Heaven.

3 These odors blest, these gracious flowers,
These carolings that round us rise,
Give tidings of the heavenly bowers,
Prelude th' angelic harmonies.

4 These vernal hours what news they bring! [tell!
What tidings these bright summers
They fore-announce the eternal spring,—
Foreshow the light ineffable.

5 Oh, mercies kindly in complete!
Dear joys our hearts that may not fill!
Strange grace! that in Thy gifts most [sweet
We read of gifts diviner still.

553

1 OUR Helper, God, we bless Thy name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of Thy gracious care
Begin and crown and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by Thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far Thine arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make Thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

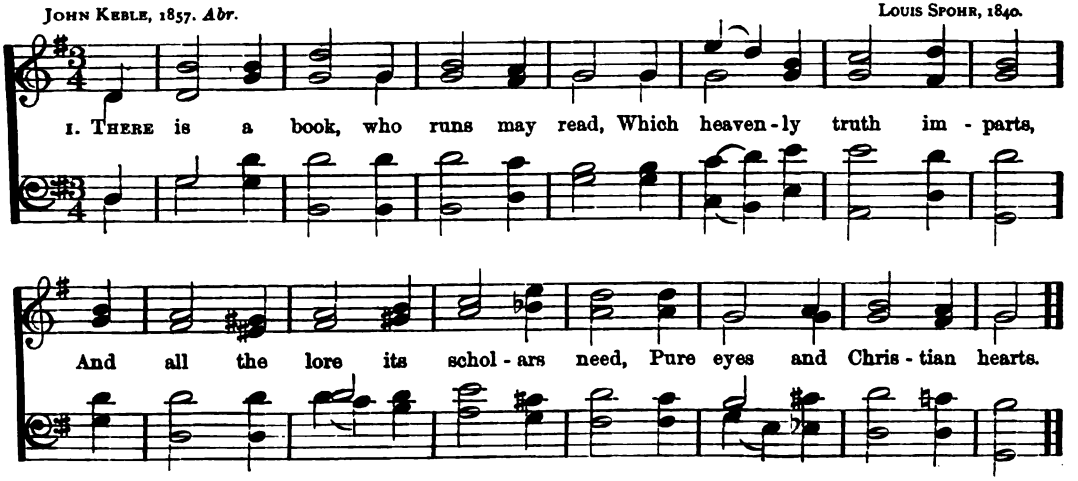
4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in Thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

554 There is a book, who runs may read.

C. M. "*The wise shall understand.*" Cherith.

JOHN KEBLE, 1857. *Abr.* LOUIS SPOHR, 1840.



2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry,
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

5 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

555

1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of Thine almighty power.

2 The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Proclaim their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To Thee an anthem raise.

3 Shall I be mute, great God, alone
'Mid nature's loud acclaim?
Shall not my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth Thy holy name?

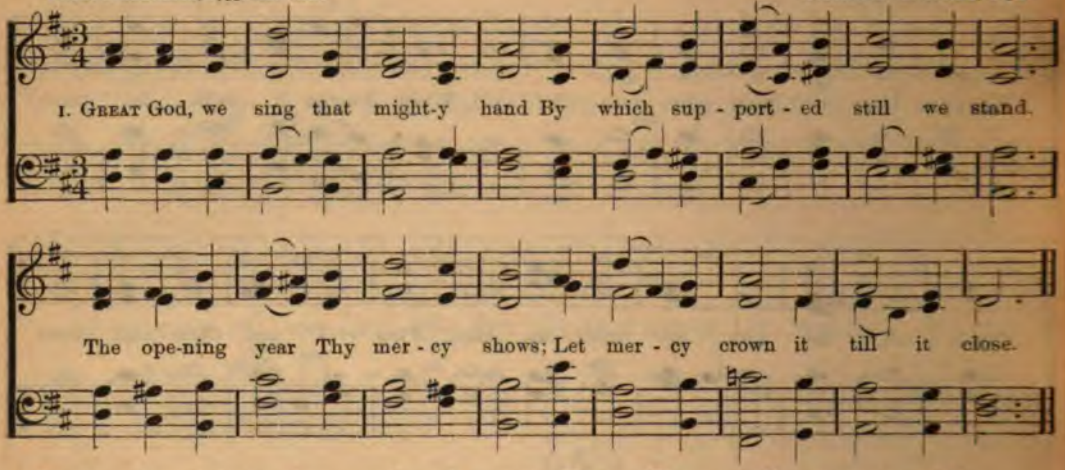
4 All nature's debt is small to mine;
Nature shall cease to be;
Thou gavest—proof of love divine—
Immortal life to me!

AMELIA OPIE, 1834

556 Great God, we sing that mighty hand.

L. M. *"I will walk at liberty; for I have sought Thy precepts."* **Statham.**

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755. *Abr. Alt.* FRANCIS R. STATHAM, 1872.



2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guided by our God,
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

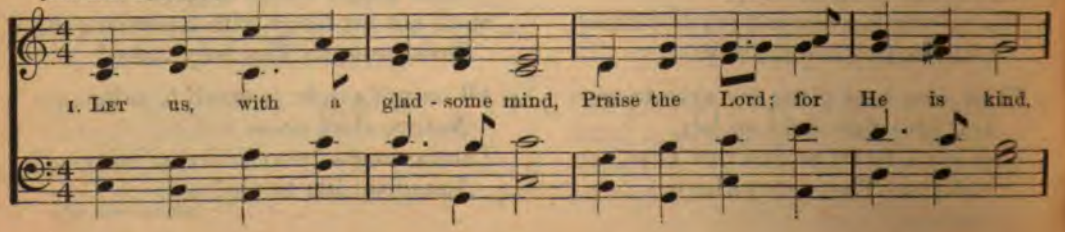
3 With greatful hearts the past we own,
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

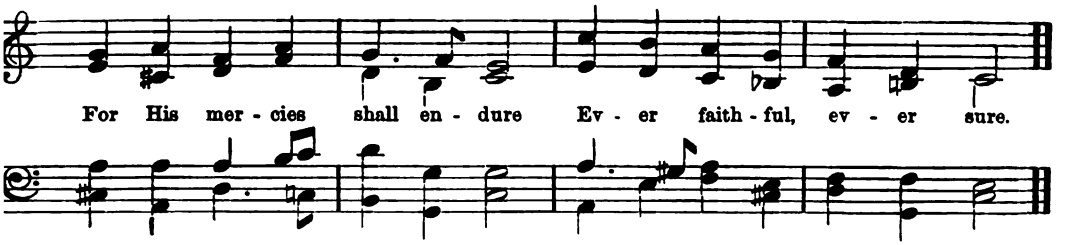
4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Be Thou our joy and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored thro all our changing days.

557 Let us, with a gladsome mind.

7.7.7.7. *"He bindeth up the waters in His thick cloud, and the cloud is not rent under them."* **Innocents.**

JOHN MILTON, 1623. *Abr.* FREDERICK ARTHUR G. OUSELEY, 1867.





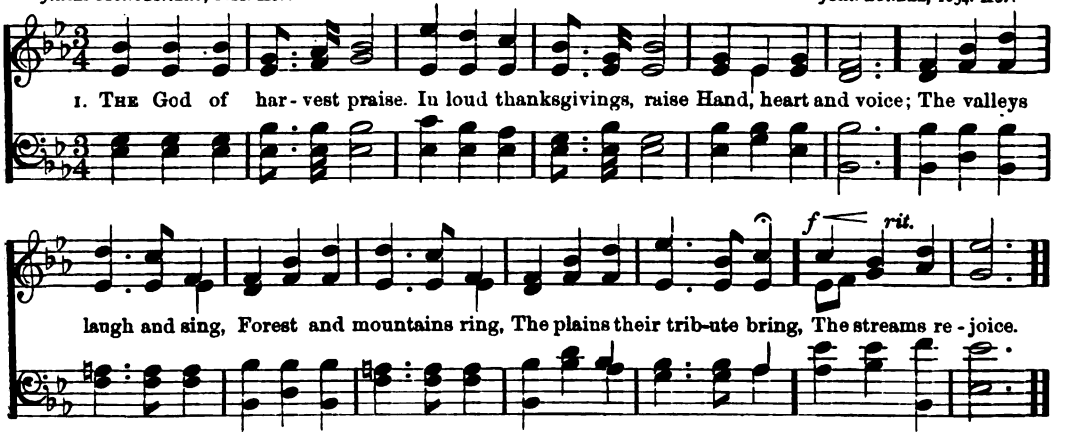
2 Let us sound His name abroad;
God of gods, He is the God
Who by wisdom did create,
Heaven's expanse and all its state.

3 All His creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

558 The God of harvest praise.

6s & 4s. "*With a tribute of a free-will offering.*" **Zundel.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. *Abr.* JOHN ZUNDEL, 1854. *Abr.*



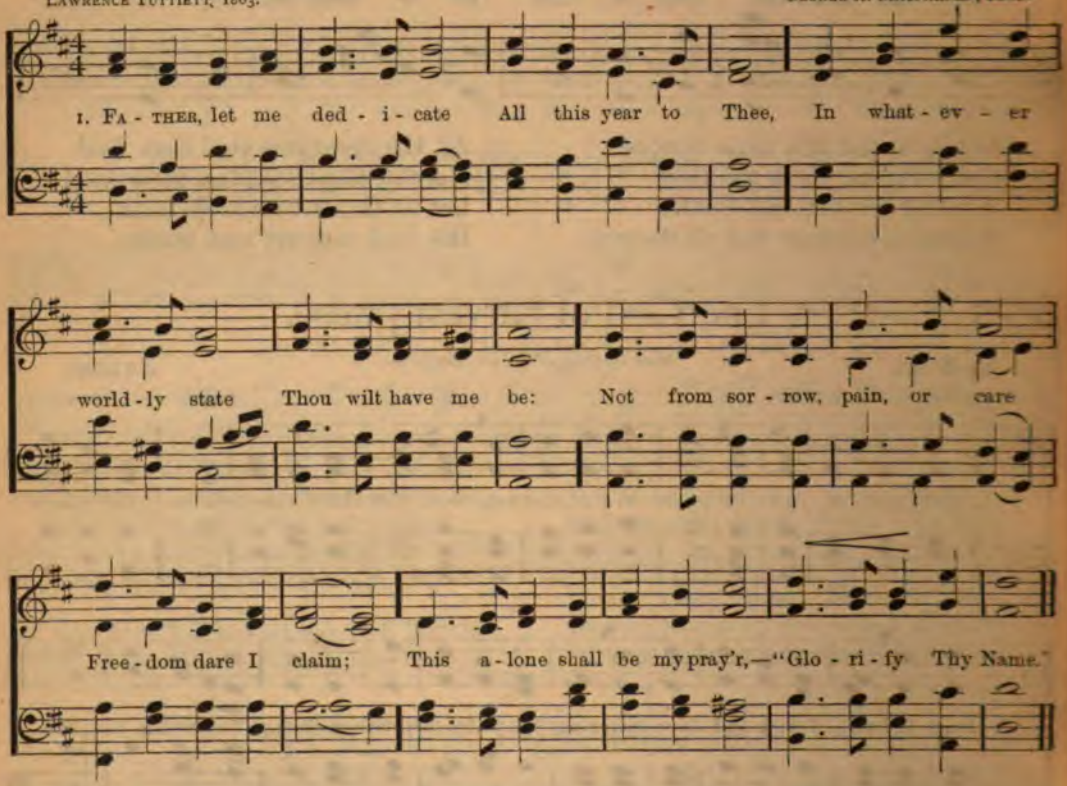
2 Yea, bless His holy Name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Thro all the Earth.
To glory in your lot
Is comely: but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise.
Hands, hearts and voices raise
With one accord.
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

559 Father, let me dedicate all this year.

7s & 5s, D. "*In nothing be anxious.*" **Salomè.**

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1863. GEORGE A. MACFARREN, 1881.



2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

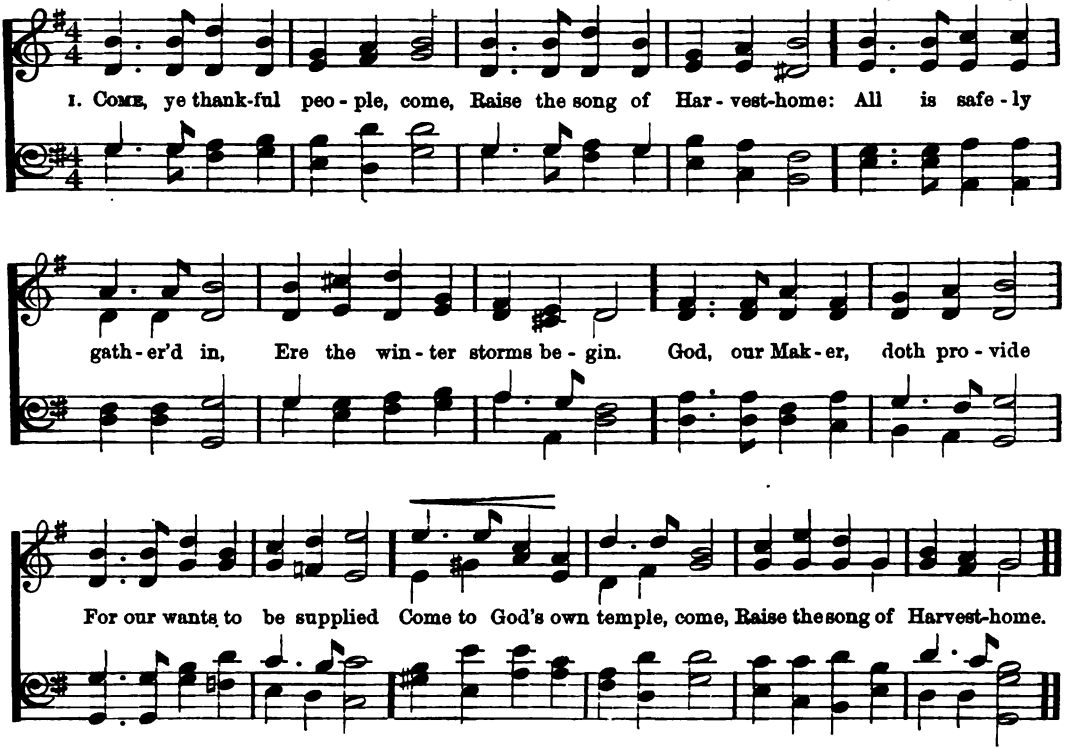
Seasons.

560 Come, ye thankful people.

"Your threshing shall reach unto your vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto the sowing time, and ye shall eat your bread to the full."

7s, D. **St. George's.**

HENRY ALFORD, 1844. *Abr.* GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1859.



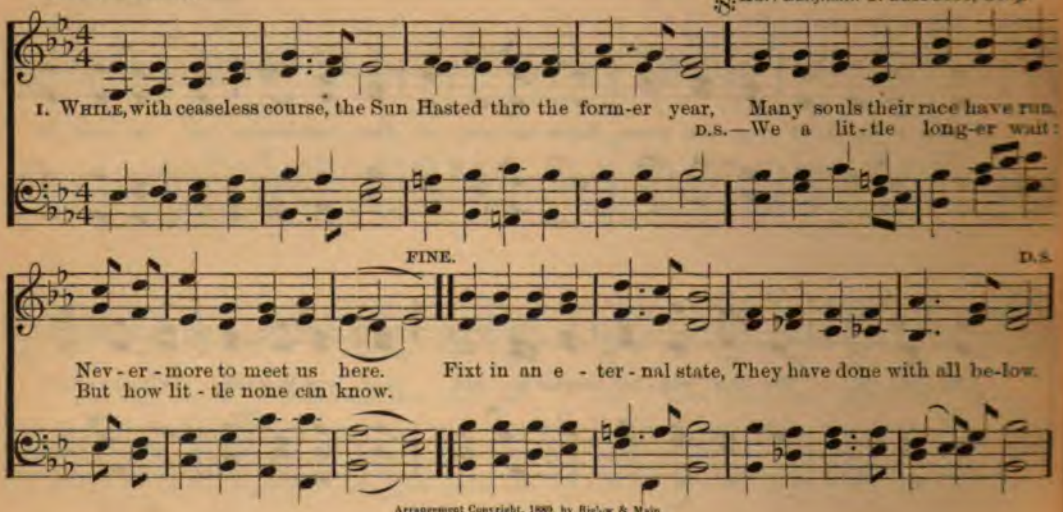
2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear.
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home.
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide.
Come with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

561 While, with ceaseless course, the Sun.

7s, D. "*If the Lord will, we shall both live and do this or that.*" **Benevento.**

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1770. Har. BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1889.



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2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream!

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew,
Teach us henceforth how to live
With Eternity in view.
Bless Thy word to young and old
Fill us with a Saviour's love,
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

562

1 FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant thro another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear.
In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay!
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

2 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own.
Help, oh, help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

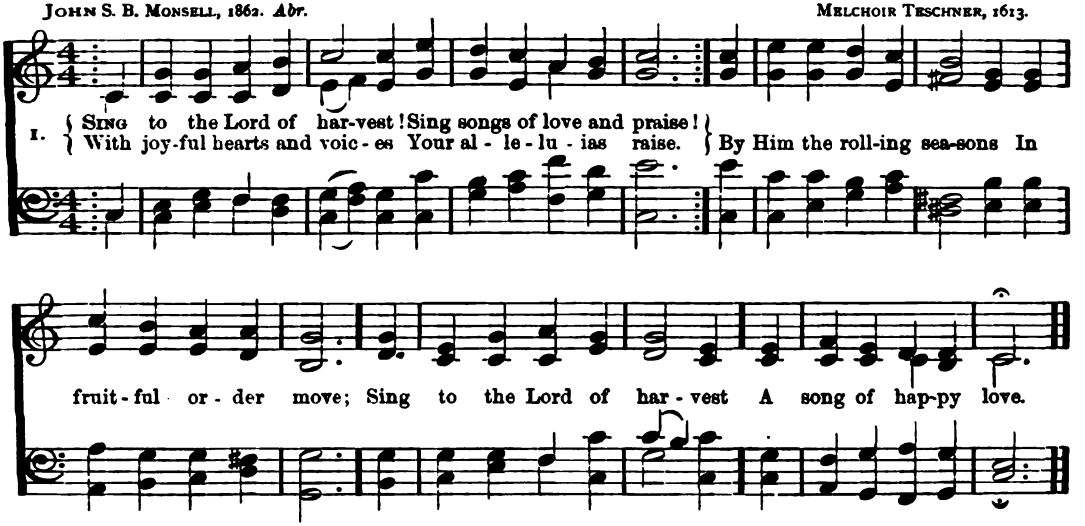
HENRY DOWNTON, 1843. *Ab. and alt.*

Seasons.

563 Sing to the Lord of harvest!

7s & 6s, D. *"It is He that giveth thee power to get wealth."* **St. Theodulph.**

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862. *Abr.* MELCHOIR TESCHNER, 1613.



2 By Him the clouds drop fatness
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing.
He filleth with His fullness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty, and with peace.

3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save.
Your hearts lay down before Him
When at His feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him
Who gave His life for all!

564

1 ANOTHER year is dawning.
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting
Another year with Thee.
Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace,
Another year of gladness
Beneath Thy shining face.

2 Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy Presence all the days.
Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love.
Another year of training
For holier work above.

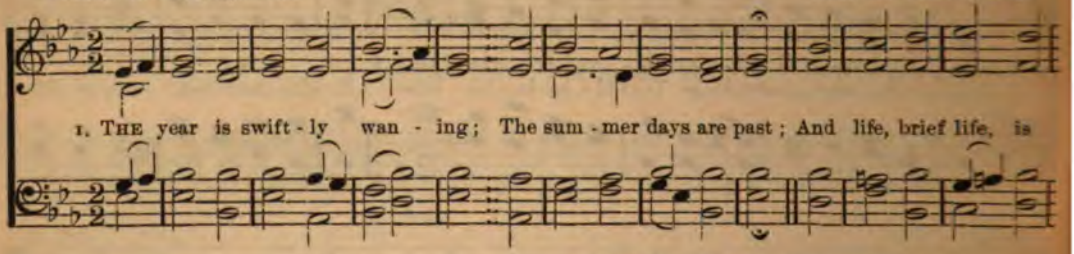
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

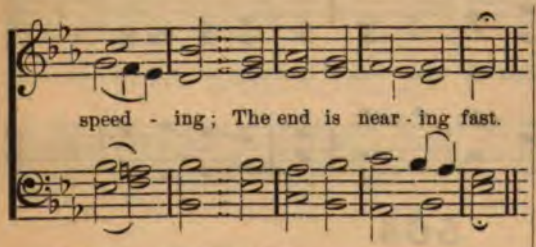
565 The year is swiftly waning.

"Reaping their wheat harvest in the valley, they lifted up their eyes, and saw the ark and rejoiced."

7.6.7.6. **"Christus, mein Leben."**

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1871. *Abr.* MELCHOIR VULPIUS, 1609.





2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go:
But Thou, Eternal Father,
No time nor change canst know.

3 Behold the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

4 Oh, by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,—

5 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face.

566

Tune—ST. ANNE.

1 BREAK, new-born year, on glad eyes
Melodious voices move! [break!
On, rolling Time! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.

2 The parted year had wingèd feet:
The Saviour still doth stay.
The New Year comes; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.

3 Lord! from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!
Oh make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright!

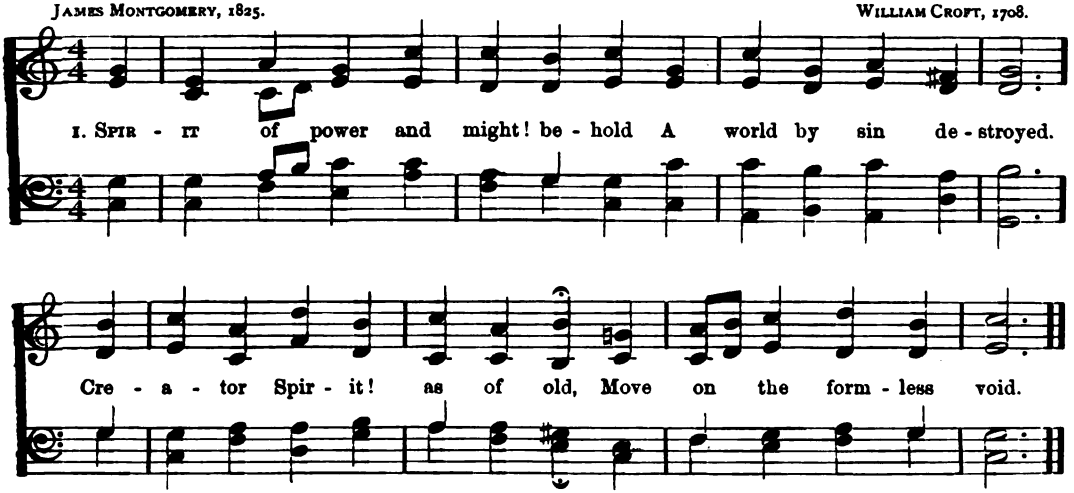
4 Then we may bless its precious things,
If earthly cheer should come;
Or gladsome mount on angel wings,
If Thou shouldst take us home.

THOMAS H. GILL, 1853.

567 Spirit of power and might! behold.

C. M. *"We, thro the Spirit, wait for hope and righteousness."* **St. Anne.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.



2 Give Thou the word; that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And Earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When Thou shalt all renew?

4 And, if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom the Saviour came!

5 So every kindred, tongue and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign Love alone.

568

1 Oh! where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord! thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong,
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For, not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy holy Church, O God!
Tho earthquake shocks are threat'ning her,
And tempests are abroad.

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the Earth,—
A house not made by hands.

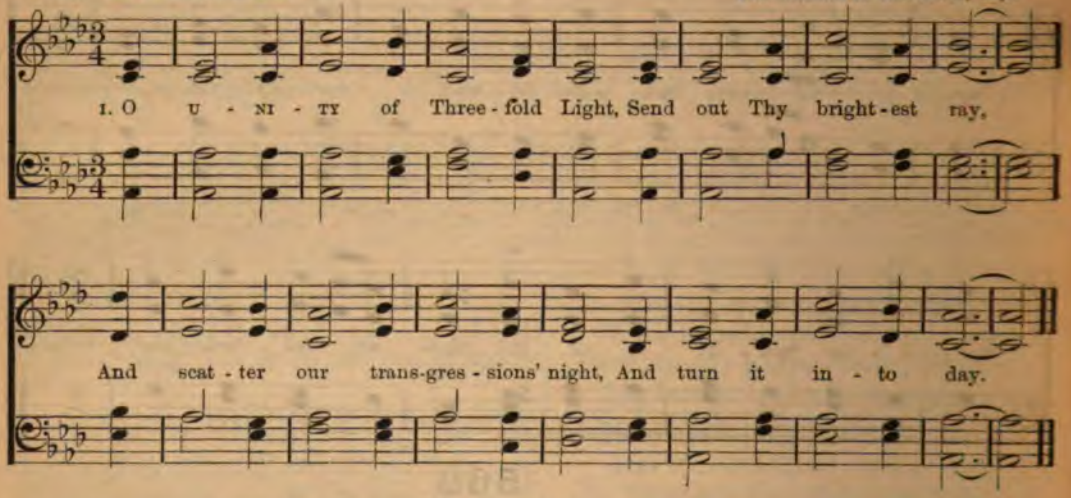
ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1839.

569 O Unity of Threefold Light.

C. M. *"Live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."* **Evan.**

Gk. of METROPHANES, *cir.* A.D., 910.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1862. *Abr.*

CELTIC MELODY.
Arr. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL, 1846.



2 Make us those temples pure and fair
Thy glory loveth well,
The spotless tabernacles where
Thou may'st vouchsafe to dwell.

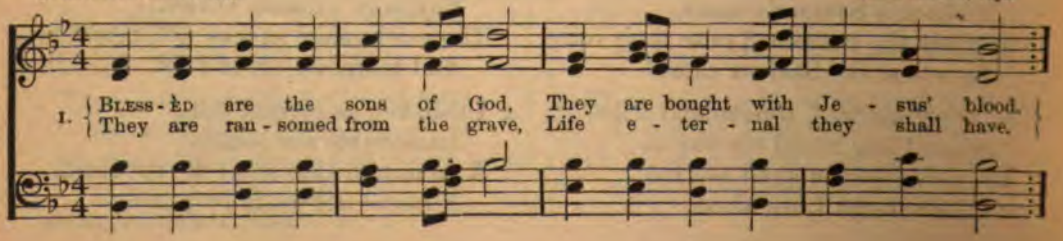
3 But how can mortal accents frame
Due tribute to the KING?
Thou, only, while we praise Thy Name,
Forgive us as we sing.

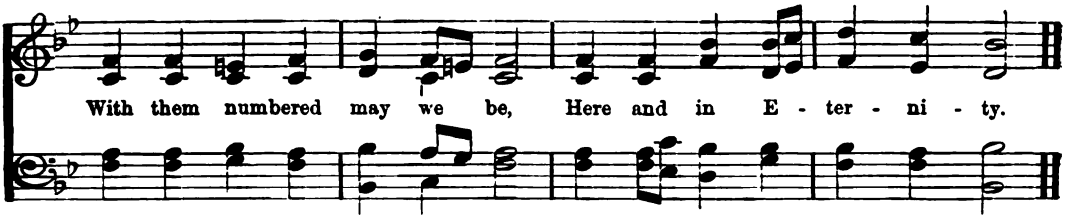
570 Blessèd are the sons of God.

7.7.7.7.7.7. *"Who was I that I could withstand God?"* **Rosefield.**

JOSEPH HUMPHREYS, 1743.

CÆSAR MALAN, 1830.





2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace.
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in Eternity.

3 They are lights upon the Earth,—
Children of a heavenly birth.
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in Eternity.

571

1 For the beauty of the Earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

3 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of Earth and buds of Heaven,
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

4 For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
One pure sacrifice of love,
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

Folliott S. Pierpoint, 1884. *Abr.*

572

1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face,
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine,
And Thy saving health extend
Unto Earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Let Thy love on all be poured.
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King.
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live,
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

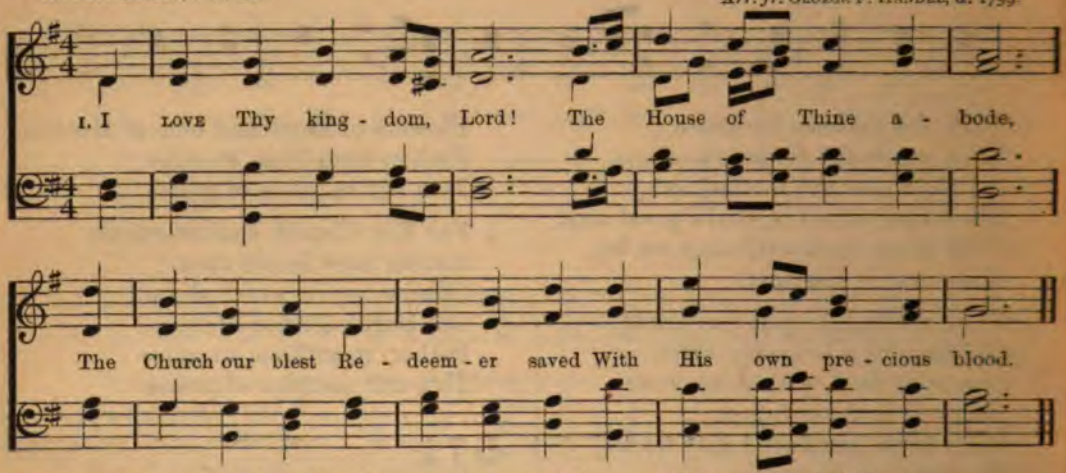
Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

573 I love Thy kingdom, Lord!

S. M. *"The Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."* **St. Thomas.**

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800. *Abr.*

In AARON WILLIAMS' COLL., 1762.
Arr. fr. GEORGE F. HANDEL, *d.* 1759.



2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake
And every grief o'erflow.

4 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

5 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories Earth can yield
And brighter bliss of heaven.

574

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 From sorrow, toil and pain
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Thro all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1772. *Abr.*

575

"Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"

1 Lord of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants cry:
Answer our faith's effectual prayer
And all our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in Thy view.
The harvest truly, Lord! is great;
The laborers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,
And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure Gospel-word,
The word of general grace,
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

5 Oh, let them spread Thy name,
Their mission fully prove,
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love!

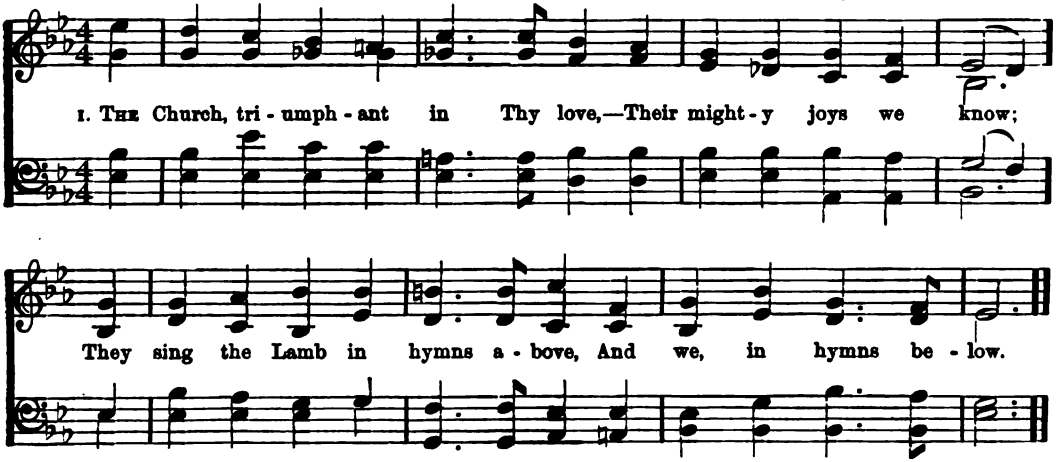
6 On all mankind, forgiven,
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under Heaven,
That Thou hast died for all.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

576 The Church, triumphant in Thy love.

C. M. *"Translated into the kingdom of the Son of His love."* **St. Olave.**

Charles Wesley, 1745. *Abr.* Joseph Barnby, 1861.



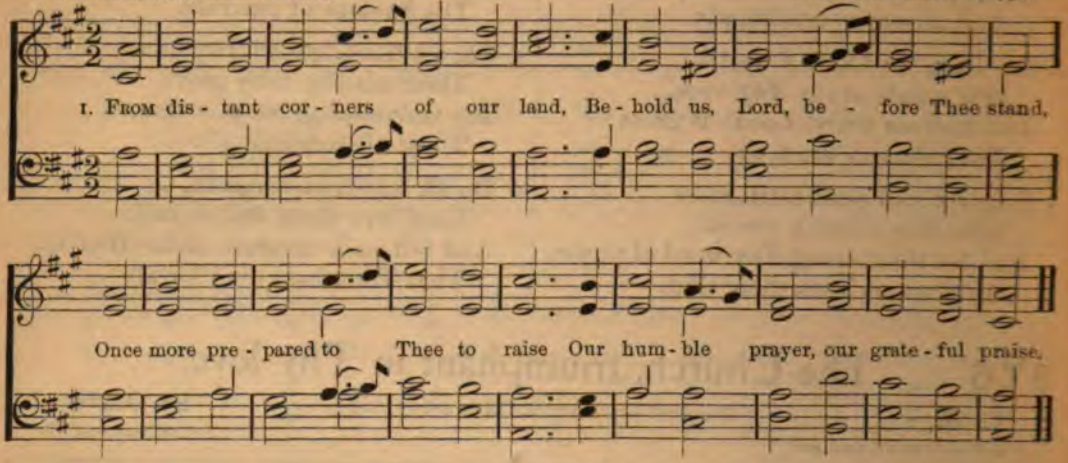
2 Thee, in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne;
We, in the kingdom of Thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.

3 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise,
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

577 From distant corners of our land.

L. M. *"Joying and beholding your order and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ."* **Medway.**

WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, 1845. GIOVANNI B. PERGOLESI, 1730.



2 Blest be the hand whose guardian power
Has kept us to this present hour.
Blest be the grace that bids us meet
Thus round Thy throne in union sweet.

3 We meet to seek, in faith and zeal,
Our brethren's good, Thy Church's weal;
Oh, whilst for Zion's cause we stand,
May Zion's King be near at hand!

4 We meet, O God, that thro our land
The churches planted by Thy hand,
From error, weakness, discord, free,
May bloom like gardens, blest by Thee.

5 Smile on us, Lord, and thro this place
Diffuse the glory of Thy face;
Here to our gathered tribes be given
A bright'ning antepast of Heaven.

578

1 COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we Thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,—
Say to the weakest, Follow Me.

3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill the place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One True Eternal God confest;
Whom Thou hast joined none may divide;
None dare to curse whom Thou hast blest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1816.

579

"The Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it?"

1 AROUSE Thy Church, Almighty God,
To do the service of to-day!
Stretch forth again the budding rod,
Divide the depths! Disclose the way!

2 Thou Captain of Jehovah's host,
With sword in hand, Thy purpose show!
Appoint our armies to their post,
As Thou did'st leaguer Jericho.

3 Let the long trumpet peal resound!
With one great shout Thy people cry!
The stubborn barriers kiss the ground,
And the good cause have victory.

4 With Love's red Cross aloft unfurled,
Let every man before him straight
Go up, for Christ to storm the world,
And turn the battle to the gate.

5 Let arms and arts and plans of men,
Disposed by Thee, the dawn begin;
And e'en their plots of wrath Thy ken
O'errule to bring the Kingdom in.

6 Let sin's black shadow flee away,
Immanuel's presence shine again!
Thy promises in Him are Yea,
And all Thy people say Amen.

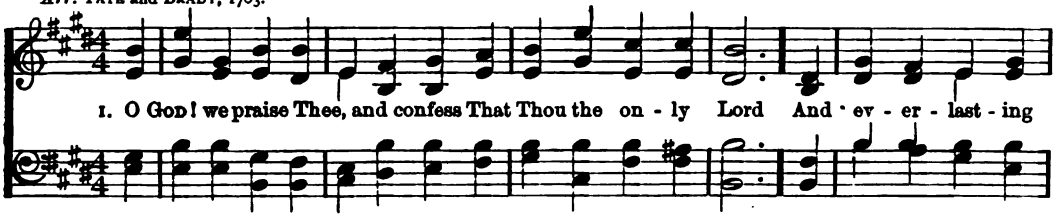
M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1887.

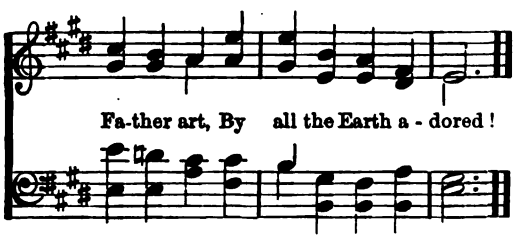
580 O God! we praise Thee, and confess.

C. M. *"Give praise to our God all ye His servants."* **St. Cyprian.**

The TE DEUM, 4th Century, A.D.
Arr. TATE and BRADY, 1703.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1872.





2 To Thee, all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry,—

3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway!

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy Church thro all the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou th' Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

581 One sole baptismal sign.

6.6.6.6.8.8. *"Giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."* **Sutherland.**

GEORGE ROBINSON, 1842. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.

1. One sole bap - tis - mal sign; One Lord, be - low, a - bove;
One faith, one hope di - vine; One on - ly watchword—Love; From dif - f'rent
tem - ples tho.... it rise,.... One song.... as - cend - eth to the skies.

2 Our Sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne;
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone! [spring,
And sighs from contrite hearts that
Our chief, our choicest offering.

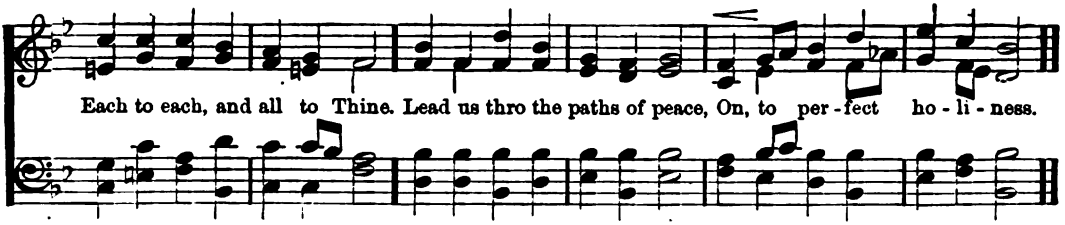
3 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall Thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.

582 Lord, from whom all blessings flow.

7s, D. *"Where jealousy and faction are, there is confusion."* **Weber's Choral.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740. 1749. *Abr.* FRANZ WEBER, 1860.

1. Lord, from whom all blessings flow, Per-fect-ing the Church below!
Steadfast may we cleave to Thee, Love the mys-tic un - ion be. Join our faithful spir-its, join



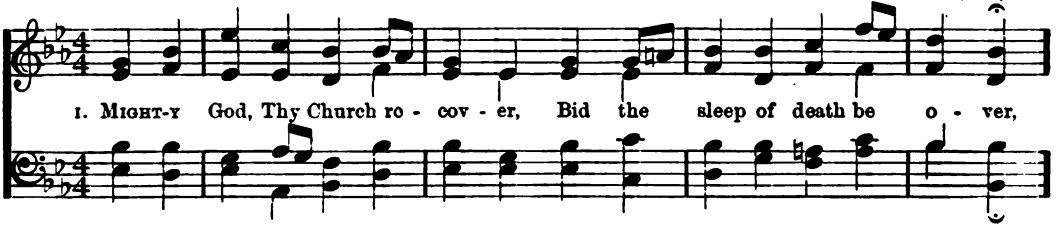
2 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee.
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void!
Names and sects and parties fall;
Thou, O Lord, art all in all!

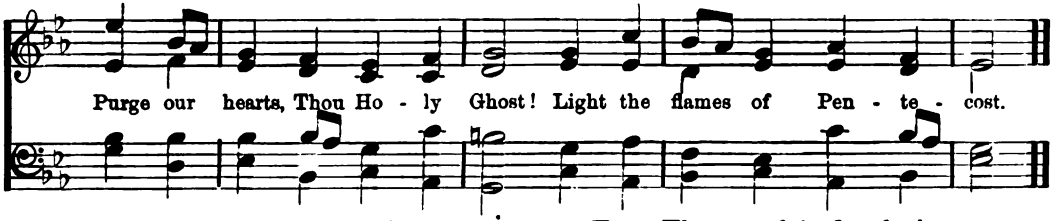
3 Lord, subdue our selfish will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By Thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.
Sweetly on our spirits move,
Gently touch the trembling strings,
Make the harmony of love
Music for the King of kings!

583 Mighty God, Thy Church recover.

8.8.7.7 "*Lord, Remember.*" **Wycliffe.**

M. Woolsey Stryker, 1881. Friedrich Silcher, 1824.





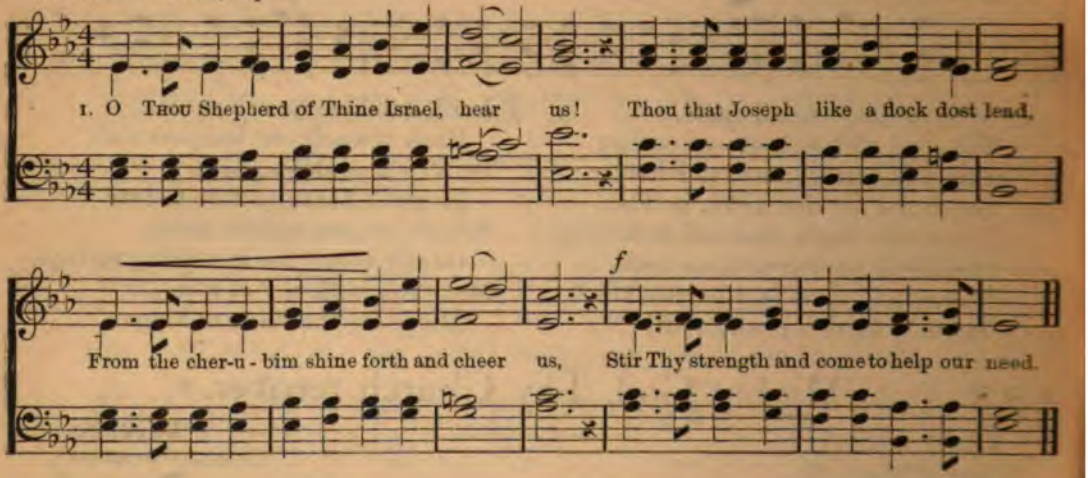
2 By the Saviour's intercession,
Blot, in mercy, our transgression;
Thou, O God! wilt not despise
Broken-hearted sacrifice!

3 Turn Thy people's desolation
To the joy of Thy salvation!
So our tongues aloud shall sing
Of Thy righteousness, our King!

584 O Thou Shepherd of Thine Israel, hear us!

10.9.10.9. *"The Lord of peace Himself give you peace at all times, in all ways."* **Zuriel.**

PSALM LXXX.
M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883. JOSEPH BARNEY, 1869.



2 Wilt Thou hear Thy people's prayer with anger,
Measure them the bread and drink of tears,
Visit strife and scorn upon our languor,
Grant no more the grace of other years?

3 Shall the goodly vine that Thou didst cherish,
Once that grew and shaded all the hills,
Break and waste and fall and burn and perish,
While her ruin Thy rebuke fulfills?

4 Turn us, Lord, again! in mercy, hearken,
All our waywardness and shame forgive.
Leave us not unsought, while shadows darken:
Cause Thy face to shine, and we shall live.

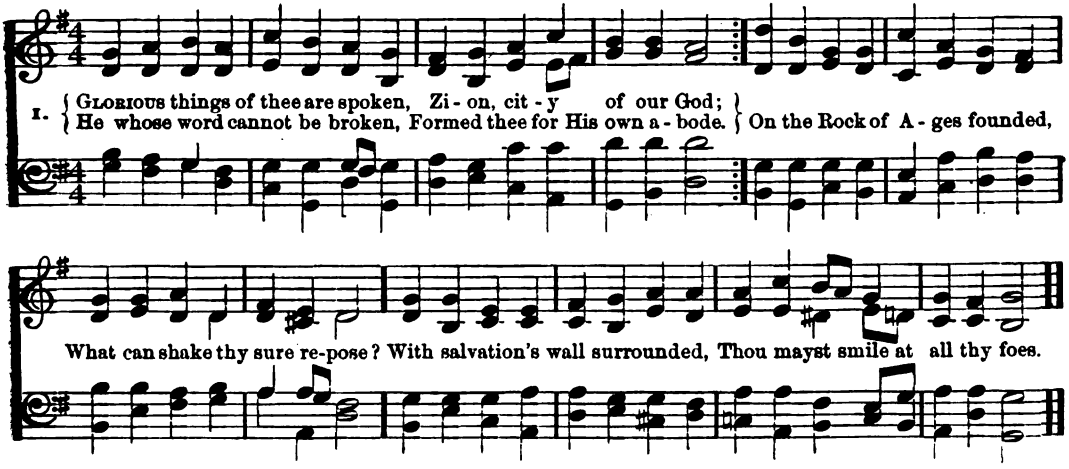
5 Look from Heaven, O God, when sorrows thicken,
By Thy hand, once more, our strength maintain;
We will call Thy name, if Thou but quicken,
We will never leave Thy love again.

585 Glorious things of thee are spoken.

"I the Lord do keep it. I will water it every moment. Lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

8s & 7s, D. **Ecclesia.**

JOHN NEWTON 1779. *Abr.* GERMAN, 1684.



2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?—
Grace which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

586

1 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken;
'O My people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.'

2 'There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faithful Warden,
All His bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign,
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.'

3 'Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons, no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God your everlasting Light.'

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772.

587 For all the saints, who from their labors rest.

"We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." "Considering the issue of their life imitate their faith."

10.10.10.8. **Aurora.**

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854. *Abr.* MAX PIUTTI, 1879.

mf Marcato.

1. For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by faith be - fore the world con - fest, Thy name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er blest, AL - LE - LU - - - IA! AL - LE - LU - - - IA!

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2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear their one true Light. ALLELUIA!

3 For that Apostles' glorious company,
Who, bearing forth the Cross o'er land and sea,
Shook all the mighty world, we sing to Thee. ALLELUIA!

4 Oh may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold! ALLELUIA!

5 Oh, blest Communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle,—they in glory shine!
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. ALLELUIA!

6 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again and arms are strong. ALLELUIA!

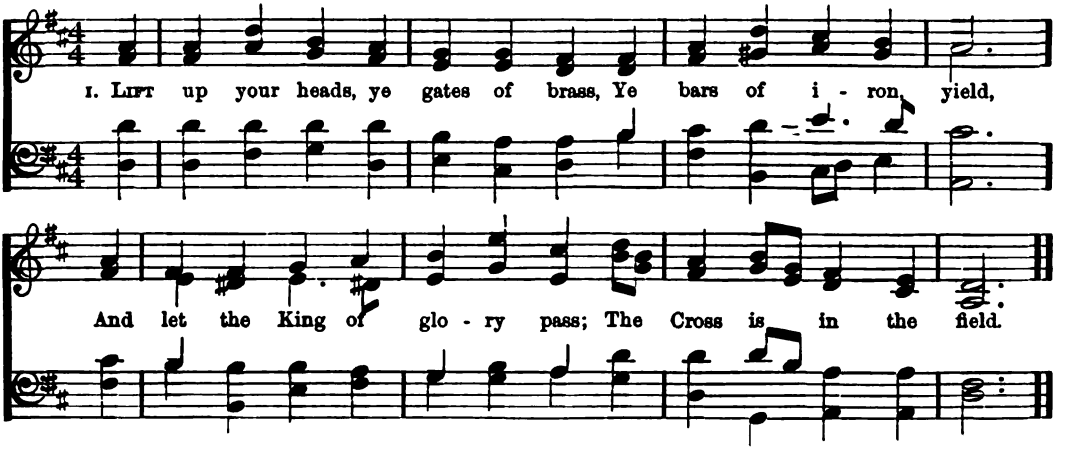
7 For lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way! ALLELUIA!

8 From Earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Thro gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—ALLELUIA!

588 Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass.

C. M. *"O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years."* **Byzantium.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1853. *Abr.* THOMAS JACKSON, 1780. *Har.* HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1846.



2 That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from [far
His servants to the fight.

3 Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post.

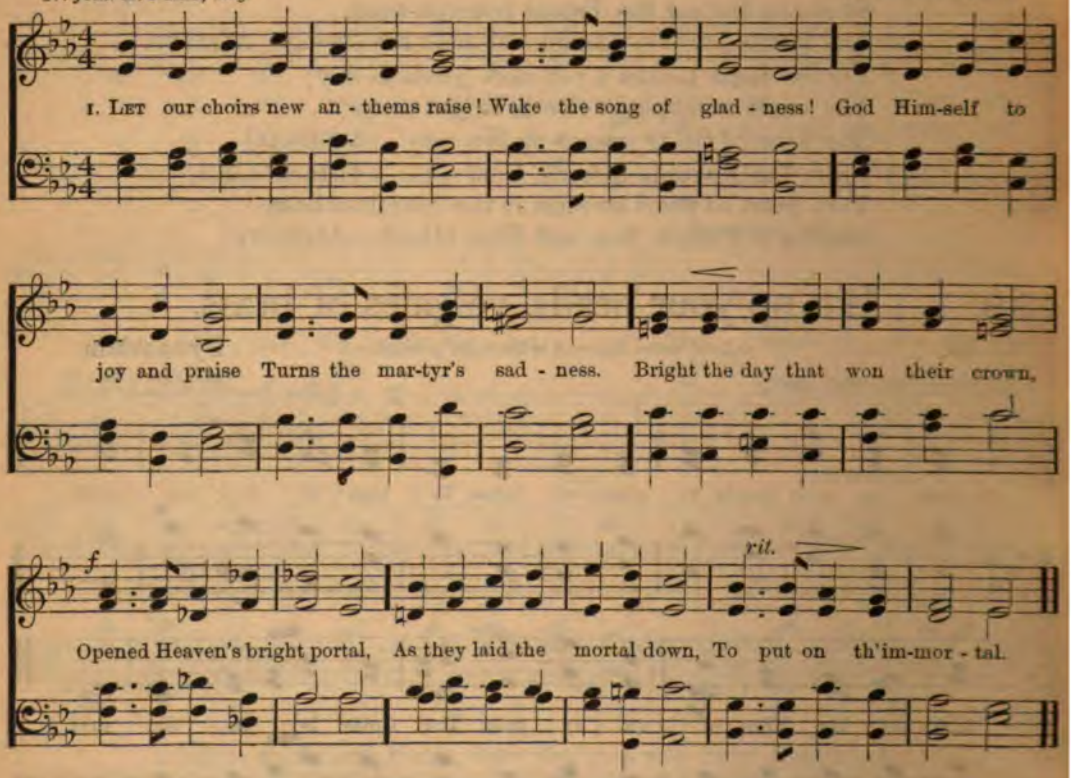
4 Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of glory pass:
The Cross hath won the field.

589 Let our choirs new anthems raise!

7s & 6s, P. *"That they might obtain a better resurrection."* **Laurel.**

Gk. Joseph of the Studium, 860.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1863.

Joseph Barnby, 1868.



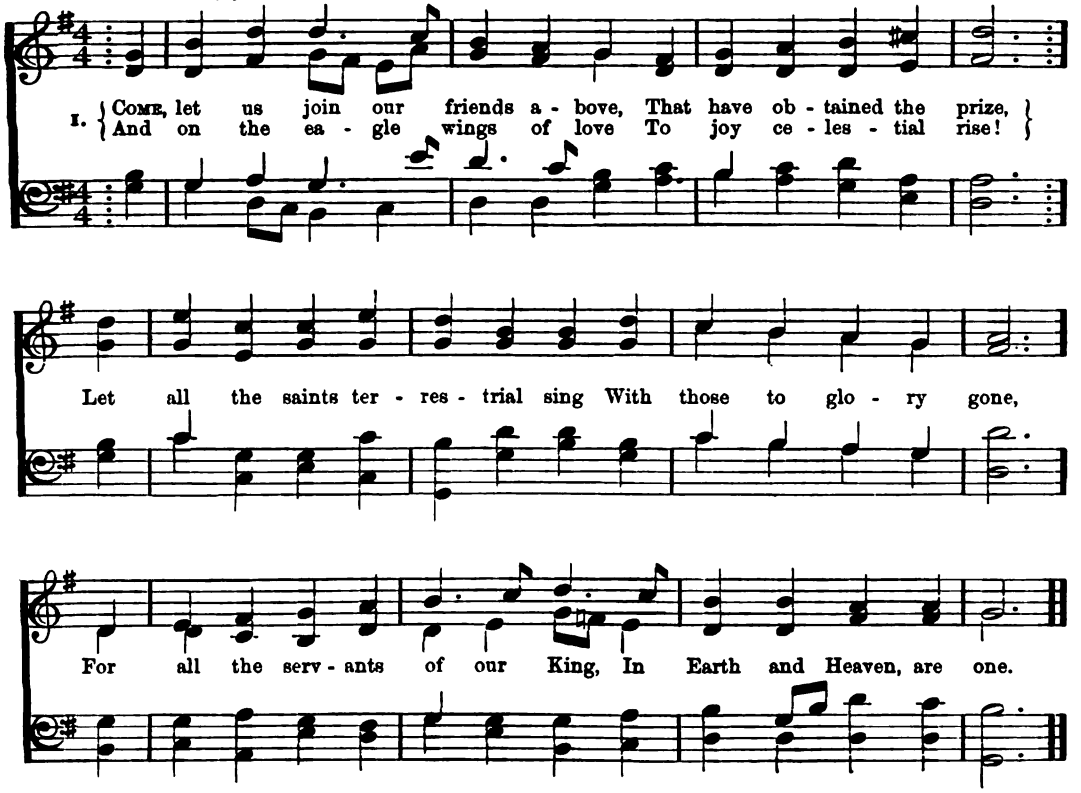
2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture, never,
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor;
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Up and follow, Christian men,
Press thro toil and sorrow!
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Who will first begin it?
Who will seize the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it!

590 Come, let us join our friends above.

C. M. D. *"The General Assembly and Church of the first-born."* **Anglia.**

CHARLES WESLEY, 1759. *Abr.* An English Carol.



2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Tho now divided by the stream,—
The narrow stream, of death.
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath cross'd the flood,
And part is crossing now.

3 His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land.
Oh that we now might grasp our Guide!
Oh that the word were given!
Come, Lord of Hosts, the wave divide,
And land us all in Heaven!

591 The Church's one Foundation.

7s & 6s, D.

SAMUEL J. STONE, 1865.

"Here is the patience of the saints."

Petros.

THE LAUSANNE PSALTER.

Energico.

1. THE Church's one Foun-da - tion, Is Je - sus Christ her Lord. She is His new cre - a - tion, By wa - ter and the word. From Heav'n He came and sought her, To be His ho - ly Bride. With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. *A* - men.

f *marcato.*

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the Earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 The Church shall never perish!
The dear Lord to defend,
To guide, sustain and cherish,
Is with her to the end.
Tho there be those who hate her,
And false sons in her pale,
Against or foe or traitor
She ever shall prevail.

4 Tho with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent far asunder,
By heresies distrest:
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song!

5 Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore,
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest;

6 With all her sons and daughters,
Who, by the Master's hand,
Led thro the deathly waters,
Repose in Eden land,
Yet she on Earth hath union
With God the Three in One;
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.

7 Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee!
There, past the border-mountains,
Where in sweet vales the Bride
With Thee by living fountains
Forever shall abide. *Amen.*

592

1 A Song, a song of gladness!
A song of thanks and praise!
The horn of our salvation
Hath God vouchsafed to raise;
And the one faith, the true faith,
Goes forth from east to west,
With its enfolding beauty
The whole great Earth t' invest!

2 Uprise the sleepless watchmen
On Sion's steadfast wall,
With yearning supplication
On God the Lord they call.
And He, tho long time silent,
Bows down a gracious ear,
His people's earnest crying
And long complaint to hear.

3 Thou, who hast fixt unshaken
Thy Church's mighty frame,
That so Hell-gates shall never
Prevail against the same,
Bestow on all Thy people
Thy peace, that we may bring
One voice, one hymn, one spirit,
To glorify our King! *Amen.*

Gk. of the Ninth Century, A.D.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1862. *Abr. Alt.*

593

1 O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your head.
O happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men.
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

2 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure.
What are they, but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to Heaven on Earth? *Amen.*

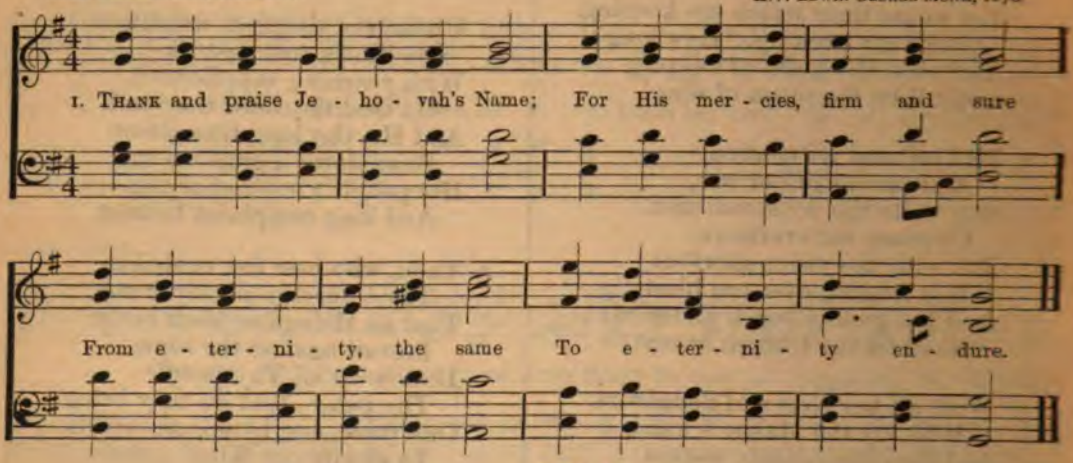
Gk. Joseph of the Studium, d. 833.
Tr. John M. Neale 1862 *Abr*

594 Thank and praise Jehovah's Name.

7.7.7.7. *"No purpose of Thine can be restrained."* **Battishill.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. *Abr.*

JONATHAN BATTISHILL, 1774.
Arr. EDWIN GEORGE MONK, 1870.



2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Plucked from the Destroyer's hand.

3 To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where, from flowery hills, the springs
Thro luxuriant valleys flow.

4 Praise Him, ye who know His love,
Praise Him from the depths beneath,
Praise Him in the heights above,
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

5 For His truth and mercy stand,
Past and present and to be,
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.

595

1 FOUNT of everlasting love!
Rich Thy streams of mercy are.
Flowing purely from above,
Beauty marks their course afar.

2 Lo! Thy Church, athirst and faint,
Drinks the full, refreshing tide;
Thou hast heard her sad complaint,
Floods of grace are sweeping wide!

3 God of mercy, to Thy throne
Now our fervent thanks we bring;
Thine the glory, Thine alone,
Joyous praise to Thee we sing.

4 While we lift our grateful song,
Let Thy Spirit still descend.
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end!

RAY PALMER, 1831.

National.

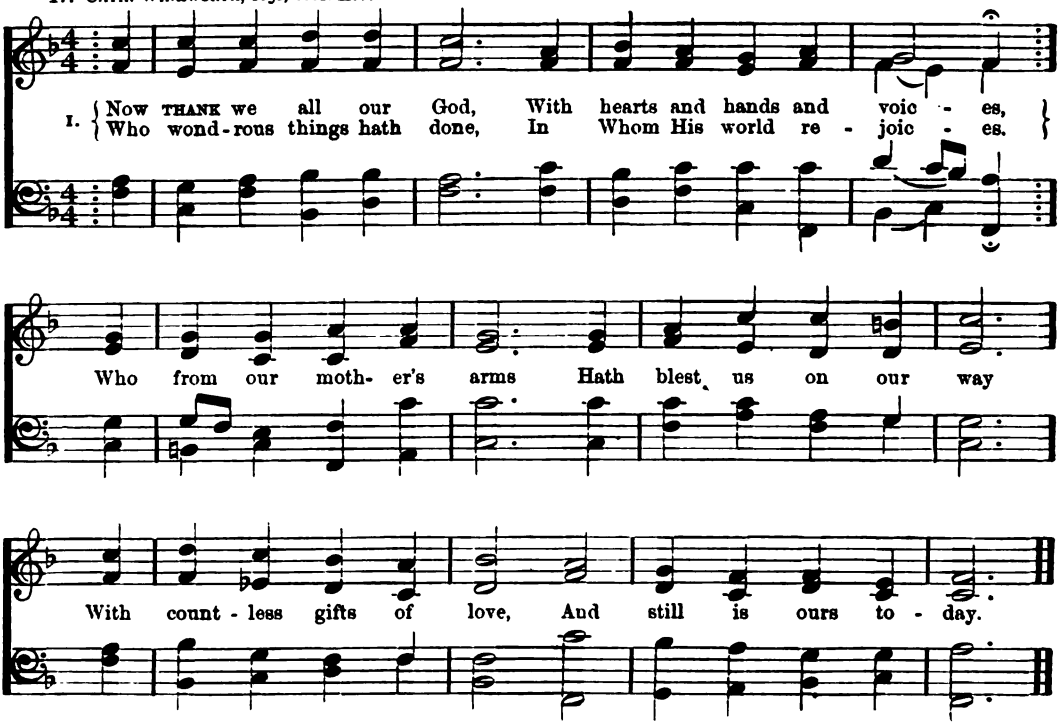
596 Now thank we all our God.

"He hath not dealt with us after our sins."

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. **"Nun Danket alle Gott."**

Ger. Martin Rinkart, 1644, *stan. 1.*
Johann Frank, 1653, *stan. 2, 3.*
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1858, 1862. *Arr.*

Johann Cruger, 1648.



2 Lord God, we worship Thee.
Thou didst indeed chastise us:
Yet still Thy goodness spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us.
Once more our Father's hand
Has bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land;
Lord God, we worship Thee.

3 Lord God, we worship Thee,
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us.
We praise Thy love and power
In loud and happy chorus.
To Heaven our song shall soar,
For ever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er.
Lord God, we worship Thee.

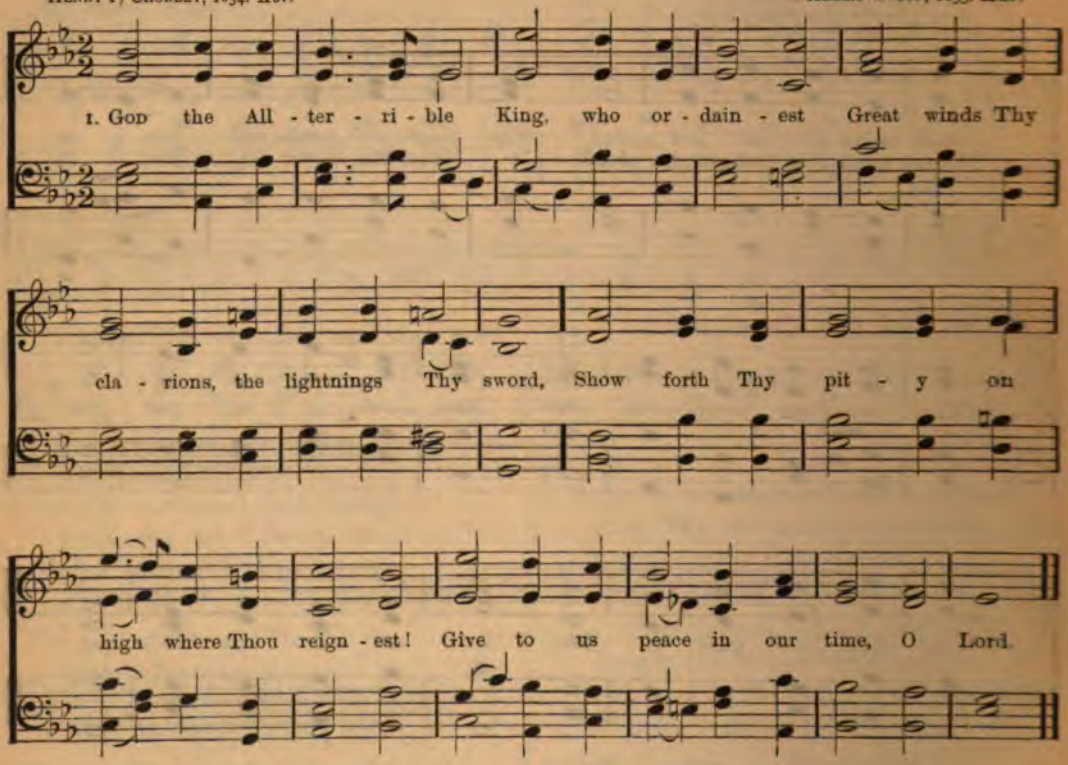
National.

597 God the All-terrible King, who ordainest.

"When Thy judgments are in the Earth, the inhabitants of the world learn righteousness."

11.10.11.9. **Russian Hymn.**

HENRY F. CHORLEY, 1854. *Abr.* ALEXIS LVOFF, 1833. *Harr.*



2 God the Omnipotent, mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the All-merciful! Earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken!
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

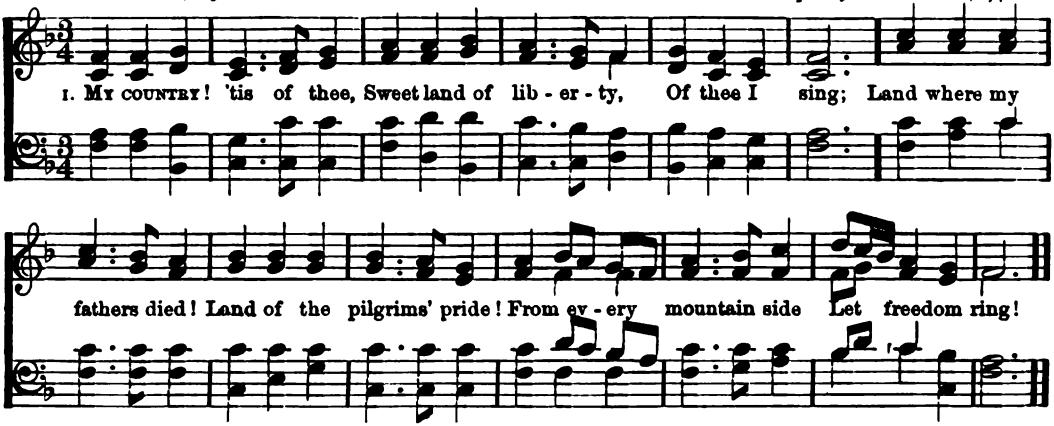
4 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

5 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored.
Thro the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord!

598 My Country, 'tis of thee.

6s & 4s. *"A nation and a company of nations shall be of thee."* **America.**

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832. *Adapta. of* HENRY CAREY, 1740.



2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

National.

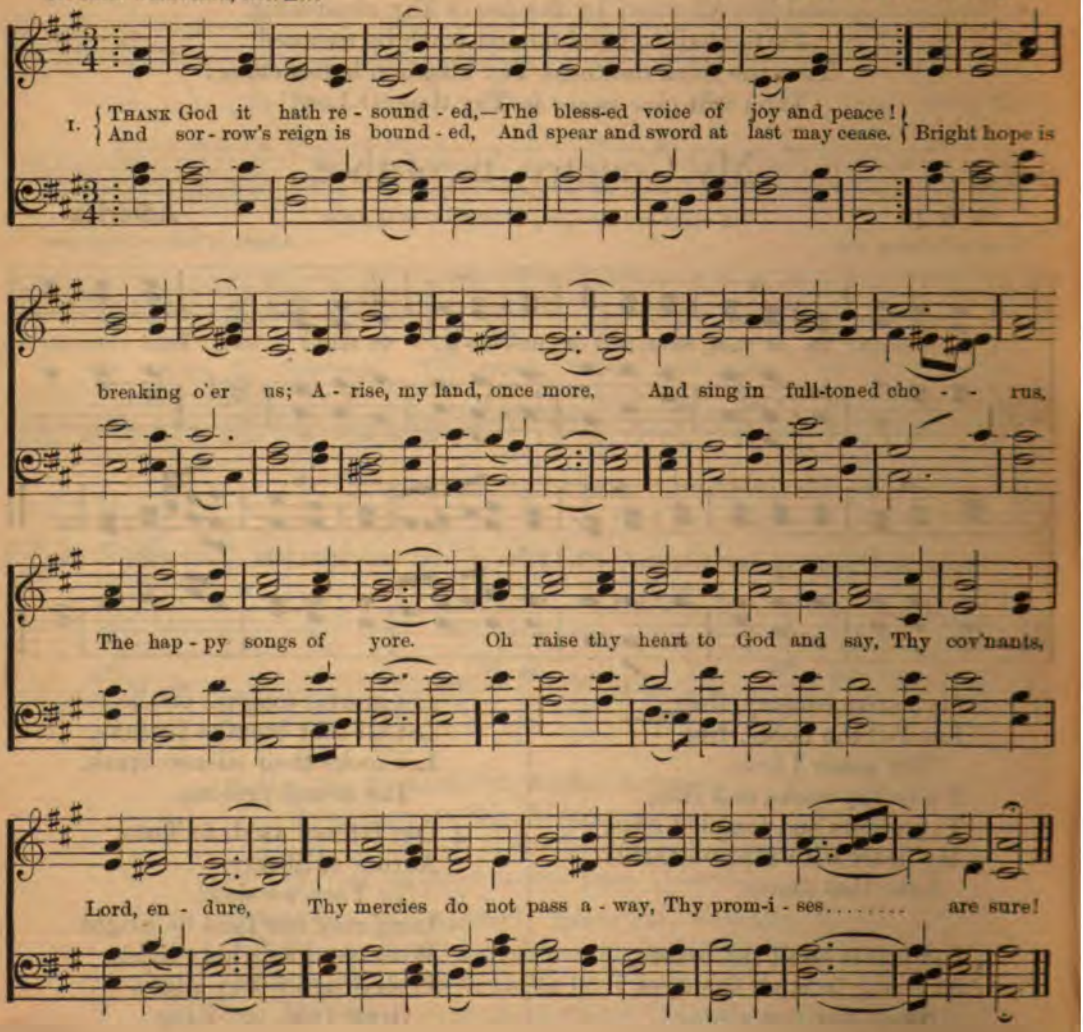
599 Thank God it hath resounded.

"He maketh wars to cease."

7s, 8s, 7s & 6s, P. **"Nun lob' mein Seel den Herren."**

Ger. PAUL GERHARDT, 1648.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862. *Abr.*

JOHANN KUGELMANN, *cir.* 1540.



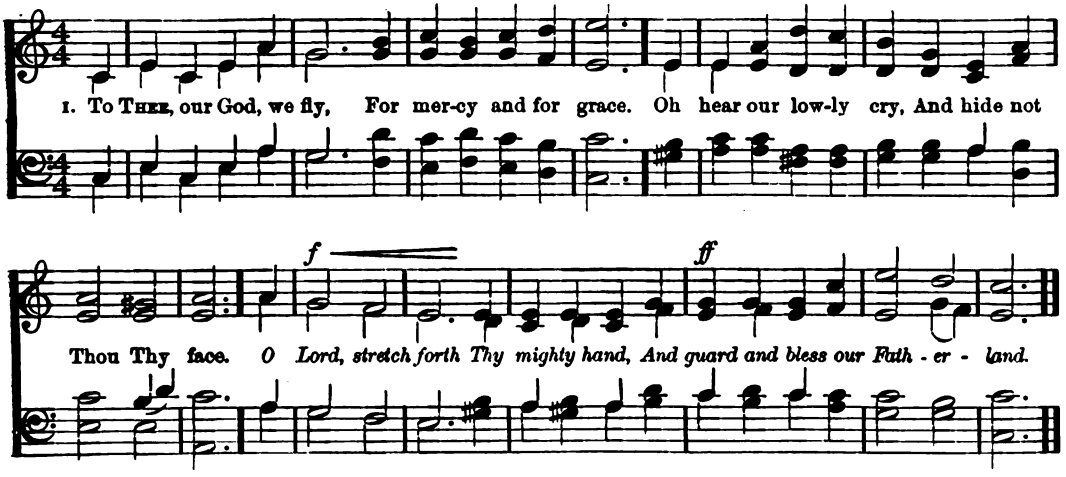
2 O man, with bitter mourning,
Remember now the by-gone years,
When thou hast met God's warning
With careless scoff, not contrite tears;
Yet, like a loving Father
He lays aside His wrath,
And seeks with kindness rather
To lure thee to His path.
He tries if love may yet constrain
The heart that hath withstood
His rod,—oh, let Him, not in vain,
Now strive with thee for good!

3 Thou careless world, awaken!
Awake, awake, all ye that sleep,
Ere yet ye be o'ertaken
With ruin sudden, swift, and deep!
But he who knows Christ liveth,
May hope and fear no ill,
The peace, that now He giveth,
Hath deeper meaning still;
For He will surely teach us this,—
"The end is nigh at hand,
When ye, in perfect rest and peace,
Before your God shall stand!"

600 To Thee, our God, we fly.

6.6.6.6.8.8. "*That thou mayest fear this glorious and fearful name, THE LORD THY GOD.*" **Dudley.**

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1871. *Abr.* EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, 1867.



2 Arise, O Lord of Hosts!
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy, etc.

3 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless,
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy, etc.

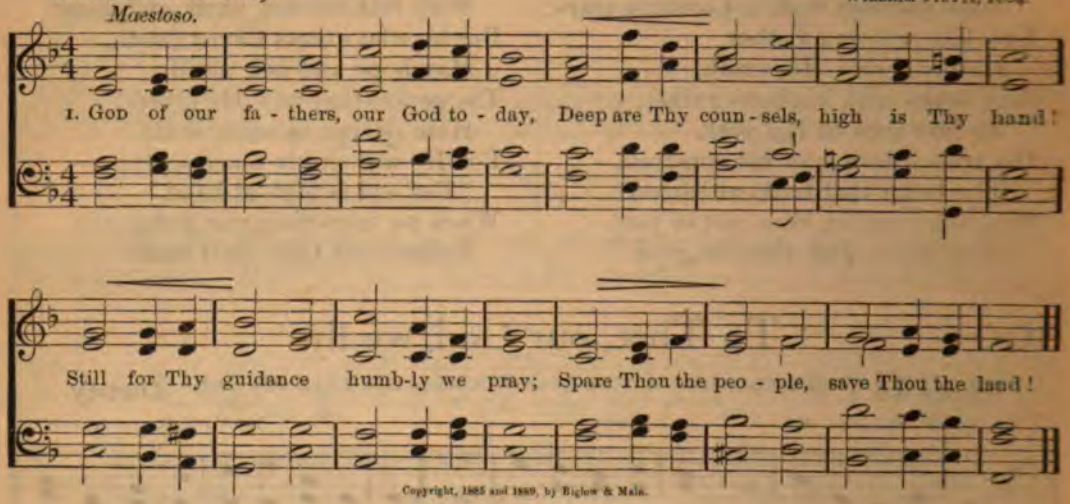
National.

601 God of our fathers.

9.9.9.9.
M. Woolsey Stryker, 1889.
Maestoso.

"The bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain."

Ithaca.
William Piutti, 1884.



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2 Far have we wandered, stout in our pride,
Dark bode our dangers, muttering alarm:
God! in compassion come to our side,
Riding in glory, baring Thine arm.

3 Lift Thou Thy banner! Cleave Thou the way!
Why doth Thy chariot tarry so long?
Baffle the midnight, summon the day;
Then shall deliverance break into song.

4 Healer of nations! Life-giving God!
Purify, chasten, keep by Thy grace,
Show us Thy pardons, shatter Thy rod,
Gather and hold us in Thine embrace.

5 Stand Thou above us, Sun, Lord, and Shield!
March Thou before us, Pillar of Flame!
Earth then her increase gladly shall yield,
Yea, all her peoples shout to Thy name.

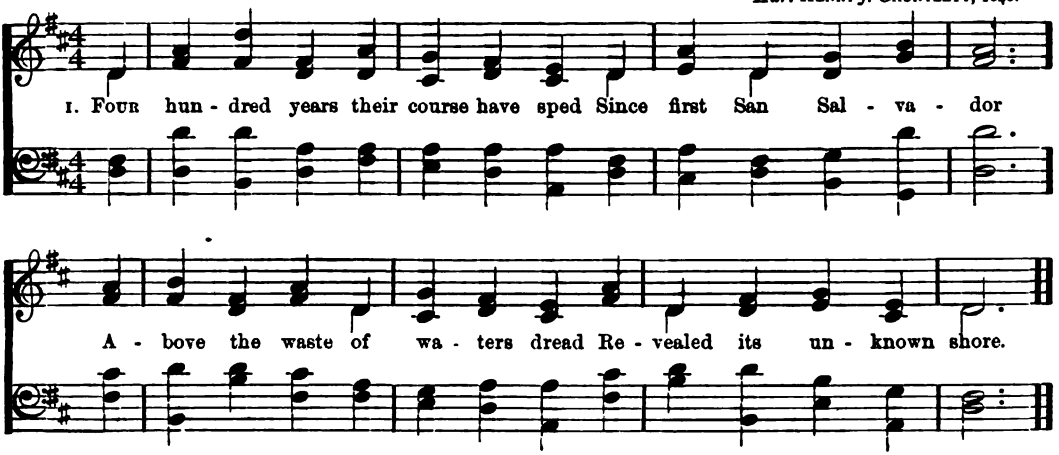
National.

602 Four hundred years their course have sped.

"How long will they not believe in Me, for all the signs which I have wrought among them."

C. M. — M. Woolsey Stryker, 1888.

St. David. — Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621. *Har.* Henry J. Gauntlett, 1846.



2 The slow-paced ages startling heard
The wide new world proclaimed.
Hope clarioned forth the bounteous word,
Till Time's cold pulses flamed.

3 Thro bitter days of doubt and strife
Thou madest us to dwell
Between Thy shoulders. Lord, our life,
Thou hast done all things well!

4 Wrought by Thy wise and wondrous hand,
This great effectual door,
Of liberty with law, doth stand
Set wide for evermore.

5 From outward threat and inward throe,
By want and wealth and rod,
As Thou hast led, lead on! We know
Thou art Columbia's God.

603

1 Great King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at our feet we fall,
And humbly with united cry
To Thee for mercy call.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own:
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.

3 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

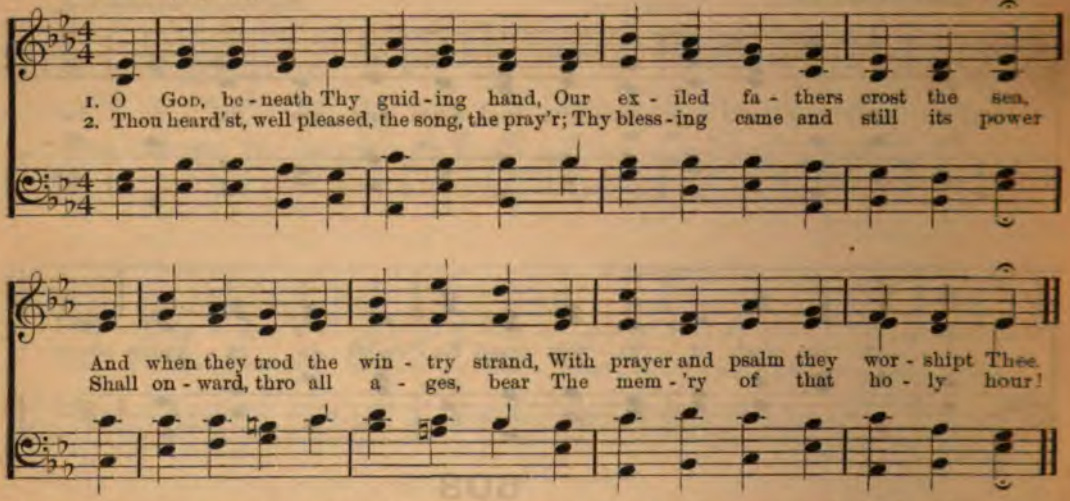
4 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer.
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.

John H. Gurney, 1838. *Abr.*

604 O God, beneath Thy guiding hand.

L. M. *"The Lord our God be with us as He was with our fathers."* **Riegate.**

LEONARD BACON, 1838. 1844. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1844.



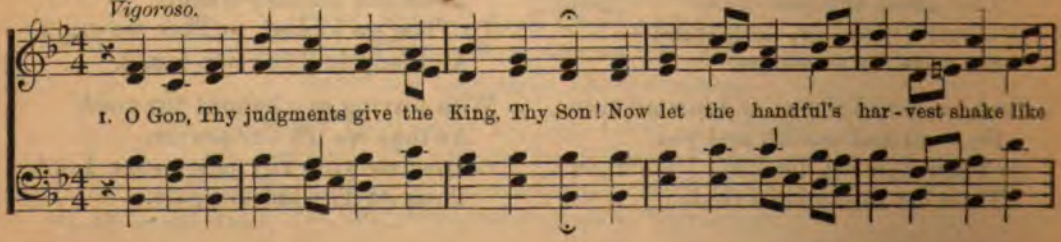
3 Laws, freedom, truth and faith in God,
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love!
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the Earth no more.

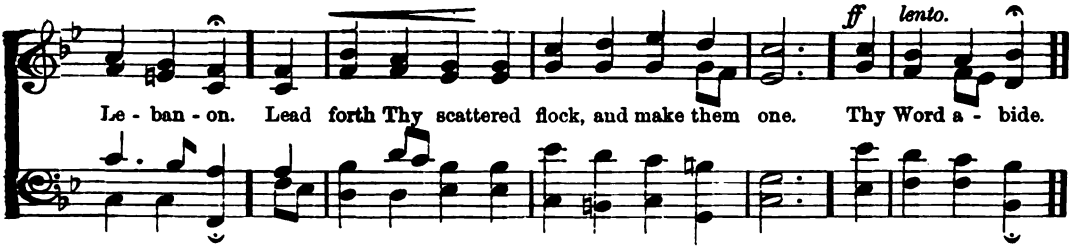
605 O God, Thy judgments give the King.

10.12.10.4. *"He shall set up an Ensign for the nations."* **"Der Herr ist gut!"**

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883. CONRAD KOCHER, 1844.



Missions.



2 Uplift that Cross where Love did sin atone;
THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS,—none other name be known!
Salvation's anthem swell from every zone,
One joyful tide!

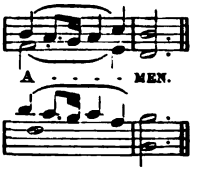
3 To Him the gathering of the people be,
From height and valley, wilderness and utmost sea,
All nations bow before His sovereignty,—
For man Who died.

4 Thy years, Thou King of Ages, shall not fail!
The Lion of the tribe of Judah shall prevail,
And they that pierce His love shall see and wail
The Crucified!

5 Thou art a King! Oh, let Thy Kingdom come!
Before Thy sceptre all Thine enemies be dumb!
Throw wide the gates of Thy Millennium,
And claim Thy Bride!

6 Rebuke for us the foe that would devour!
Reveal the radiant hidings in Thine hand of power;
Robe the King's daughter with her glorious dower,
At Thy dear side.

7 Ye forests, sing! Ye oceans, clap your hands!
Like mountains round Jerusalem her Saviour stands.
Amen, and Amen! Triumph, all ye lands,
Afar and wide!

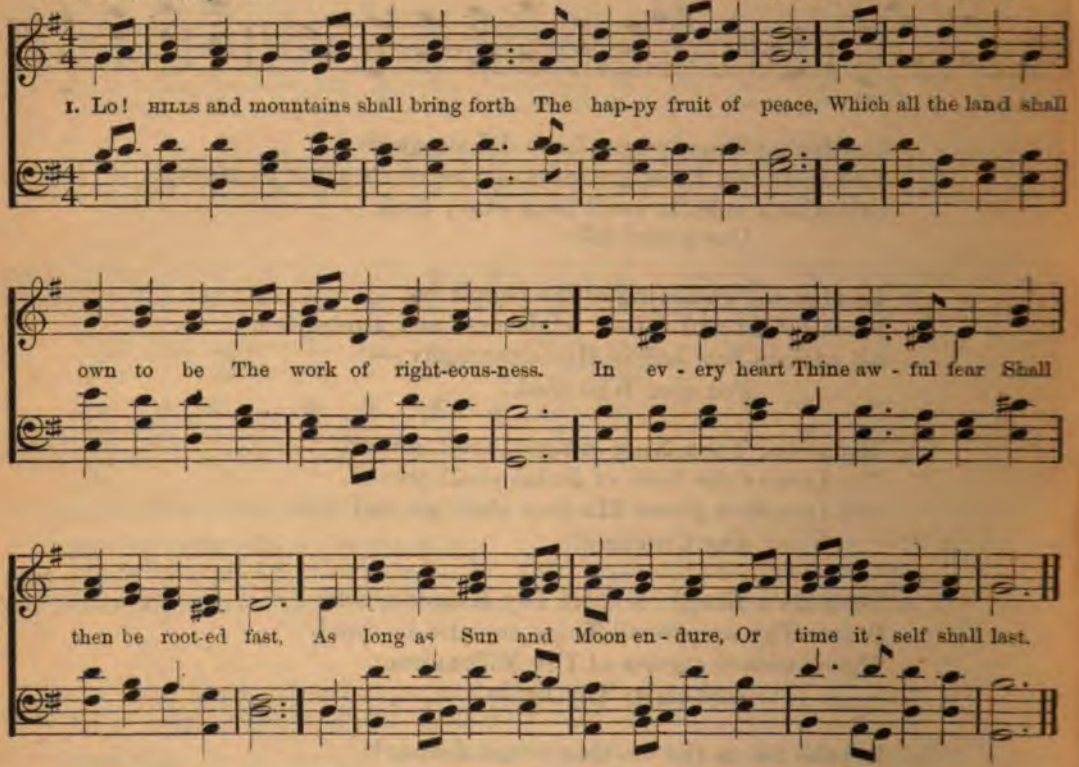


606 Lo! hills and mountains.

C. M. D. *"Let the whole Earth be filled with His glory; Amen, and Amen."* **Noel.**

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM LXXII.
TATE AND BRADY, 1696. *Abr.*

ENGLISH TRADITIONAL AIR.
Arr. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1874.



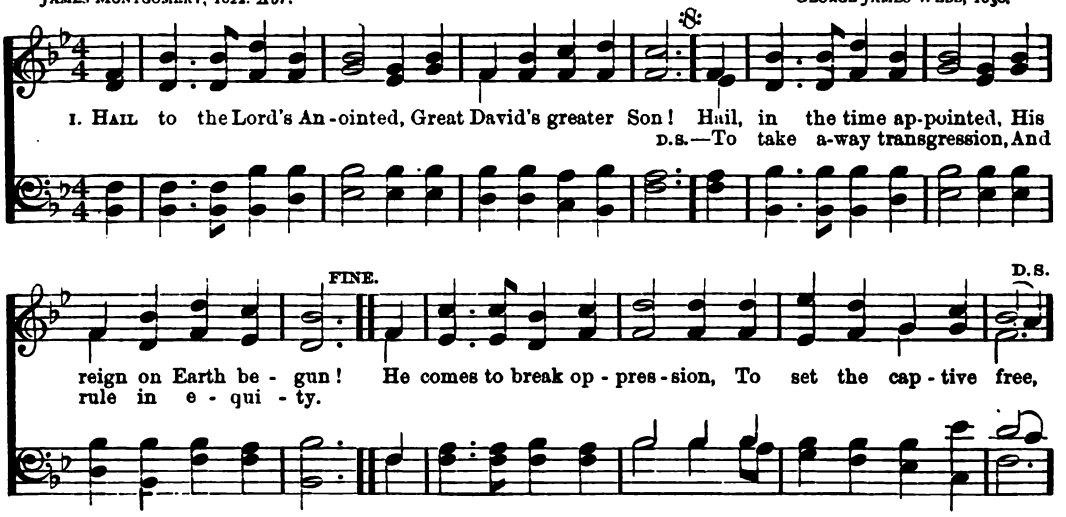
2 To Him shall every king on Earth
His humble homage pay,
And differing nations gladly join
To own His righteous sway.
For He shall set the needy free,
When they for succor cry,
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

3 Then blest be God, the mighty Lord,
The God Whom Israel fears,
Who only wondrous in His works,
Beyond compare, appears.
Let Earth be with His glory filled!
For ever bless His name!
Whilst to His praise the listening worlds
Their glad assent proclaim.

607 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

7s & 6s, D. *"The isles shall wait for His law."* **Webb.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. *Abr.* GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1830.



2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong,
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful Earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—Love.

608

1 THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS!
Once more before we part,
Ring out the joyful watchword
From every grateful heart.
The whole wide world for Jesus!
We'll wing the song with prayer,
And link the prayer with labor,
Till Christ His crown shall wear.

KATHARINE H. JOHNSON, 1872. *Abr.*

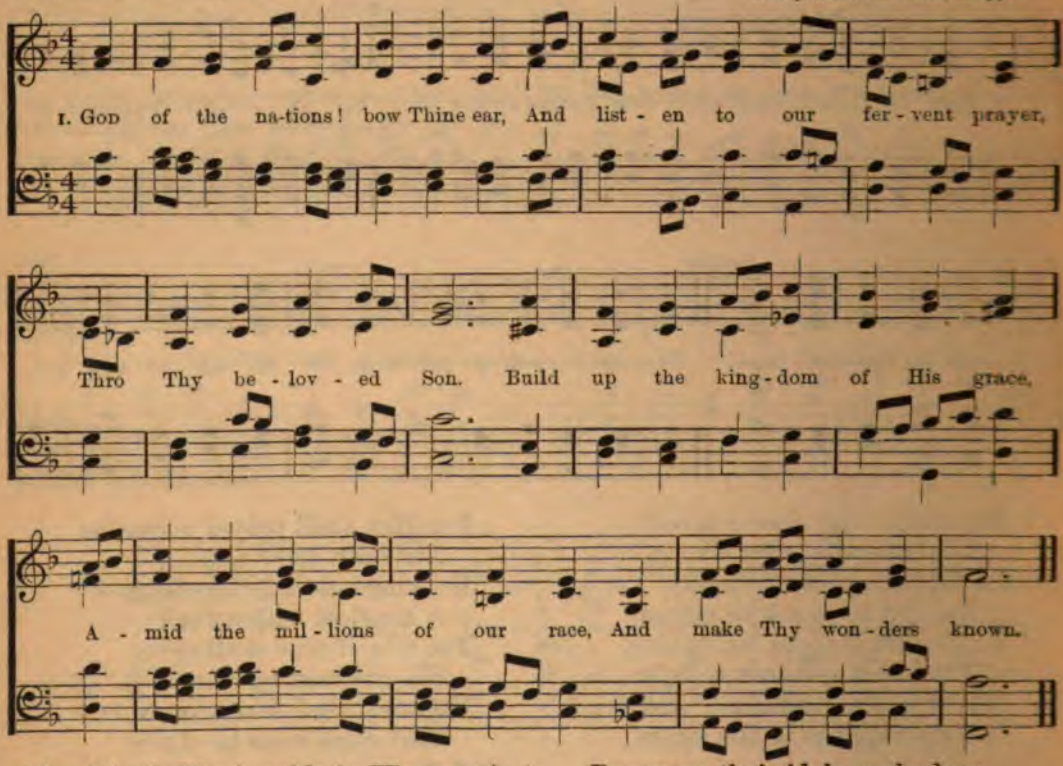
609 God of the nations! bow Thine ear.

"Having hope that as your faith groweth we shall be magnified in you, so as to preach the gospel even unto the parts beyond you."

8.8.6.8.8.6. **Aithlone.**

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1834. *Abr.*

HEINRICH ISAAC, 1490.
Har. JOHANN SEB. BACH, d. 1750.



2 Send forth Thy heralds in His name!
Bid them a Saviour's love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
Till distant lands shall hear the sound,
And send the joyful echoes round,
Amid the shades of death.

3 Oh! let the nations rise, and bring
Their offerings to th' almighty King,
And trust in Him alone,
Renounce their idols, and adore
The God of gods for evermore,
Upon His lofty throne.

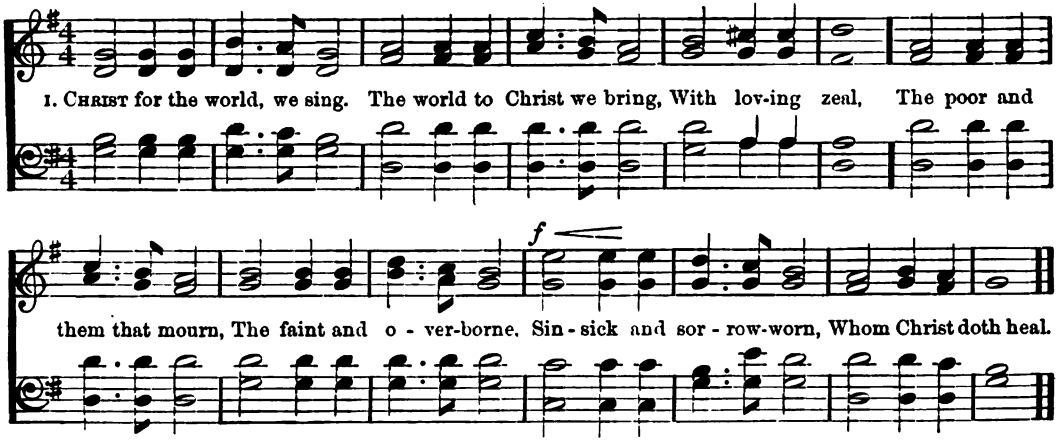
4 The dying millions thus shall prove
The matchless power of bleeding love
And feel their sins forgiven!
Shall join salvation's joyful throng,
And raise on high redemption's song,
Along the path to Heaven.

610 Christ for the world, we sing.

"The Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations."

6s & 4s. SAMUEL WOLCOTT, 1869. *Abr.*

New Haven. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1832.



2 Christ for the world, we sing.
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

611

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou! who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh! now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in Earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

4 Blessed and holy Three,
All-glorious Trinity,—
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Thro the world, far and wide,—
Let there be light!

JOHN MARRIOTT, 1813.

612 From Greenland's icy mountains.

"Giving them the Holy Ghost even as He did unto us."

7s & 6s, D. — Missionary Hymn.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819. — LOWELL MASON, 1823.

1. FROM Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Afric's sun-ny

fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,— From many an an - cient riv - er, From

many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

2 What tho the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Tho every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh! salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Hath learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds! His story,
And ye, ye waters! roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

613

1 The morning light is breaking!
The darkness disappears.
The sons of Earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above,
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way.
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy riches stay.
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home.
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

Samuel Francis Smith, 1831. *Abr.*

614

1 Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it bright'ning,
And promise clothes the soil,
Wide fields, for harvest whit'ning,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His Cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey!

Maria Frances Anderson, 1848. *Abr.*

615

1 Lord of the living harvest,
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept these hands to labor,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard,
Forth send us, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee,
Content to ask no wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

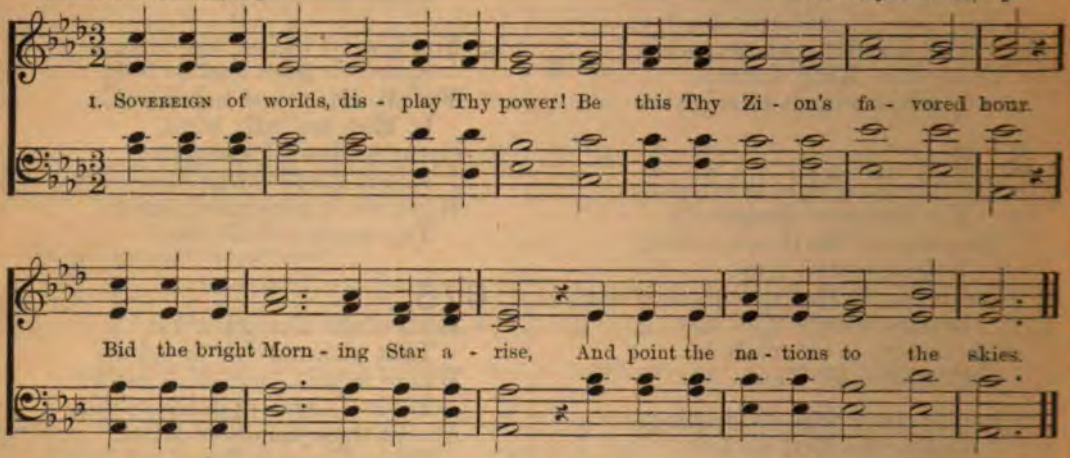
3 Be with us, God the Father,
Be with us, God the Son,
Be with us, God the Spirit,
And seal us for Thine own.
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now and for evermore.

John S. B. Monsell, 1862. *Abr.*

616 Sovereign of worlds, display Thy power!

L. M. *"For the sake of the Name they went forth."* **Missionary Chant.**

BOURNE HALL DRAPER, 1803. HEINRICH C. ZEUNER, 1832.



2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,
And make the nations all Thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy voice!
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice!
Scatter the shades of pagan night,
Let worthless idols flee Thy Light.

4 Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name!
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

5 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Big raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

6 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

617

1 SOON may the last glad song arise
Thro all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph which records
That all the Earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee!
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign!

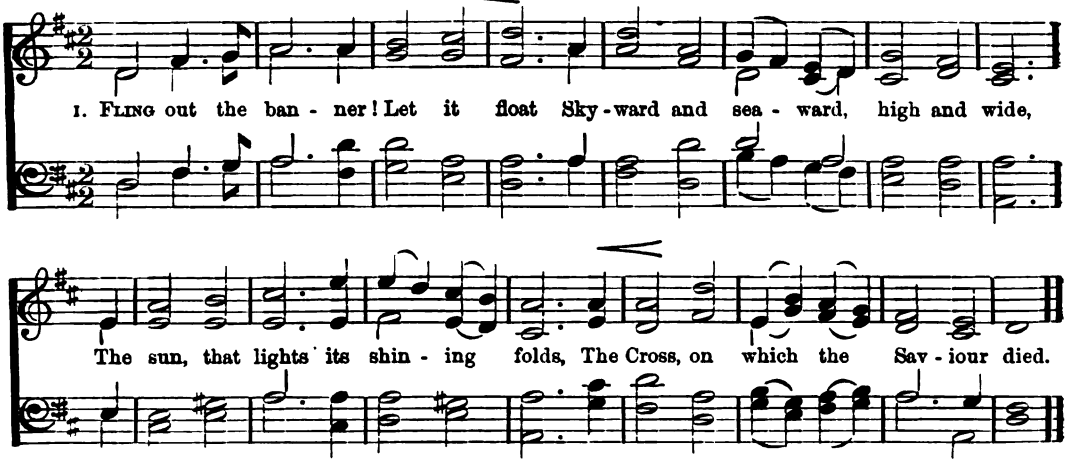
3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

MRS. VOKE, 1797.

618 Fling out the banner! Let it float.

L. M. *"Instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle * * * an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."* **Truro.**

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, 1824. *Abr.* CHARLES BURNEY, 1769.



2 Fling out the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

5 Fling out the banner! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine,
Nor skill nor might nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign!

619

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the Sun
Doth his successive journeys run,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more!

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head.
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns.
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains.
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

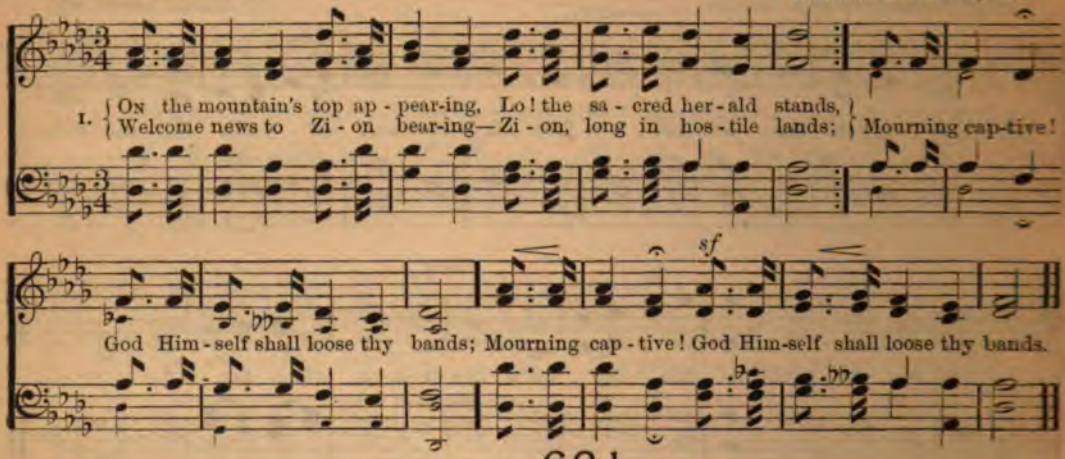
4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King.
Angels descend with songs again,
And Earth repeat the loud Amen!

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.*

620 On the mountain's top appearing.

8s, 7s & 4. *"In all the world bearing fruit and increasing."* Zion.

THOMAS KELLY, 1806. *Abr.* THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830. *Har.* HUBERT P. MAIN, 1886.



2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and Earth at last remove:
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright:
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight.
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

4 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

621

1 YES, we trust, the day is breaking!
Joyful times are near at hand.
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By His word in every land.
Mark His progress!
Darkness flies at His command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread His truth abroad.
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let Thy people see Thy hand!
Let the gospel be victorious,
Thro the world, in every land.
Let the idols
Perish, Lord! at Thy command.

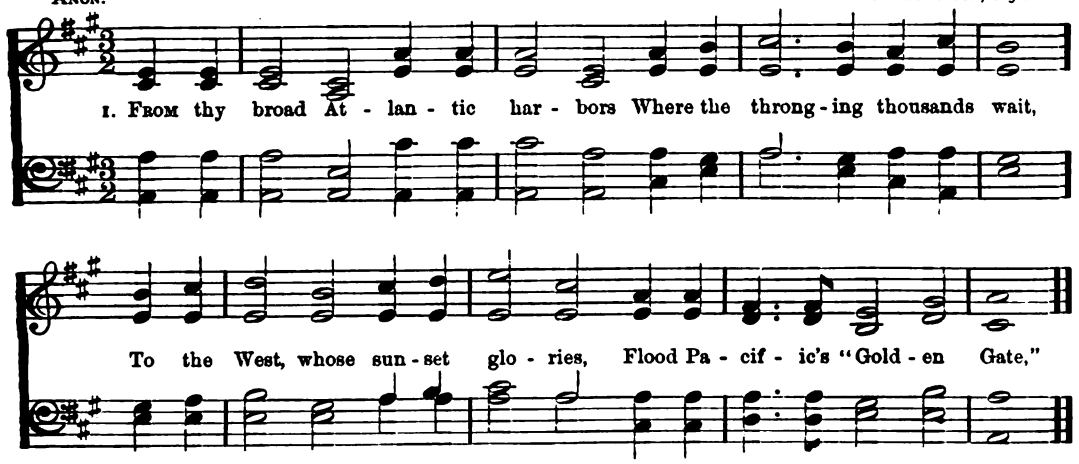
THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

622 From thy broad Atlantic harbors.

"Thou doest a faithful work in whatsoever thou doest to them that are brethren and strangers withal.

8.7.8.7. **Ovio.**

ANON. LOWELL MASON, 1858.



2 O'er our blooming plains and prairies,
O'er these mountain summits grand,
Every breeze the message carries,—
"This shall be Immanuel's land!"

3 In thy heritage rejoicing,
Guard, O Land, thy sacred trust.
Faithful to thy glorious mission,
Win the blessings of the just;

4 Thro thy spreading towns and hamlets,
Shed the light of truth divine.
Over forest-glade and bayou,
Let its kindling radiance shine.

5 God of Nations! our Defender
In the paths of peril trod,
Thro the centuries our Leader,
Guide us still, our father's God!

6 Lead the nation, Holy Spirit,
Down the ages, strong and free!
Lead, till Shiloh lift His banner,
And to Him the gathering be!

623

1 O THOU Sun of glorious splendor,
Shine with healing in Thy wing!
Chase away these shades of darkness,
Holy light and comfort bring.

2 Let the heralds of salvation
Round the world with joy proclaim,
Death and hell are spoiled and vanquish'd
Thro the great Immanuel's name.

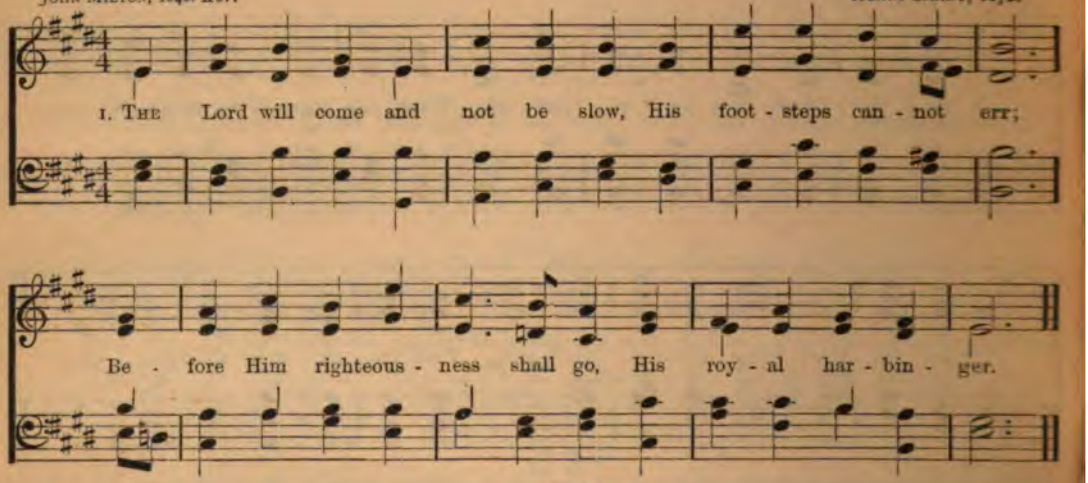
3 Take Thy power, Almighty Saviour!
Claim the nations for Thine own.
Reign, Thou Lord of life and glory,
Till each heart becomes Thy throne.

ANON. URWICK'S COLL., 1829. *Abr.*

624 The Lord will come and not be slow.

C. M. "*He walketh on the vault of Heaven.*" **Blackburn.**

JOHN MILTON, 1648. *Abr.* HENRY SMART, 1872.



2 Truth from the Earth, a beauteous flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

3 Rise, Lord, judge Thou the Earth in might,
This longing Earth redress;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.

4 The nations all whom Thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
And glorify Thy name.

5 For great Thou art, and wonders great
By Thy strong hand are done;
Thou, in Thine everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

625

1 LORD, we adore Thy boundless grace,
The heights and depths unknown,
Of pardon, life and joy and peace,
In Thy beloved Son.

2 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
The Saviour's bounty taste;
Behold a never-failing store
For every willing guest.

3 Here shall your numerous wants receive
A free, a full supply;
He has unmeasured bliss to give,
And joys that never die.

4 Lord, bring unwilling souls to Thee
With sweet, resistless power!
Thy boundless grace let rebels see,
And at Thy feet adore.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

626

"God is not ashamed of them to be called their God."

1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessèd Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole Earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

4 Jesus! Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

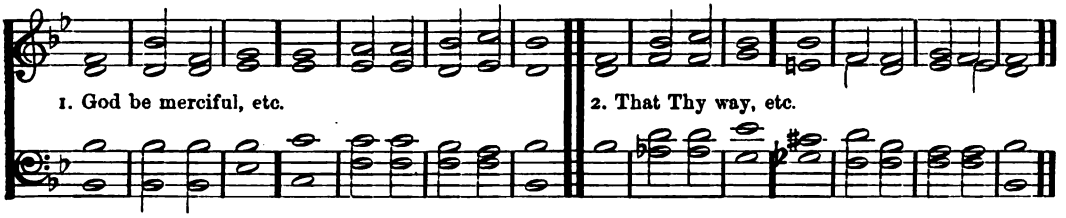
EDWARD DENNY, 1848.

627 God be merciful unto us, and bless us.

"Every man shall give as he is able according to the blessings of the Lord."

Double Chant. PSALM LXVII.

Bonn. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.



1 GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us, || And cause His | face to | shine up- | on us. ||

2 That Thy way may be | known upon | Earth, || Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations. ||

3 Let the peoples praise | Thee, O | God; || Let | all the | peoples | praise Thee. ||

4 Oh let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy; || For Thou shalt judge the peoples with equity, and lead the | nations | upon | Earth. ||

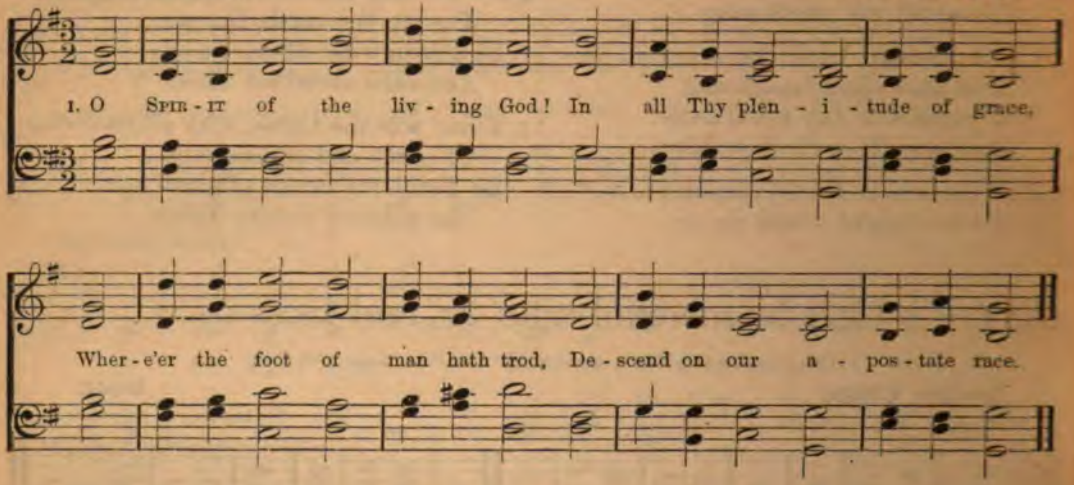
5 Let the peoples praise | Thee, O | God; || Let | all the | peoples | praise Thee. ||

6 The Earth hath yielded her increase: God, even our own | God, shall | bless us. || God shall bless us, And all the ends of the | Earth shall | fear | Him. ||

628 O Spirit of the living God!

L. M. *"When they had prayed the place was shaken."* **Rockingham.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling Word.
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light!
Confusion—order, in Thy path.
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round Earth her God to meet!
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations, far and nigh,
The triumphs of the Cross record.
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

6 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's suff'rings crowned thro [Thee.

629

1 GO, LABOR on. Spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain.
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win.
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

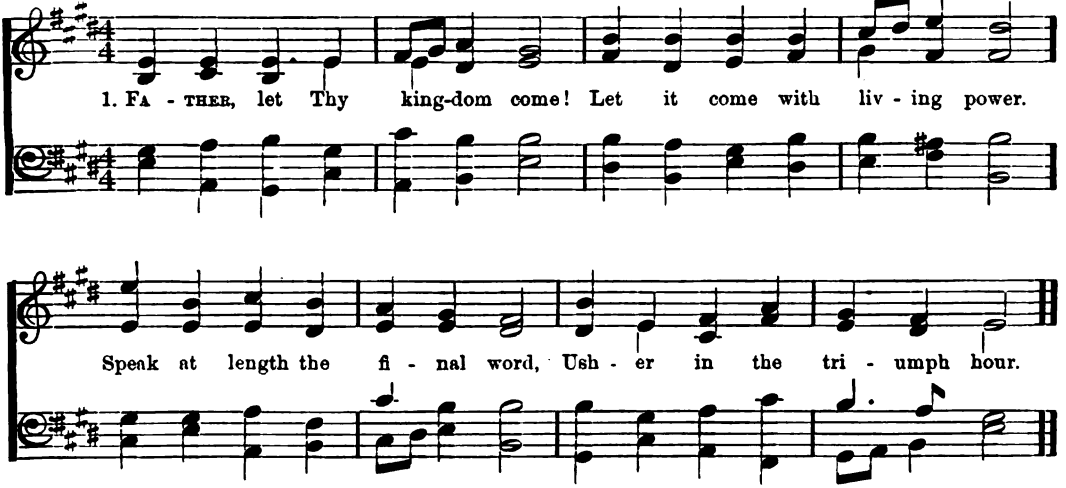
5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home.
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "*Behold I come!*"

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857. *Abr.*

630 Father, let Thy kingdom come!

7.7.7.7. "*The day I bid you shout, then shall ye shout.*" **Posen.**

JOHN PAGE HOPPS, 1877. GEORG CHRISTOPH STRATTNER, 1691.



2 As it came in days of old,
In the deepest hearts of men,
When Thy martyrs died for Thee,
Let it come, O God, again.

3 Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
Let them from their place be hurled.
Enter on Thy better reign,—
Wear the crown of this poor world.

4 Oh, what long, sad years have gone,
Since Thy Church was taught this prayer!
Oh, what eyes have watched and wept
For the dawning everywhere!

5 Break, triumphant day of God!
Break at last, our hearts to cheer;
Throbbing souls and holy songs
Wait to hail Thy dawning here.

6 Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,—
May they all for God be won!
And, in every human heart,
Father, let Thy will be done.

631 Eternal Father! Thou hast said.

L. M. *"Now therefore be wise, O ye kings! Be instructed ye judges of the Earth."* **Park Street.**

RAY PALMER, 1860. FREDERICO MARC A. VENUA, 1850.

Moto.

1. E - TER-NAL Fa - ther! Thou hast said, That Christ all glo - ry shall ob - tain, That He who once a sufferer bled, Shall o'er the world, a conq'ror, reign, Shall o'er the world a conq'ror, reign.

2 We wait Thy triumph, Saviour King!
Long ages have prepared Thy way;
Now all abroad Thy banner fling,
Set Time's great battle in array.

3 On mountain-tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand.
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts, from land to land.

4 Oh, fill Thy Church with faith and power!
Bid her long night of weeping cease.
To groaning nations haste the hour,
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

5 Come, Spirit, make Thy wonders known!
Fulfil the Father's high decree;
Then Earth, the might of Hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee!

632

1 JESUS! Thy Church, with longing eyes,
For Thine expected coming waits.
When will the promised Light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wint'ry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with gladness we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 Yes, Thou wilt speedily appear!
The smitten Earth already reels,
And not far off we seem to hear
The thunder of Thy chariot wheels.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour,
And fit us, by Thy grace, to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

WILLIAM H. B. BATHURST, 1829. *Abr.*

633 Saviour! sprinkle many nations.

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world for a testimony unto all the nations; and then shall the end come."

8s & 7s, D. — ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1851.

The Austrian Hymn. — FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1797.

1. { SAVIOUR! sprinkle many nations, Fruitful let Thy sorrows be. By Thy pains and conso-la-tions, Draw the Gentiles unto Thee. } Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,

Be it to the na-tions told, Let them see Thee in Thy glory And Thy mer-cy man-i - fold.

2 Far and wide, tho all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast.
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of Heaven,
Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the [sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on Earth, by every creature,
Glory to the Lamb be sung!

634

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy love's revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

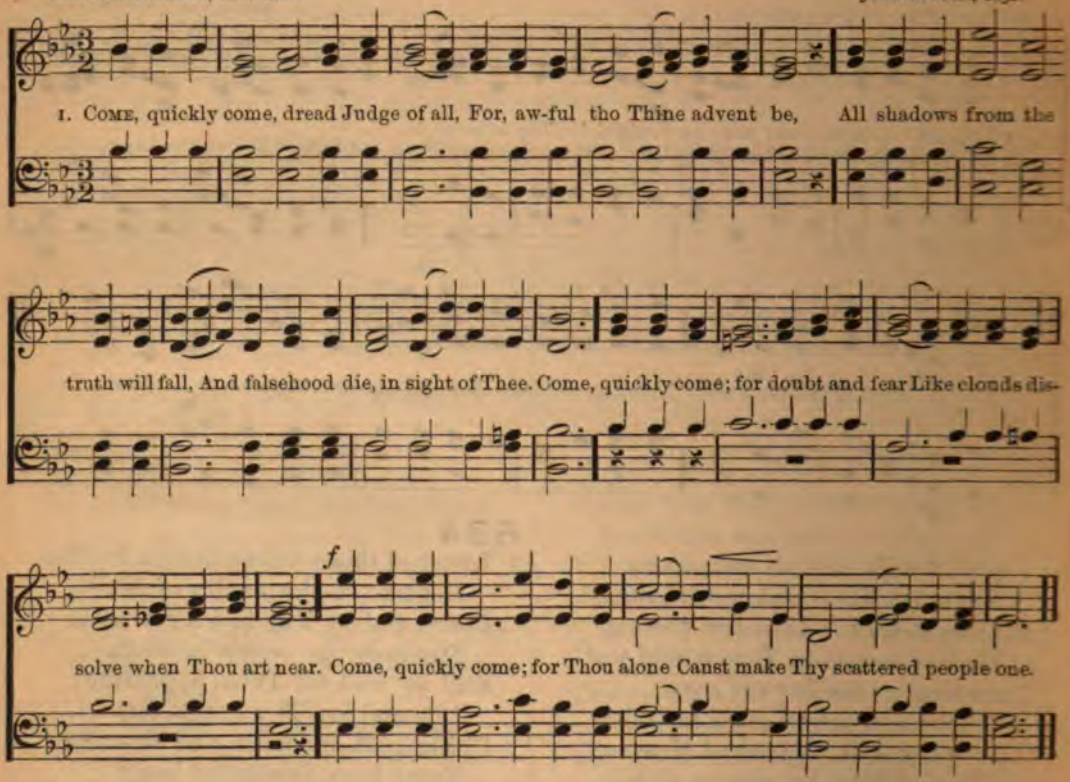
2 Come, and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, of life to life the savor,
Come, and bring Thy gospel-grace.
By Thine all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release,
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745. *Abr.*

635 Come, quickly come, dread Judge.

L. M. D. *"That which is becoming old and waxeth aged is nigh unto vanishing away."* **Orion.**

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1868. *Abr.* JOHN ZUNDEL, 1852.



2 Come, quickly come, true Life of all;
The curse of Death is on the ground.
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found.
Come, quickly come, great King of all,
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Reign all around us and within,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.

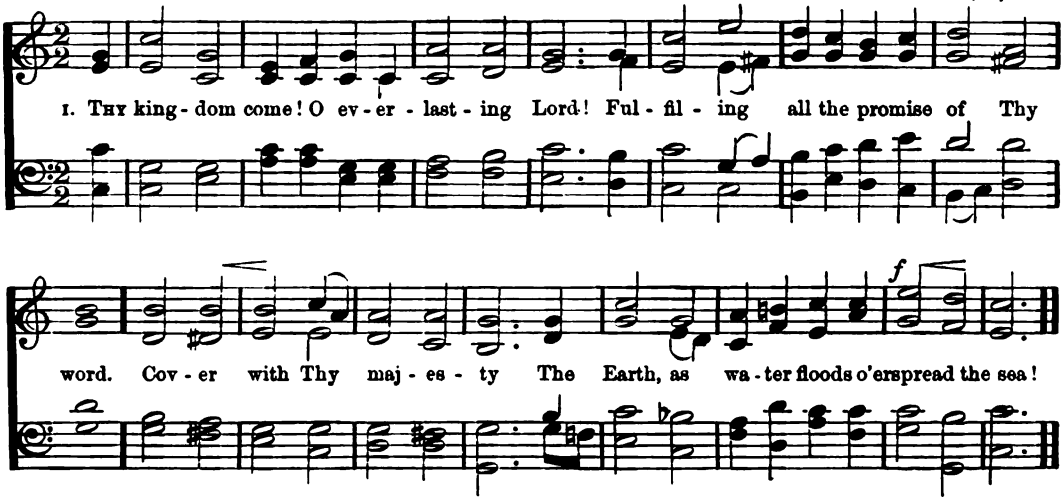
3 Come, quickly come, sure Light of all;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And fainting souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day.
Come, quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.
Come, quickly come; for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

The Second Coming.

636 Thy kingdom come! O everlasting Lord!

10.10.7.10. "*Grace! Grace unto it!*" **Elisabeth.**

M. Woolsey Stryker, 1880. *Abr.* Henry Smart, 1872.



2 The winds Thy sandals and the tides Thy path,
Smite down oppressions with Thy rod of wrath.
Everlasting righteousness
Bring in, Thou Prince, the waiting years to bless.

3 Thine unseen sceptre hath Thy reign begun,
Amid the candles walks the Living One:—
Oh, reveal Thy wondrous way,
Still brighter, brighter, to Thy perfect day!

4 Thy Bride hath waited, watched and mourned apart:
But now is set a seal upon Thy heart,
Joyful reads the way she trod,
Submissive to the righteousness of God!

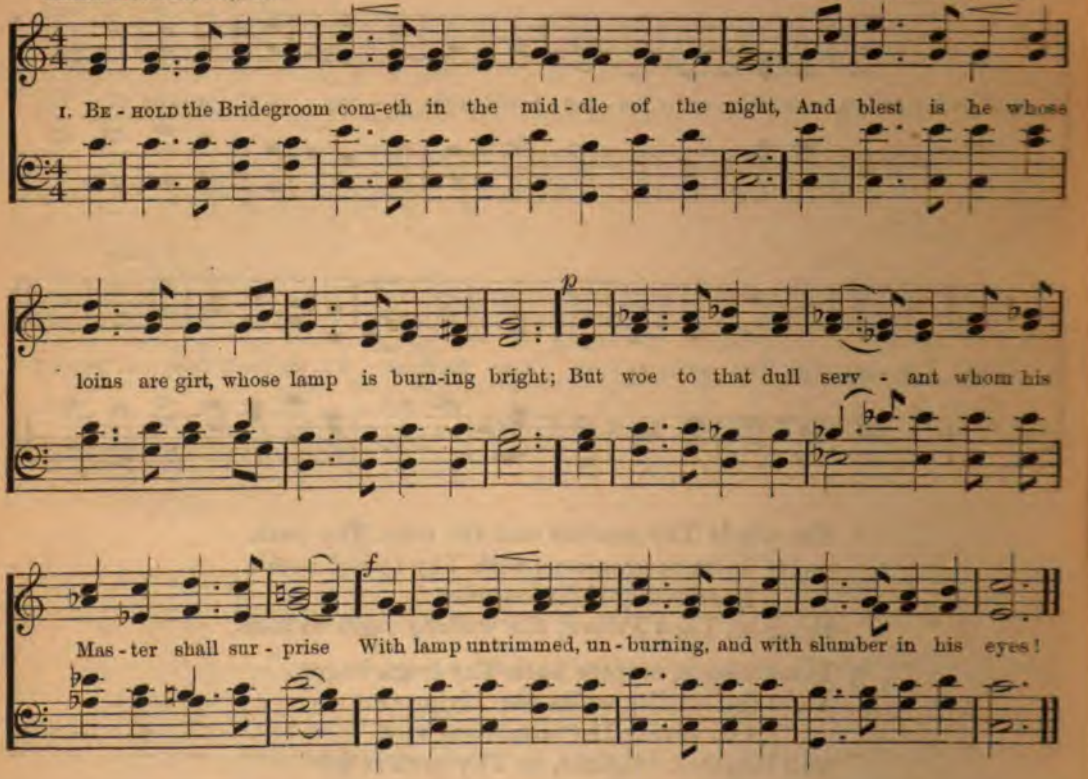
5 Ah! cloudless morn, when Christ, our Sun, shall rise,
And Heaven's great daybreak fill th' unfolding skies!
None shall say, 'Lo! here!'—or 'there!'
For lo! the shining dawn is everywhere.

637 Behold the Bridegroom cometh.

14.14.14.14.
GERARD MOULTRIE, 1867, *Abr.*

"They that were ready went in with Him."

Midnight Cry.
GEORGE A. MACFARREN, 1872.



2 That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul slack not thy toil:
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
"Behold the Bridegroom comes. Arise! Go forth to meet the Bride."

3 Beware, my soul, take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock, and vainly cry:
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light, the glory of the Son!

The Second Coming.

638 Rejoice, all ye believers!

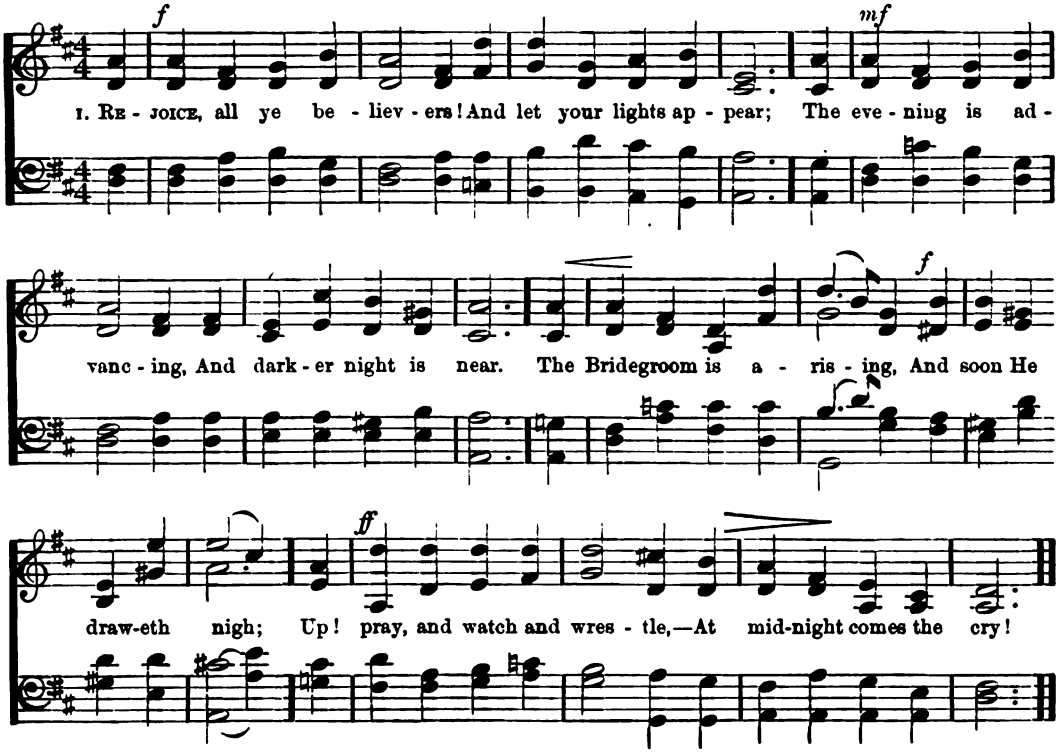
"I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no one taketh from you."

7s & 6s, D.

Ger. LAURENTIUS LAURENTI, 1690.
Tr. JANE BORTHWICK, 1853, *Abr.*

Lancashire.

HENRY SMART, 1836.



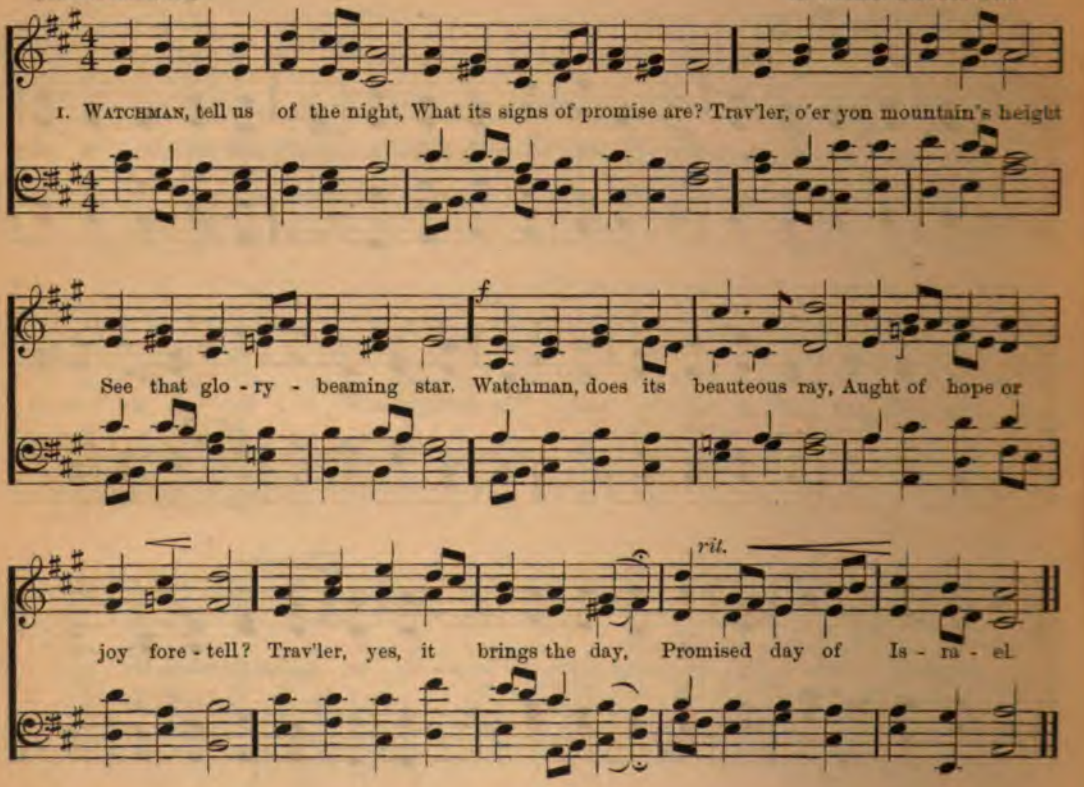
2 The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near.
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up! up! ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

3 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord! to see
The day of Earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee!

639 Watchman, tell us of the night.

7s, D. "*He shall declare unto you the things that are to come.*" **Owasco.**

JOHN BOWRING, 1825. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882.



2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the Earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night;
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

The Second Coming.

640 Hark! the song of Jubilee.

"Seeing that ye look for these things, give diligence that ye may be found in peace."

7s, D. — JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819, 1825.

Parousia. — MAX PIUTTI, 1881.

1. HARK!—the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as might-y thun - ders roar, Or the full - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore,—"Al - le - lu - ia! for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign!" Al - le - lu - ia! let the word Ech-o round the earth and main.

f *ff*

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2 "Alleluia!" Hark! The sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!
See Jehovah's banners furled!
Sheathed His sword! He speaks—'tis [done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

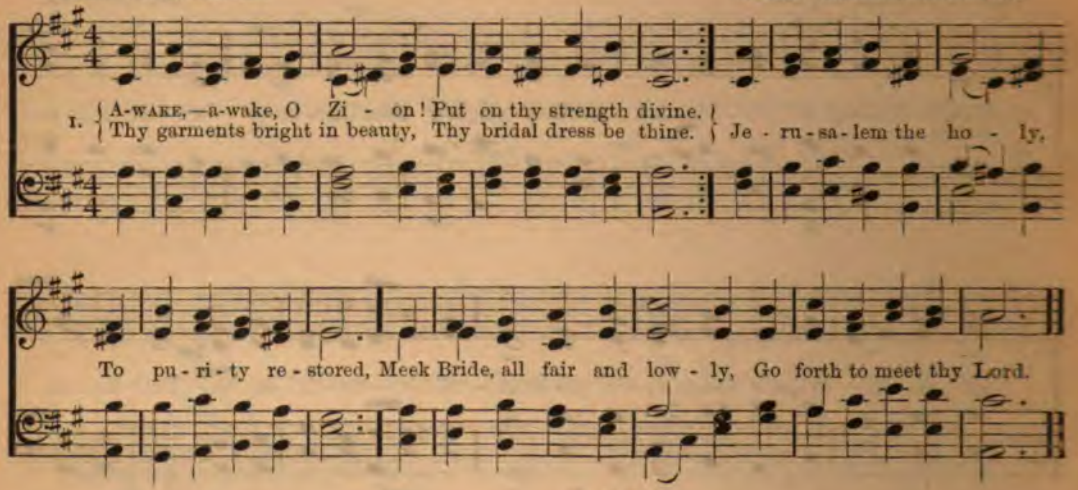
3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway.
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away,
Then the end. Beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall.
Alleluia!—Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

641 Awake, awake, O Zion!

"That we may have boldness, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming."

7s & 6s, D. **Gottland.**

BENJAMIN GOUGH, 1865. *Abr.* Swedish. LINDEMAN'S KORAL-BOK.



2 Break forth in hymns of gladness,
O waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim!
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lión,
Shall wear His rightful crown.

3 Go forth, confessors, martyrs,
With zeal and love unpriced,
And preach the blood of sprinkling,
And live, or die, for Christ.
For Christ claim every nation,
Your banner wide unfurled.
Go forth and preach salvation,—
Salvation for the world!

642

1 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt Thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
At Thy so long delay.
Thy very Bride her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where Thou, her Lord, art not.

2 Oh! wake Thy slumbering virgins,
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all Thy saints repeat it—
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well-girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy Thy face to see!

JAMES GEORGE DECK, 1837. *Abr.*

643 The blessèd saints about Thee.

7s & 6s, D. *"... Christ, who is our life, shall be manifested."* **Upsala.**

HERVEY D. GANSE, 1887. SWEDISH KORAL, 1560.

1. { THE blessèd saints about Thee, O Christ, are pure and strong: } { We languish here without Thee. How long, O Lord, how long? } When shall the heavens be bending

Beneath th' un-numbered wings, In radiant pomp at - tending The coming King of kings?

Words Copyright, 1889, by Biglow & Main.

2 No cross is now before Thee.
There is no cross but one!
The blood-stained wood that bore Thee
Outblazons now the Sun.
Such deathless splendors lighten
Thy path in sorrow trod!—
What burst of Heaven shall brighten
The coming of our God!

3 No earthly veil shall hide Thee,
The Heavens no more withhold,
All glories pale beside Thee,
Whom ranks of light infold.
Break thro the skies, and greet us
From our eternal home!
Make haste, our Life, and meet us!
Oh come, Lord Jesus, come!

644

1 HE comes in blood-stained garments,
Upon His brow a crown.
The gates of brass fly open,
The iron bands drop down.
From off the fettered captive
The chains of Satan fall,
While angels shout triumphant,
That Christ is Lord of all.

2 Oh, Christ! His love is mighty,
Long-suffering is His grace,
And glorious is the lustre
That beameth from His face.
Our hearts up-leap in gladness
When we behold that love,
As we go singing onward
To dwell with Him above.

CHARITIE LEES BANCROFT, 1860. *Abr.*

The Second Coming.

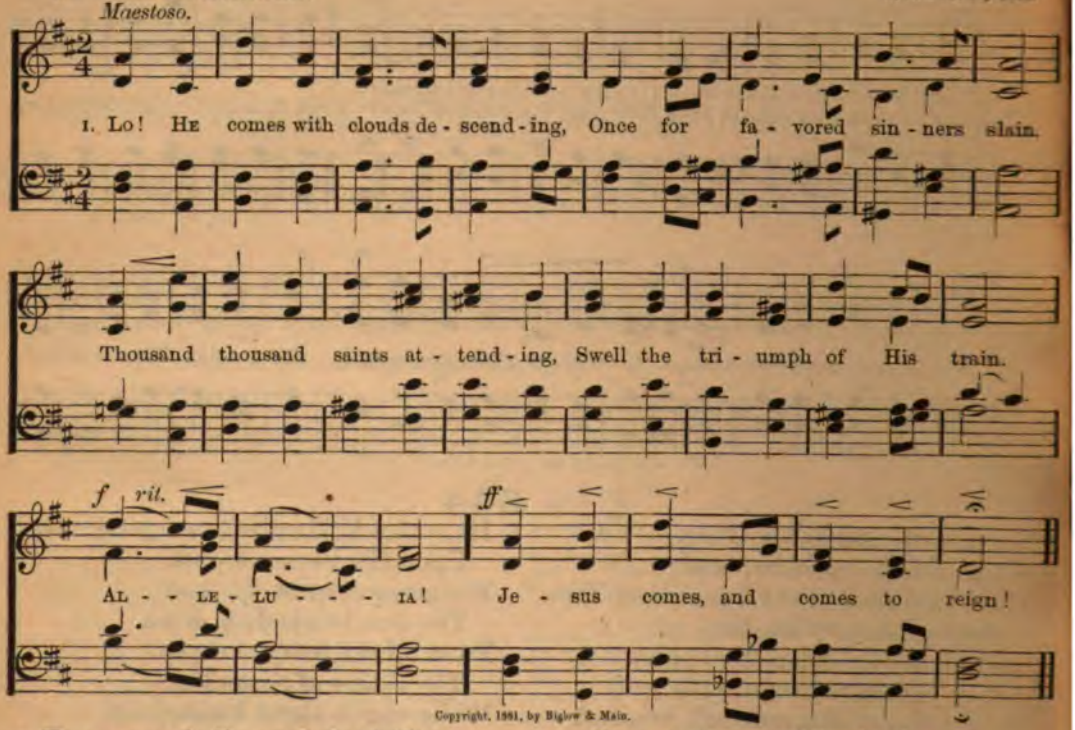
645 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending.

"I am persuaded that He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

8s, 7s & 4. **Archangel.**

JOHN CENNICK, 1752, and CHARLES WESLEY, 1758.
Arr. MARTIN MADAN, 1760. *Abr.*

MAX PIUTTI, 1880.



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2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty.
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,
ALLELUIA!
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, of men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air.
ALLELUIA!
Sée the day of God appear!

646

1 CHRIST is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease.
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase,
Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blesséd Prince of peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain:
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign.
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 With that blesséd hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung.
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

JOHN ROSS MACDUFF, 1851. *Abr.*

647

1 O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing and watch and pray;
'Tis thy Saviour!
On His bright returning way.

2 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand.
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour!
In Thy bright and promised land.

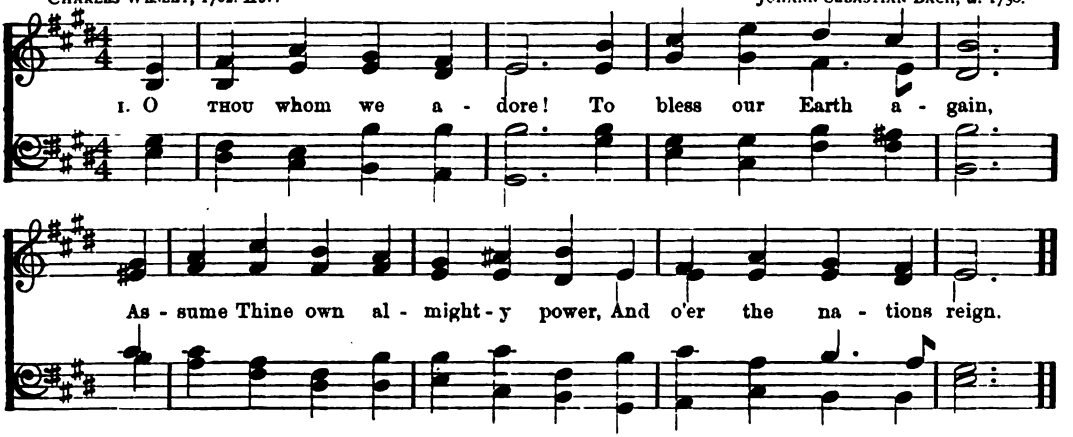
JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1863. *Abr.*

648 O Thou whom we adore!

"Foreordained to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the First-born among many brethren."

S. M. — CHARLES WESLEY, 1782. *Abr.*

Potsdam. — JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, *d.* 1750.



2 The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to Thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!

3 A gracious Saviour, Thou
Wilt all Thy creatures bless,
And every knee to Thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.

4 According to Thy word,
Now be Thy grace revealed,
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the Earth be filled.

The Second Coming.

649 Watch, brethren, watch! The year is dying.

9.9.8.8.8. *"The night is far spent."* **Tryst.**

HORATIUS BONAR. ROBERT LOWRY, 1884.

1. WATCH, brethren, watch! The year is dy - ing. Watch, brethren, watch! Old Time is fly - ing.

Watch, as ye watch the part - ing breath, And as ye watch for life, or death;

marcato.

E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh! E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

Copyright, 1884, by Biglow & Main

2 Pray, brethren, pray! The sands are falling.
Pray, brethren, pray! God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime.
We kneel upon the edge of time. *Eternity is, etc.*

3 Praise, brethren, praise! The skies are rending.
Praise, brethren, praise! The fight is ending.
Oh see, the glory cometh near!
The King Himself will soon be here! *Eternity is, etc.*

The Second Coming.

650 Wake! awake; for night is flying!

8s, 9s, 6s & 4s, P. *"The day is at hand."* **"Wachet auf!"**

Ger. PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1597. PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1599.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862. *Alt.* *Arr.* BENJ. C. BLODGETT, 1885.

sf Maestoso.

1. { WAKE! a-wake; for night is fly-ing! The watchmen on the heights are cry-ing!
Midnight's sol-emn hour is toll-ing! His cha-riot-wheels are near-er roll-ing!

A-wake, Je-ru-sa-lem at last! }
Come forth, ye vir-gins, night is past! } A-rise! with will-ing feet Go forth, the Bridegroom meet.

f

AL-LE-LU-IA! Bear thro the night your ready light, Speed forth to join the marriage rite.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
Her heart with sudden joy is springing,
She wakes,—she stands in glad array!
Lo! her Lord draws near all-glorious,—
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,—
Her Star is ris'n, her night is day!
All hail, Thou Joy and Crown!
God's Son, from Heaven come down!
ALLELUIA!
We answer, all, Thy blessèd call,
And follow to the banquet hall.

3 Hear Thy praise, O Lord, ascending
From tongues of men and angels, blending
With harp and lute and cymbal's tone.
By Thy pearly gates in wonder
We stand and swell the voice of thunder,
In choral bursts about Thy Throne.
What vision never brought,
What ear hath never caught,—
ALLELUIA!—
Is ours! with song we join the throng
To praise Thee ages all along.

651 Eternity! Eternity! How long art thou.

8s. Chant. *"The things which are not seen are Eternal."* **Eternity.**

Ger. Daniel Wülfer, 1648.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1855. *Abr.*

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1871.

Grave.

1. E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! How long art thou, E - ter - ni - ty!

{ And yet to thee time hastes away, / Like as the war-horse..... } to the fray, { Or swift as couriers homeward go, / Or ships to port, or..... }

p

shaft from bow; Pon - der, O man, E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

2 Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
As long as God is God, so long
Endure the pains of Hell and wrong,
So long the joys of Heaven remain;
Oh, lasting joy! oh, lasting pain!
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

3 Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
O man, full oft thy thoughts should dwell
Upon the pains of sin and Hell,
And on the glories of the pure,
That do beyond all time endure;
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

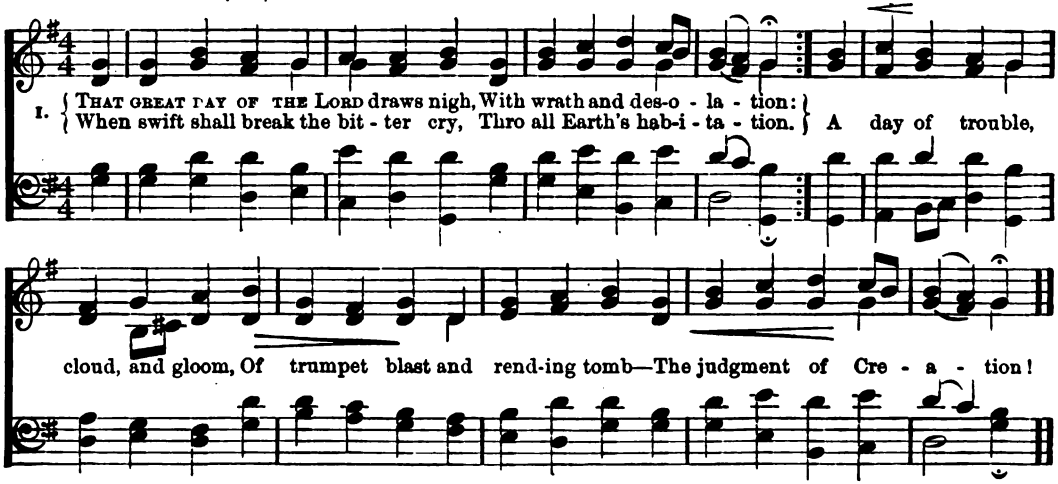
4 Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Who ponders oft on thee is wise;
All fleshly lusts shall he despise.
The world engrosses him no more,
The love of vain delights is o'er.
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

652 That great day of the Lord draws nigh.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7. *"Every morning doth He bring His judgment to light."* **Luther's Hymn.**

Chiefly based upon the DIES IRÆ, 1250.
M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884.

JOSEPH KLUG'S GESANGBUCH, 1535.



2 The world-wide millions, quick and dead,
Now meet the last arraigning.
The open volume wide is spread,
All things of time containing.
Before that Holy Magistrate
Stand manifested small and great,
Naught unadjudged remaining.

3 Ah! what shall I, a wretch, reply—
Whom sue for mediation—
While e'en the just for mercy cry,
And all is lamentation?
O King of boundless majesty,
Heed, pity, rescue, pardon me,
Thou Fountain of Salvation!

4 Remember all Thy mortal woe,
Thou Judge of just decision—
The cross that Thou didst undergo,
O Christ, to give remission;
For I that holy ransom claim;
Absolve my sins by Thy great name,
And pluck me from perdition!

5 Unworthy is my very prayer—
A criminal appealing;
But, Thou Good One, benignly spare
A guilty suppliant kneeling!
Thou Mary's grief didst well regard,
Nor didst the robber's cry discard—
My contrite soul give healing!

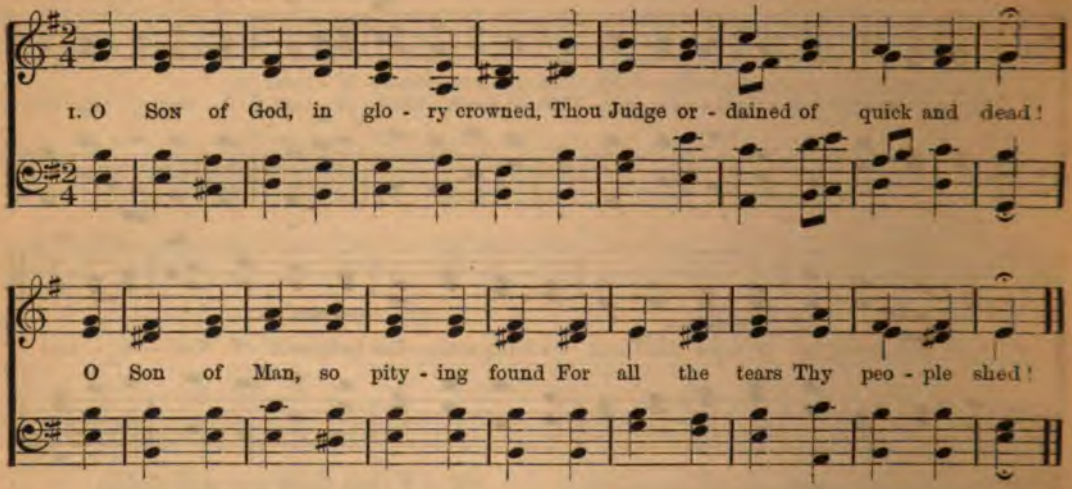
6 So lift we up our hearts, O Lord—
Redemption's day is nearing;
We hide in Thee, we trust Thy word,
We wait for Thine appearing;
With boldness face Eternity,
Because as Thou art, so are we—
Thy love hath cast out fearing!

653 O Son of God, in glory crowned.

"That we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as He is, even so are we in this world."

L. M. — CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1853. *Abr.*

St. Jerome. — KARL HEINRICH GRAUN, 1720.



2 Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard,
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand!

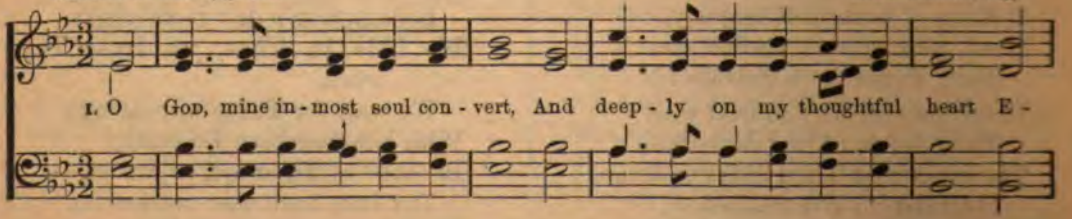
3 And by the love that brought Thee here,
And by the Cross, and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of judgment save!

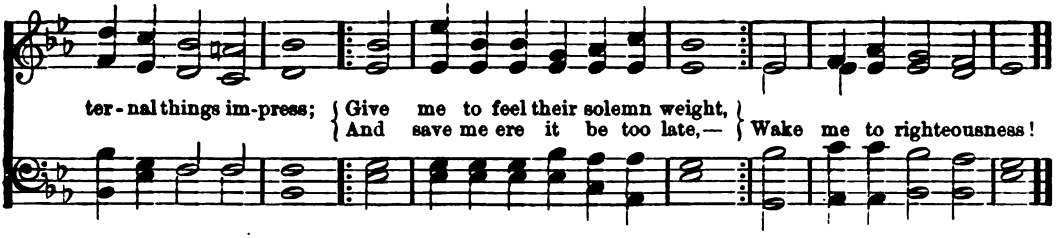
654 O God, mine inmost soul convert.

"Before they call I will answer."

C. P. M. — CHARLES WESLEY, 1749. *Abr.*

Meribah. — LOWELL MASON, 1839.





2 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

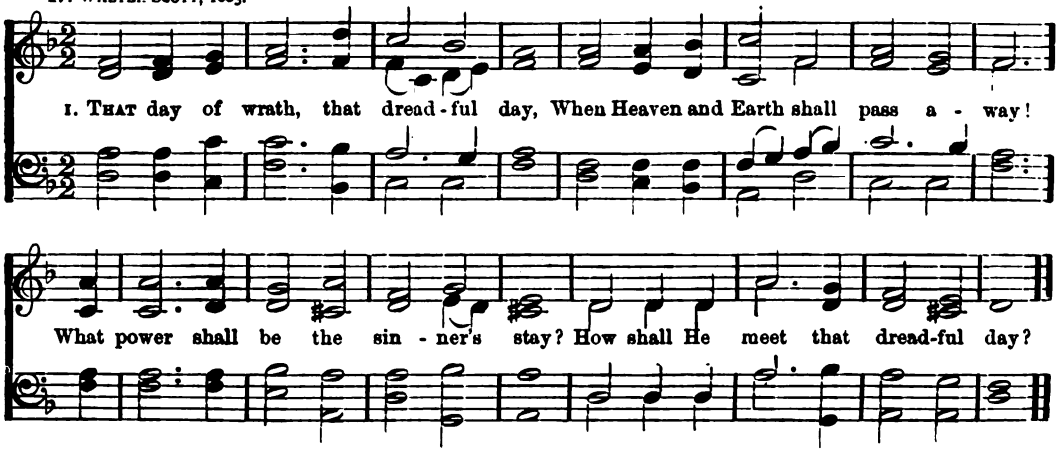
3 Oh Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live,
And reign with Thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

655 That day of wrath, that dreadful day.

L. M. *"In the morning the Lord will show who are His."* **St. Cross.**

Lat. Thomas of Celano, 1250. *Abr.*
Tr. Walter Scott, 1805.

John B. Dykes, 1861.



2 When, shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay!
Tho Heaven and Earth shall pass away.

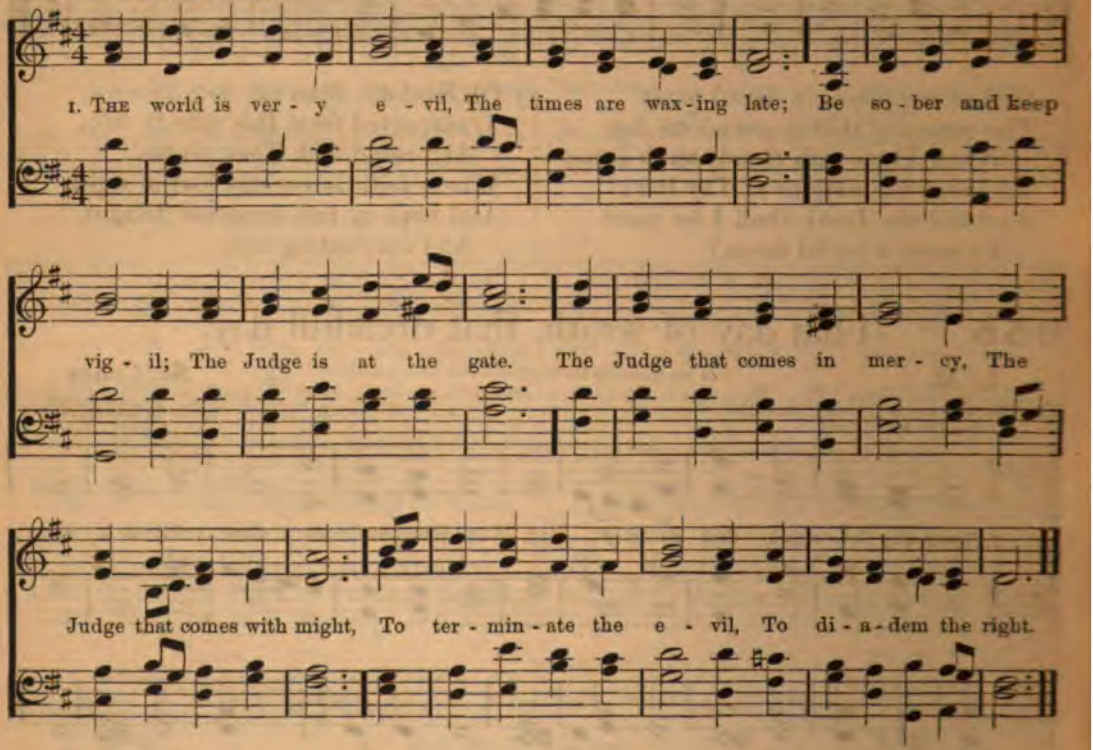
656 The world is very evil.

"Looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

7s & 6s, D. **Pearsall.**

Lat. Bernard of Morlaix, 1150.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1851. *Abr.*

St. Gall, Katholische Gesangbuch, 1851.



2 Arise, arise good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed,
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead—
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

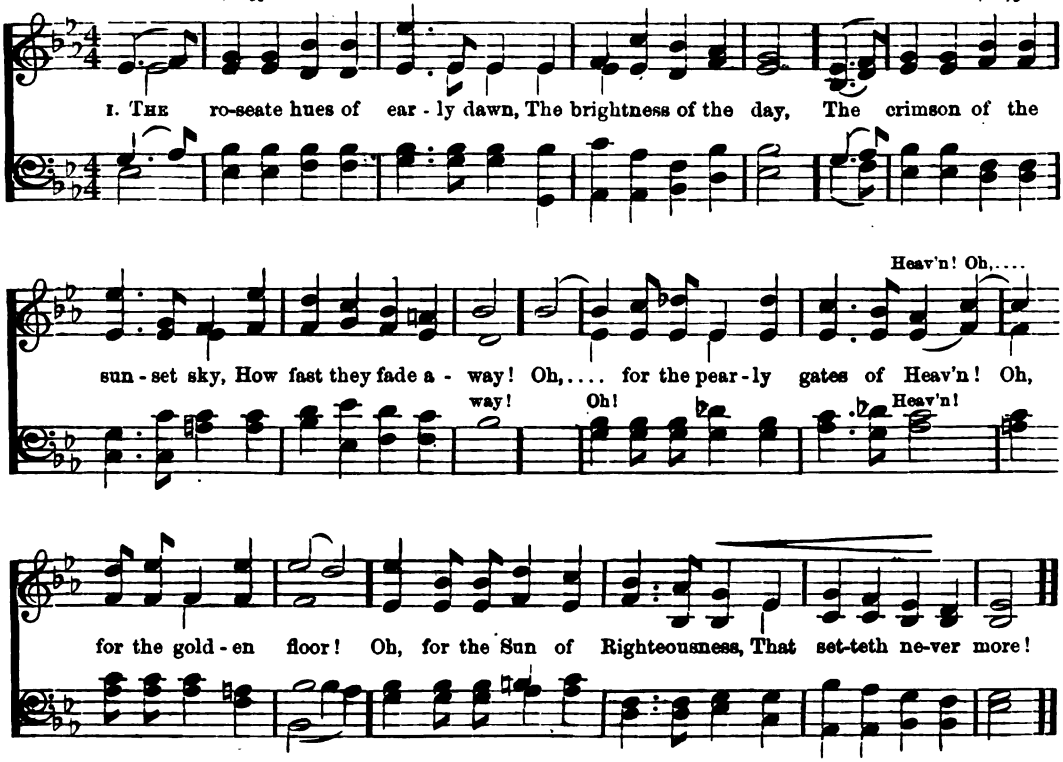
3 And now we fight the battle:
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown,
And He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

657 The roseate hues of early dawn.

"When that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away."

C. M. D. — CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1853.

All Hallows. — ROBERT P. STEWART, 1873.



2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh, by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

658 A pilgrim and a stranger.

7s & 6s, D. *"Whither the tribes go up."* **St. Hilda.**

Ger. Paul Gerhardt, 1667.
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1862, *Abr.*

* Justin H. Knecht, 1792. = ** Anon., 1872.
† Edward Husband, 1871.

1. A pil - grim and a stranger, I jour - ney here be - low; Far dis-tant is my coun - try, The home to which I go. Here I must toil and tra - vail, Oft wea - ry and op - prest: But there my God shall lead me To ev - er - last - ing rest.

2 It is a well-worn pathway;
Many have gone before,—
The holy saints and prophets,
The patriarchs of yore.
They trod the toilsome journey
In patience and in faith,
And them I fain would follow,
Like them in life and death.

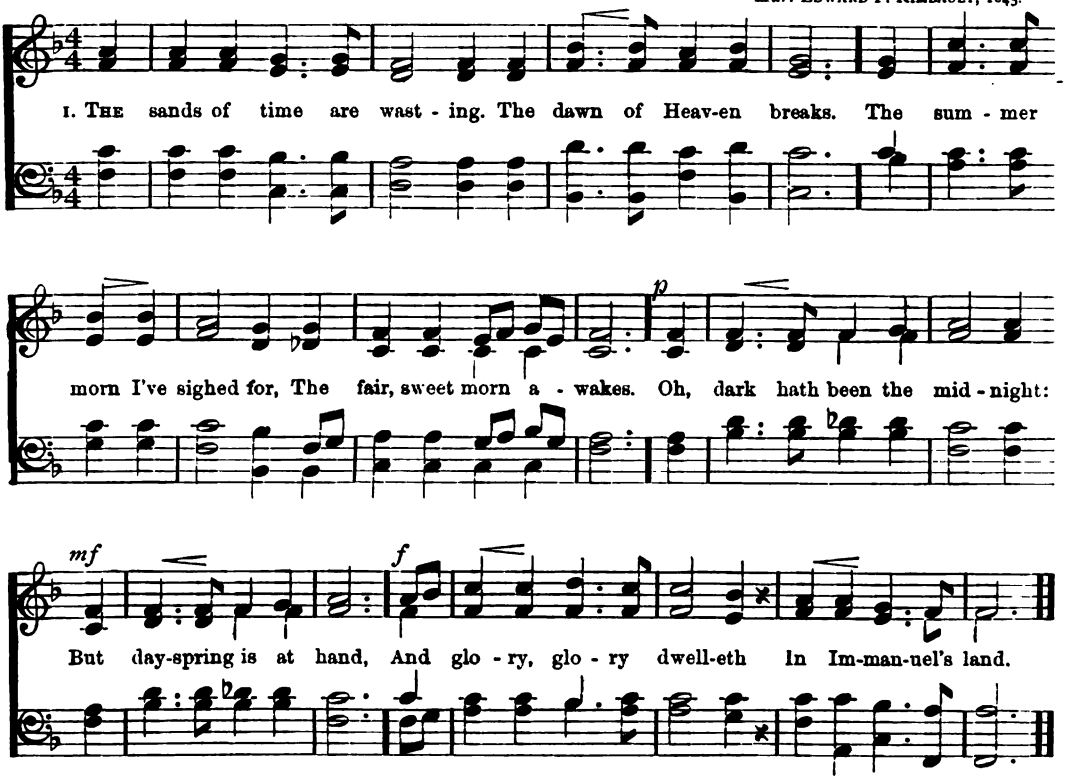
3 With them my thoughts are dwelling,
'Tis there I long to be;
Come, Lord! and call Thy servant
To blessedness with Thee!
Come, bid my toils be ended,
Let all my wanderings cease.
Call from the wayside lodging
To the sweet home of peace!

659 The sands of time are wasting.

7s & 6s, D. "*Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.*" **Rutherford.**

ANNIE R. COUSIN, 1857. *Abr.*

CHRISTIAN URBAN, *d.* 1845.
Har. EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, 1845.



2 With mercy and with judgment,
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered with His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

3 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace,—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

660 Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs.

11s, 10s & 9. *"He shall give His angels charge over thee."* **Carmen Cœli.**

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854. *Abr.* JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.

Andante.

1. HARK! hark! my soul! an - gel-ic songs are swelling O'er Earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore!

How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

An - gels of Je - sus! An - gels of light! Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night.

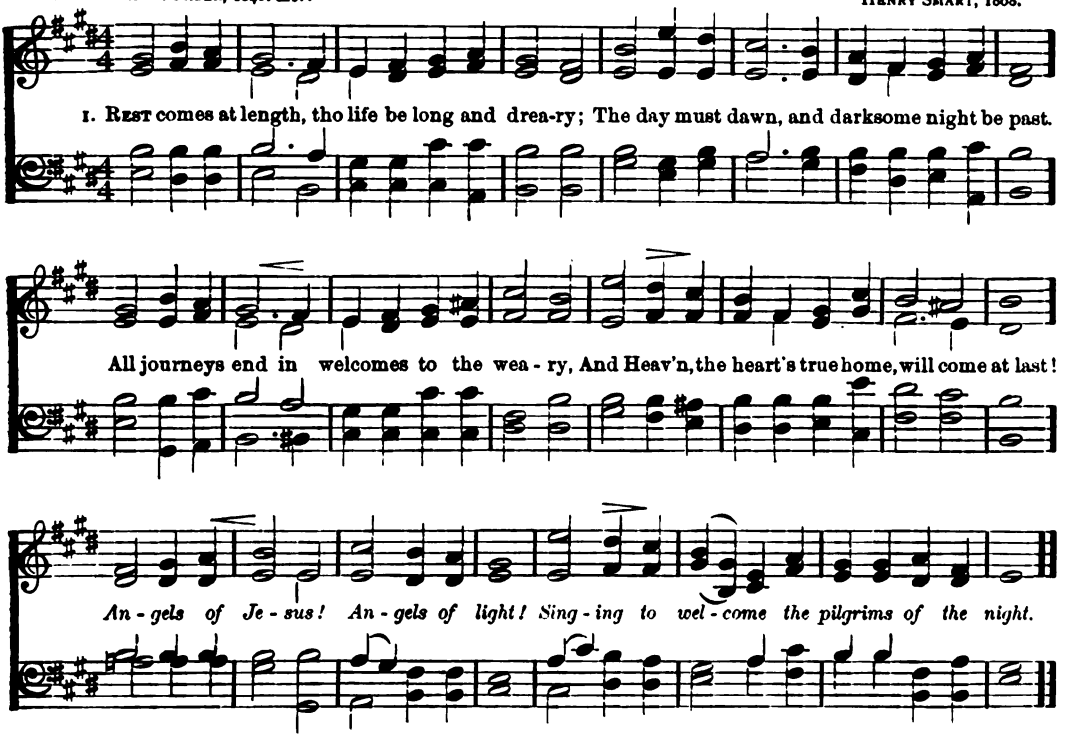
2 Onward we go; for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"
And thro the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

661 Rest comes at length.

11s, 10s & 9. *"Are they not all ministering spirits!"* **Pilgrims.**

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1840. *Abr.* HENRY SMART, 1868.



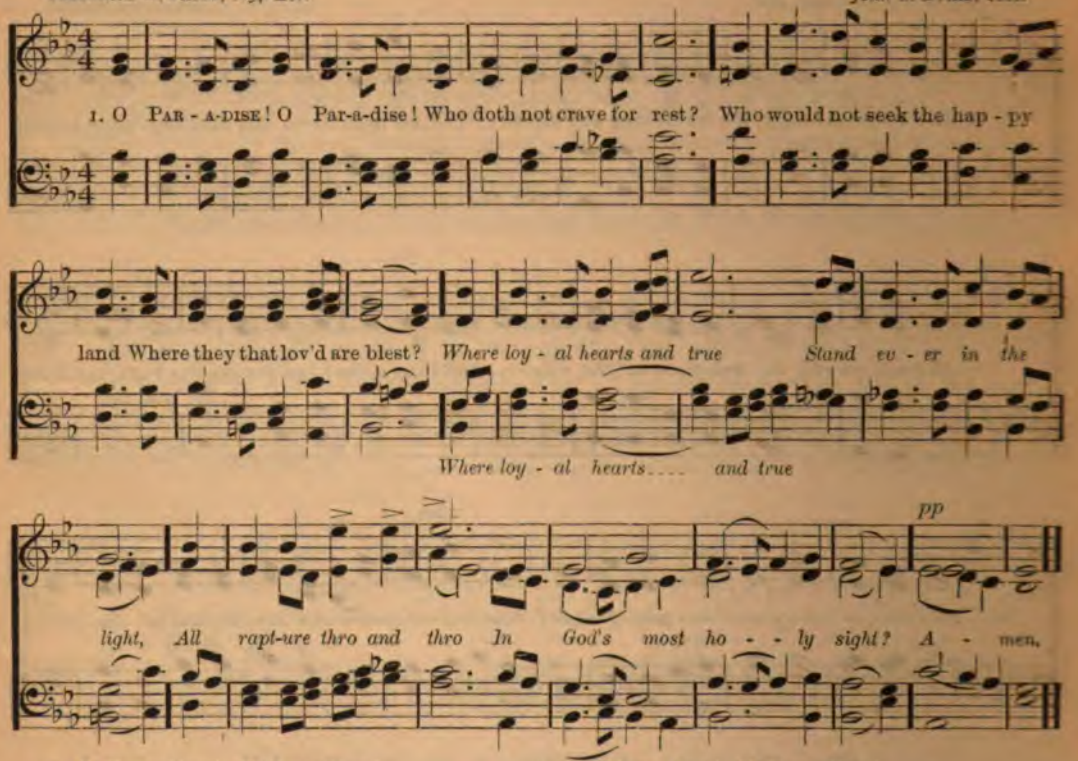
2 Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeam's softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea,
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for tnee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love!
Angels of Jesus, &c.

662 O Paradise! Who doth not crave for rest?

8s & 6s, P. *"Where is the way to the dwelling of light?"* **Paradise.**

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854. *Abr.* JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

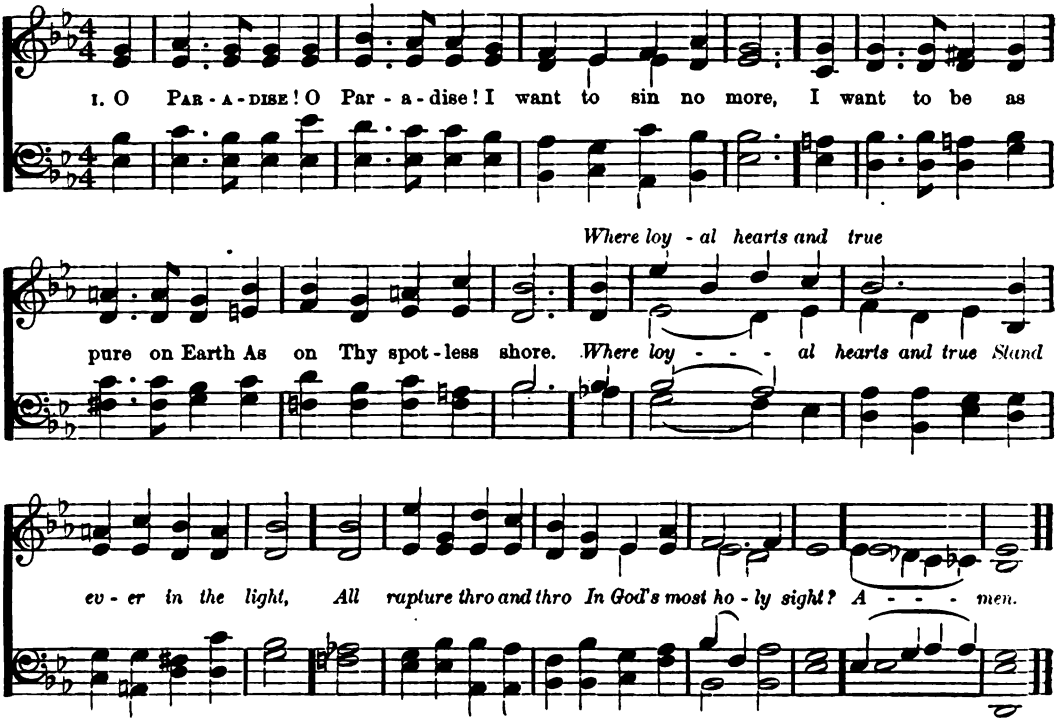
3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay?
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of one eternal day;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

663 O Paradise! I want to sin no more.

8s & 6s, P. *"I will that where I am they also may be with Me."* **Faber.**

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854. *Abr.* JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.



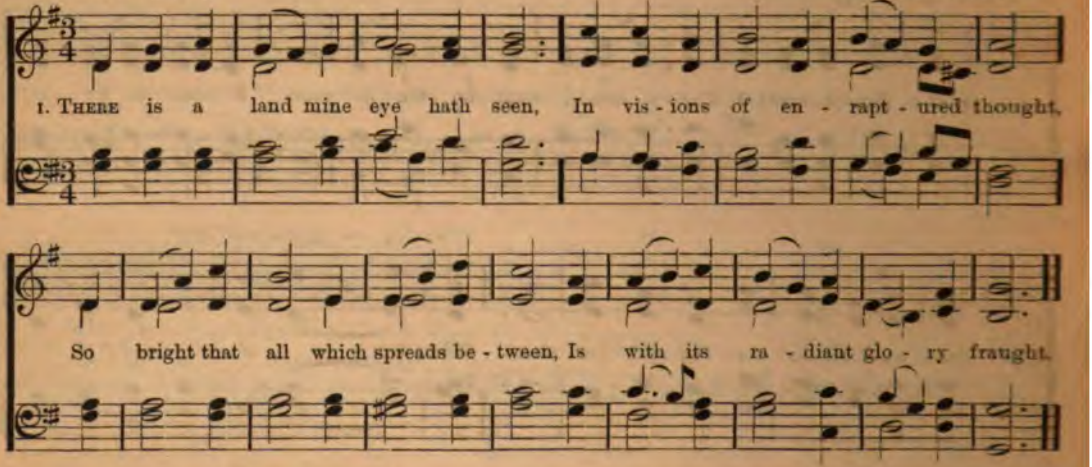
2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts and true Stand ever in the light, etc.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts and true Stand ever in the light, etc.

664 There is a land mine eye hath seen.

L. M. *"A copy and shadow of the heavenly things."* Starlight.

GURDON ROBINS, 1843. JOHN B. DYKES, 1858.



2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

665

1 LORD! Thou wilt bring the joyful day,
Beyond Earth's weariness and pains;
Thou hast a mansion far away,
Where, for Thine own, a rest remains.

2 No sun there climbs the morning sky,
There never falls the shade of night,
God and the Lamb, for ever nigh,
O'er all shed everlasting light.

3 The bow of mercy spans the Throne,—
Emblem of love and goodness there;
While notes, to mortals all unknown,
Float on the calm celestial air.

4 There, Lord! Thy way-worn saints shall find
The bliss for which they longed before,
And holiest sympathies shall bind
Thine own to Thee for evermore.

5 O Jesus! bring us to that rest,
Where all the ransomed shall be found,
In Thine eternal fullness blest,
While ages roll their cycles round.

RAY PALMER, 1858. *Abr.*

666

1 "We've no abiding city here."
Then let us live as pilgrims do.
Let not the world our rest appear:
But let us haste from all below.

2 "We've no abiding city here."
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

3 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd flee to thee and be at rest.

4 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best.
While here to do His will be mine,
And His to fix my time of rest.

THOMAS KELLY, 1812, 1853. *Abr.*

667 Joyfully, joyfully onward I move.

10.10.10.10. *"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."* **Forelight.**

WILLIAM HUNTER, 1843, *Abr.* EDWARD HENRY THORNE, 1872.

Ardito.

1. JOY-FUL-LY, joy - ful - ly on-ward I move, Bound to the land of bright spir-its a - bove.

f

An - gel - ic chor-is - ters sing as I come, "Joy-ful - ly, joy - ful-ly haste to thy home!"

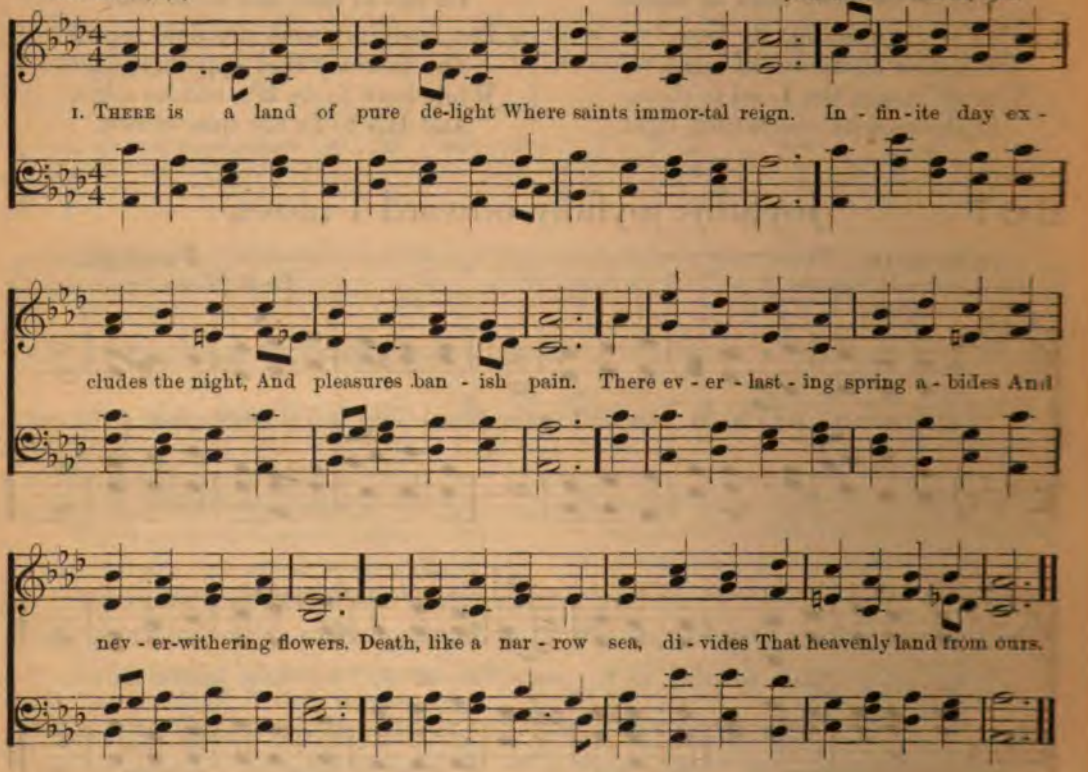
2 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear,
Harps of the blesséd, your voices I hear.
Rings with the harmony Heaven's high dome,—
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."

3 Bright will the morn of Eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home!

668 There is a land of pure delight.

C. M. D. *"I will give it unto thy seed."* "Old 132d."

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. JOHN DAYE'S PSALTER, 1560.



2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between:
But timorous mortals stand and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

1 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared,
For those that love the Son:
But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals the Heaven to come;
The beams of glory, in His word,
Allure and guide us home.

2 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace.
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame.
None can obtain admittance there
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

670 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.

C. M. D. *"He hath known thy walking thro this great wilderness."* **Jordan.**

Samuel Stennett, 1785. *Abr.* William Billings, 1786. *Alt.*

Marcato. 1st. 2nd.

1. On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, [*Omit* .....] Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

Oh the trans-port-ing, rapturous scene, That ris-es to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in

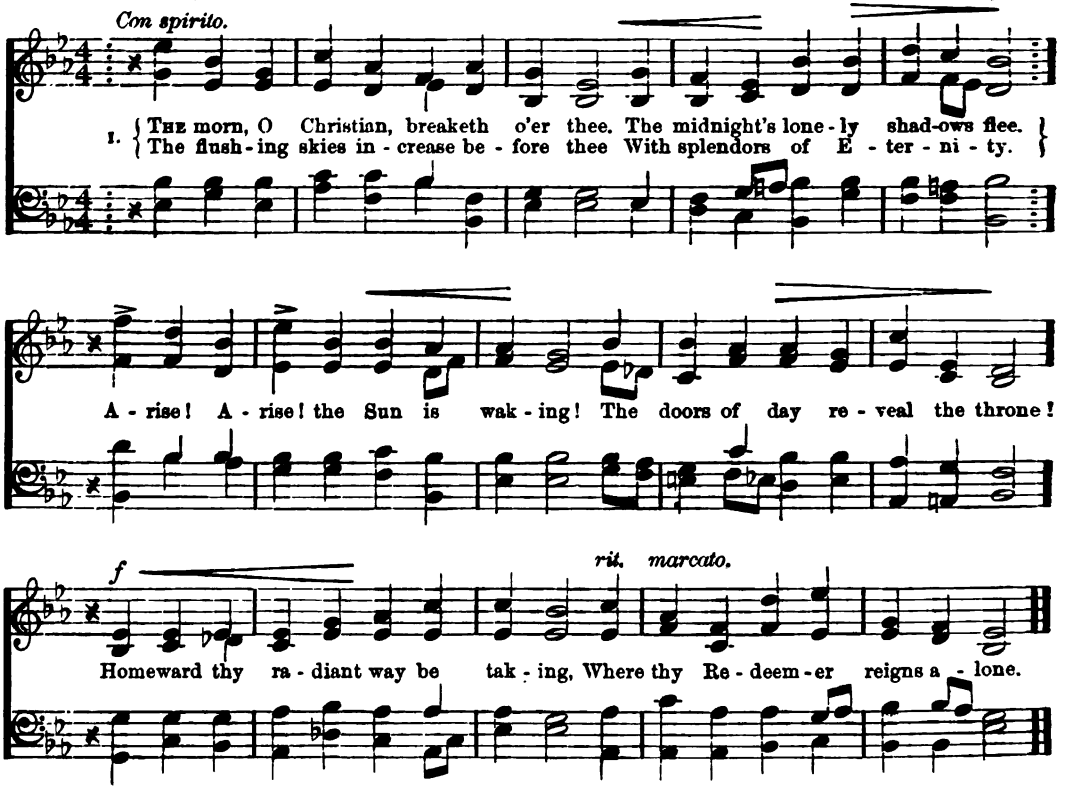
liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.

2 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day.
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest!
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest!

671 The morn, O Christian, breaketh o'er thee.

9.8.9.8, D. *"The sailors surmised that they were drawing near to some country."* **Patmos.**

JOSEPH RUSLING, 1832. *Alt.* JUSTIN H. KNECHT, 1793.



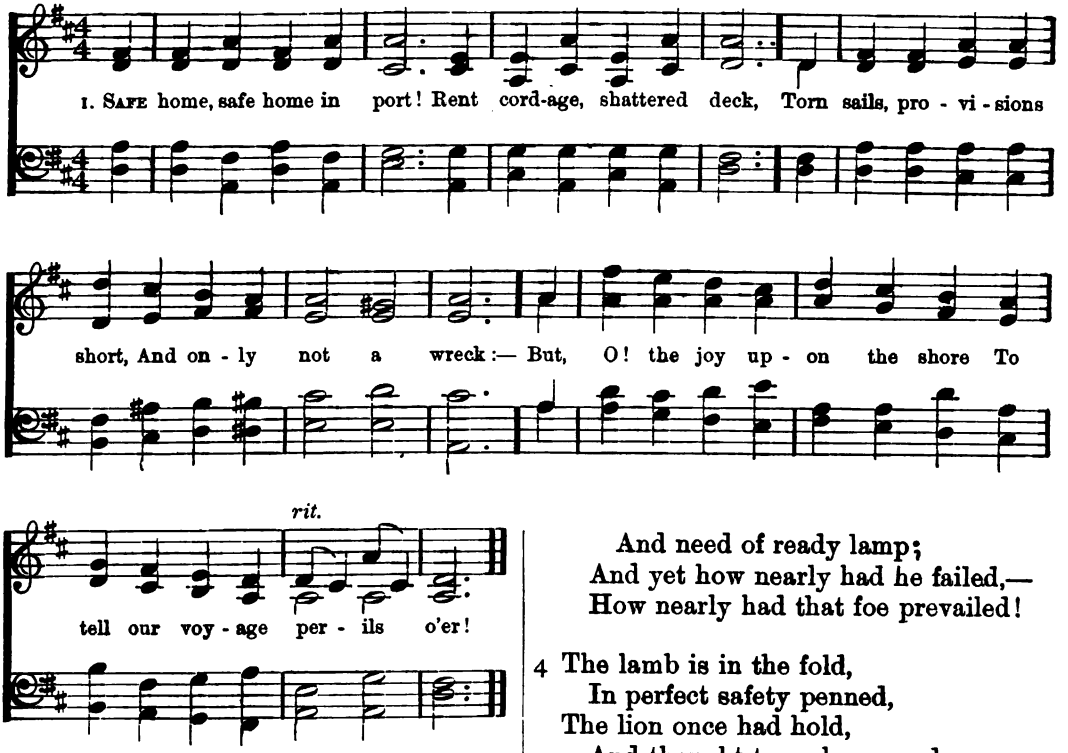
2 Tossed on Time's rude relentless surges,
Calmly composed and dauntless stand;
For lo! beyond the wave emerges
The height that bounds the promised land.
Land ho! Land ho! The coasts are nearing
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er.
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering!
See, in what throngs they range the shore!

672 Safe home, safe home in port!

6.6.6.6.8.8. *"They all escaped safe to the land."* **Anchorage.**

Gk. Joseph of the Studium, 850.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1862, *Abr.*

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872.



2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell,
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm!
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp;
And yet how nearly had he failed,—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

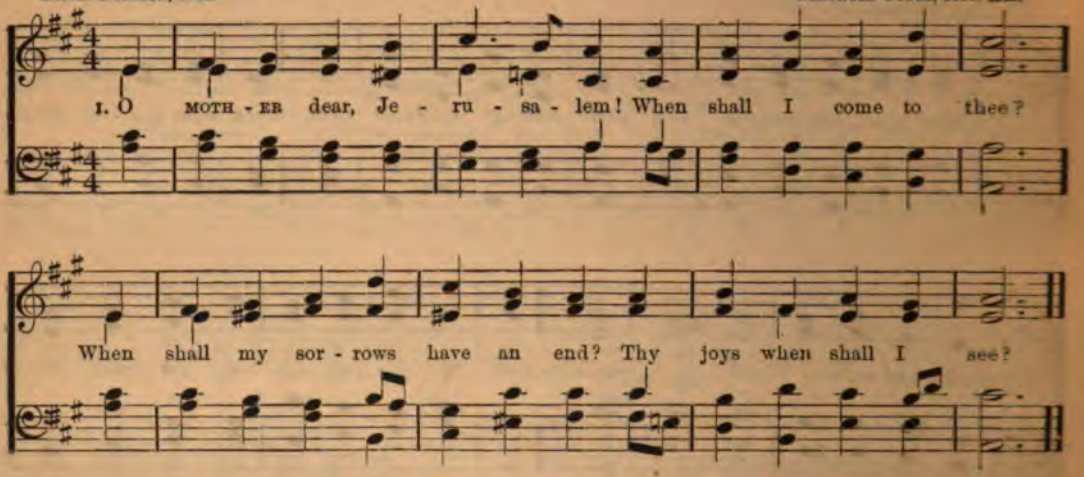
4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned,
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end:
But one came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day?
God's hand hath wiped all tears away!

673 O mother dear, Jerusalem!

C. M. *"Why sayest thou? My way is hid from the Lord!"* **Bernard.**

DAVID DICKSON, 1618. BERTHOLD TOURS, 1866. *Alt.*



2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

3 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl;—
O God! if I were there!

4 Oh! passing happy were my state,
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and King,
His praises there to sound.

674

1 HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.

2 No resting place we seek on Earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us by Thee.

3 But, dearest Lord, however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?

4 What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with Thee?

5 This joy e'en now on Earth is ours:
But only, Lord, above,
Our hearts, without a pang, shall know
The fullness of Thy love.

EDWARD DENNY, 1839. *Abr.*

675 I'm but a stranger here.

"We will go along the King's highway; we will not turn aside to the right hand nor to the left."

6s & 4s. THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR, 1835.

Saint's Rest. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

1. I'M but a stran - ger here, Heaven is my home. Earth is a des - ert drear, Heaven is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - ery hand; Heaven is my fa - ther - land, Heaven is my home.

2 What, tho the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home.
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's wild and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home

3 There, at my Saviour's side,—
Heaven is my home!
I shall be glorified;—
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
There too I soon shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

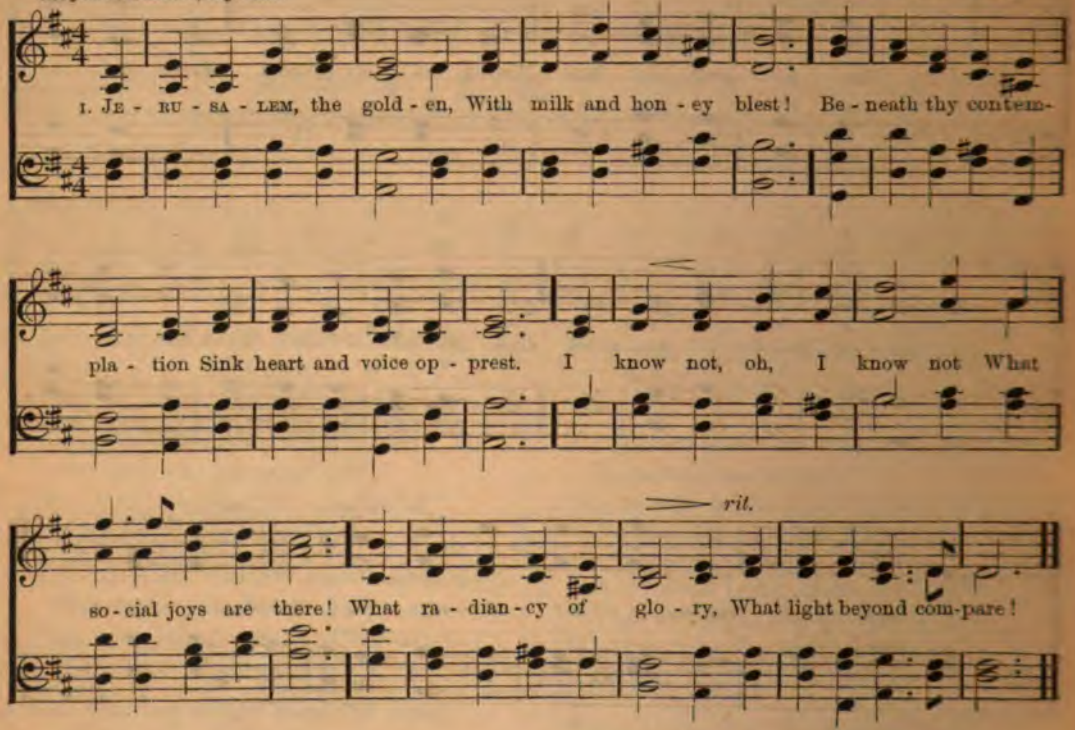
676 Jerusalem, the golden.

"The voice of joy, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the Bridegroom, and the voice of the Bride, the voice of them that shall say, Praise the Lord of hosts; for the Lord is good; for His mercy endureth forever."

7s & 6s, D. **Ewing.**

Lat. Bernard of Morlaix, 1150.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1851. *Abr.*

Alexander Ewing, 1853.



2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

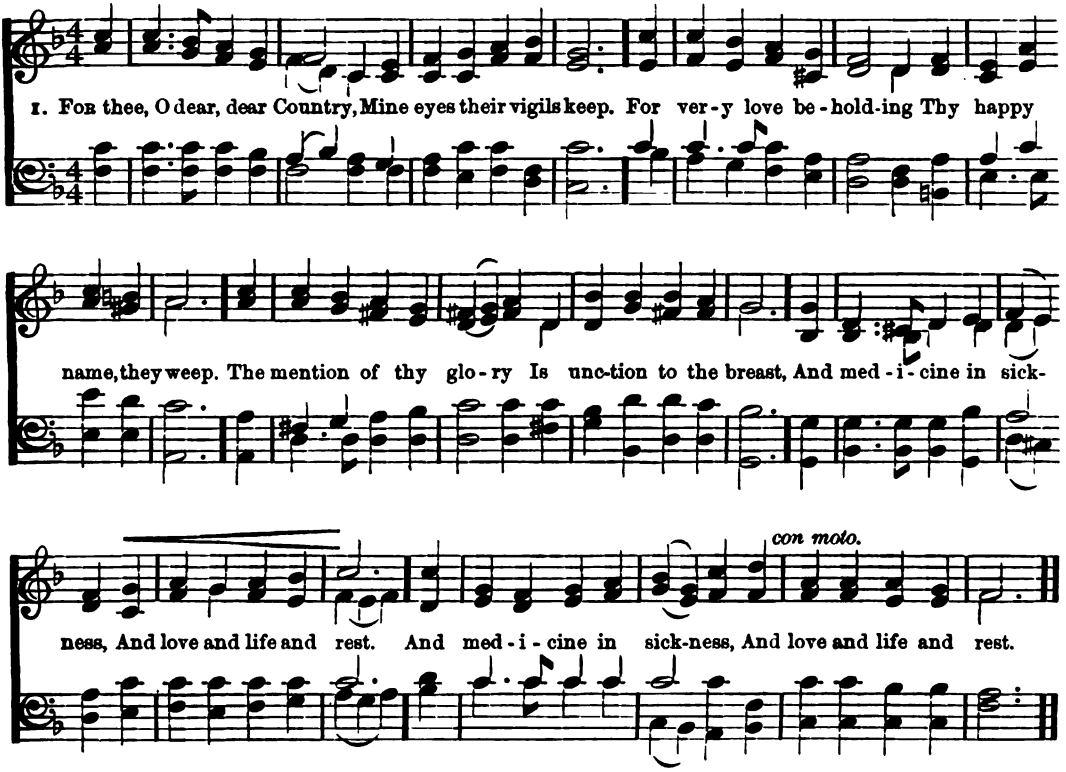
3 There is the throne of David!
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white!

677 For thee, O dear, dear Country.

7s & 6s, D. "*With Me shalt thou be in safeguard.*" **Revelation.**

Lat. Bernard of Morlaix, 1150.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1851. *Abr.*

George F. Handel, 1741.
Har. Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872.



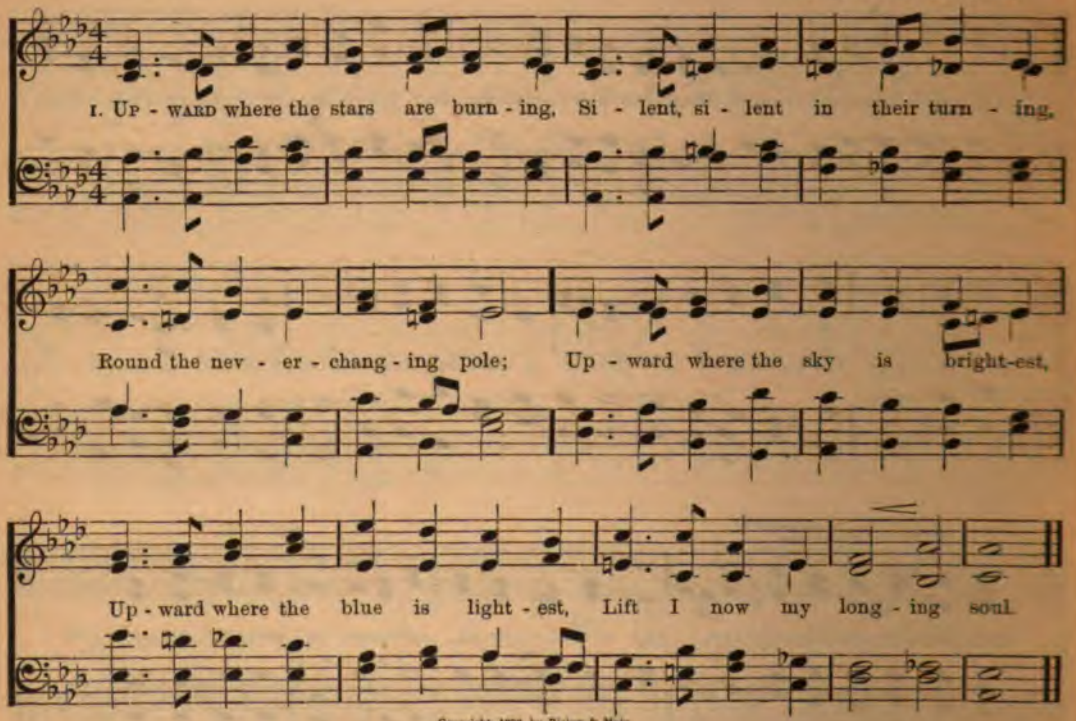
2 There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm and joy and light.

3 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be and thou art!

678 Upward where the stars are burning.

8.8.7.8.8.7. *"Thou art my Lord. I have no good beyond Thee."* **Civitas Dei.**

HORATIUS BONAR, 1866. JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1872. *Arr.* HUBERT P. MAIN, 1880.



Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

2 Far beyond that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there!

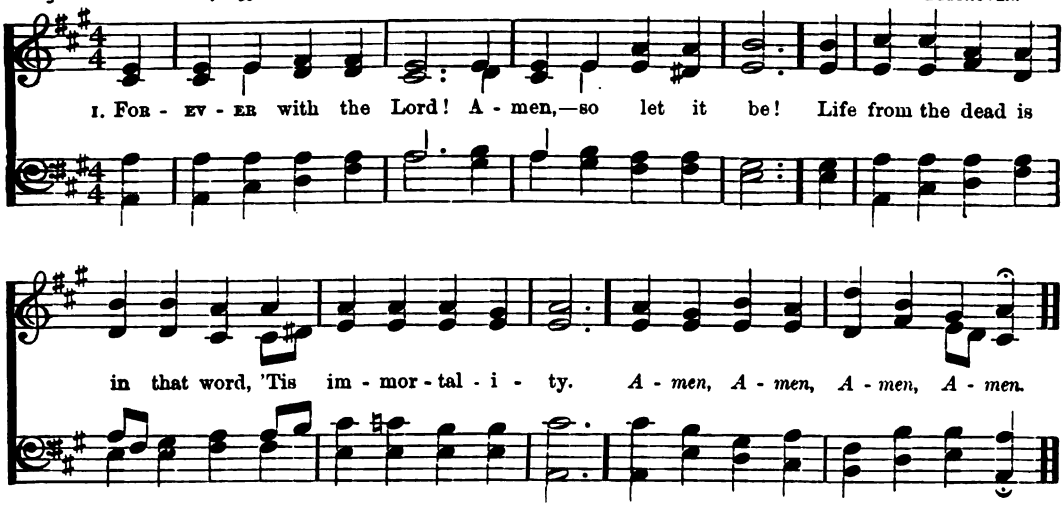
3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him.
With His Name the palace rings.

4 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blesséd feet.
Poor the praise that now we render:
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

679 Forever with the Lord.

S. M. *"It was but a little that I past from them, but I found Him whom my soul loveth."* Gorton.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835. *Abr.* LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.



2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam:
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

5 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace!

6 Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

7 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of Heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

8 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father! if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

9 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain. *Amen.*

680 Ten thousand times ten thousand.

7.6.8.6, D.
HENRY ALFORD, 1866.

"None enter within the King's gate clothed with sackcloth."

Alford.
JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.

Allegro.

1. TEN thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling rai-ment bright, The ar - mies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light! 'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin; Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic-tors in.

rit. un poco.

2 What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the Earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
Oh, joy for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

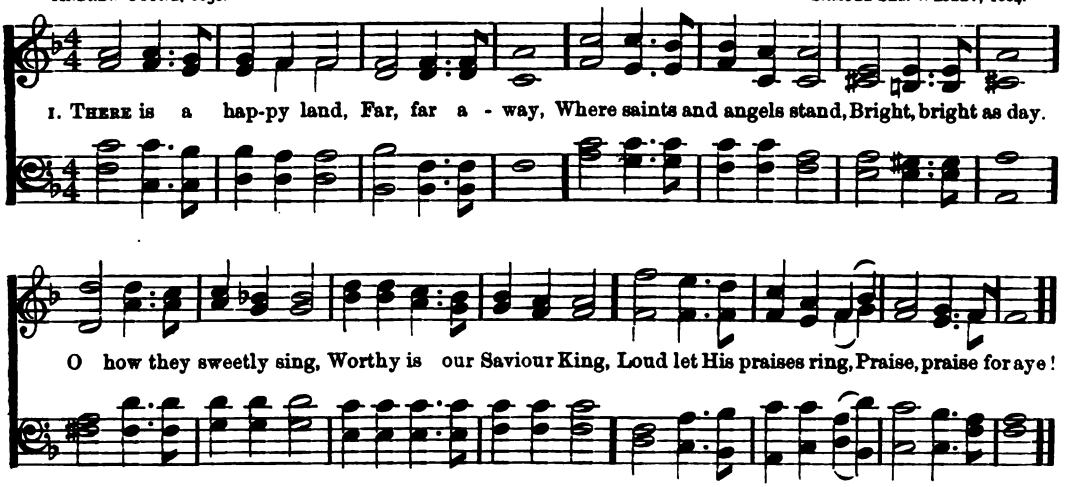
3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,—
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain.
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign.
Appear, Desire of nations!
Thine exiles long for home.
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

681 There is a happy land.

6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4. "*A joyous town.*" **Eden.**

ANDREW YOUNG, 1838. SAMUEL SEB. WESLEY, 1864.



2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with Thee!
Blest, blest for aye.

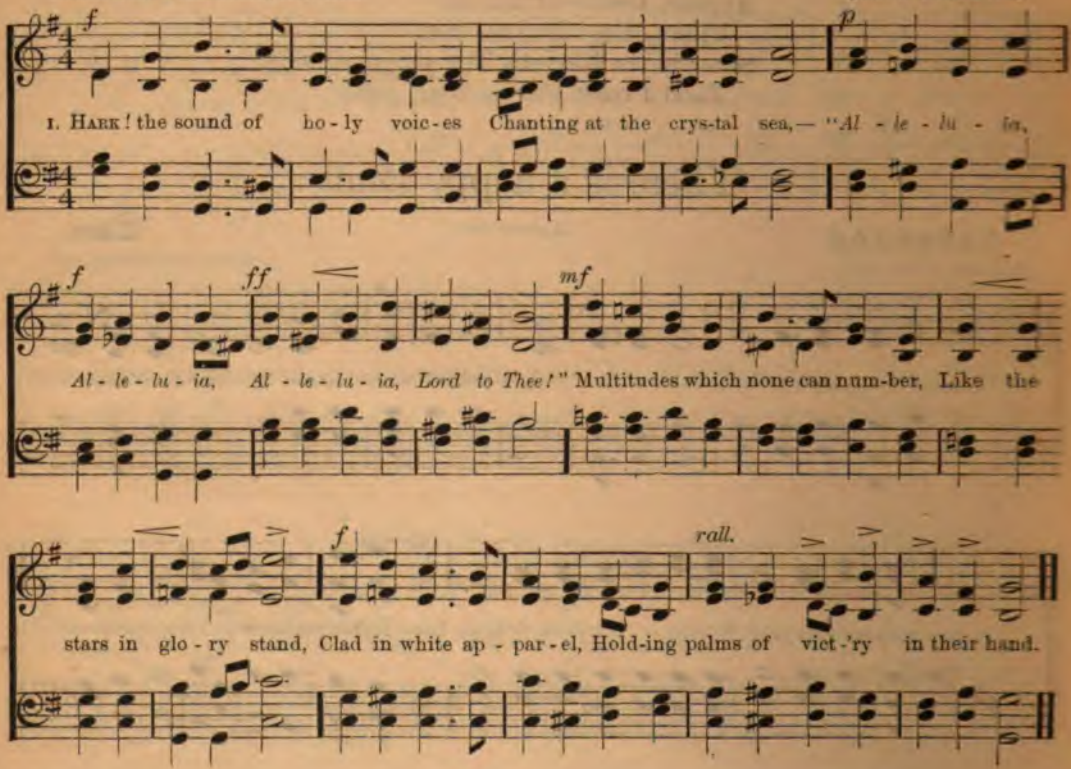
3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die.
Oh then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye.

682 Hark! the sound of holy voices.

"They came unto the iron gate that leadeth into the city; which opened to them of its own accord; and they went out and passed on."

8s & 7s, D. — CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862. *Abr.*

Sanctuary. — JOHN B. DYKES, 1857.



2 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus.
Tried they were and firm they stood.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered,
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

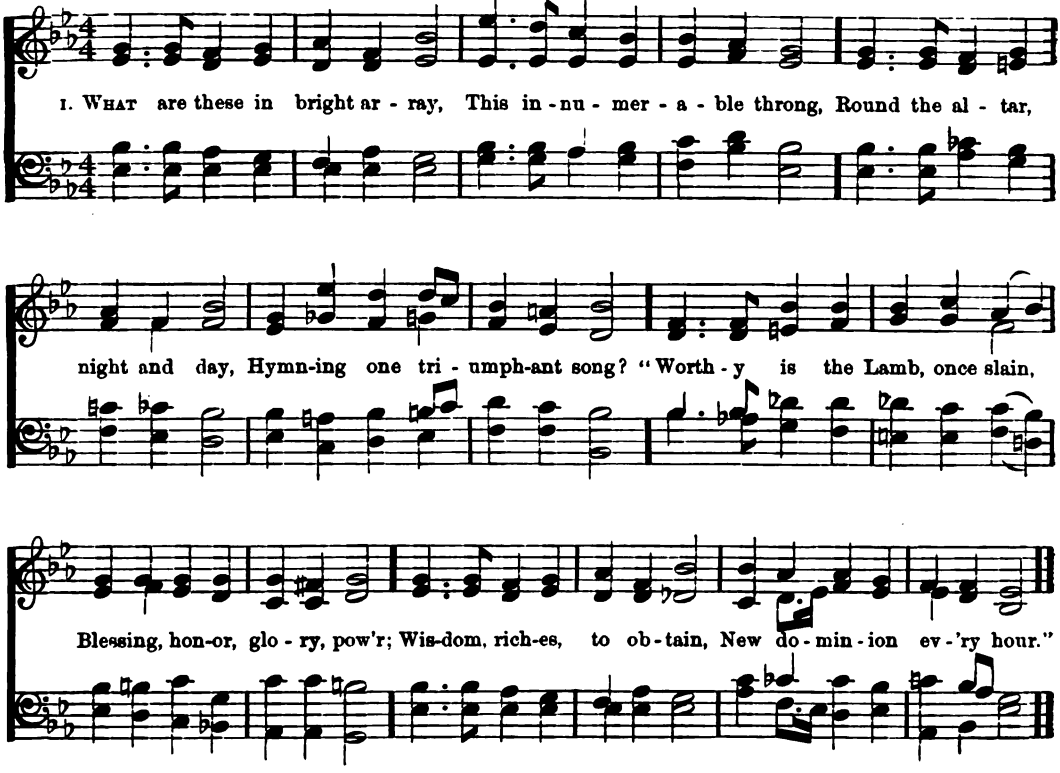
3 God of God, the One-Begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In whose body joined together
All the saints forever dwell:
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Saviour,
God the Holy Ghost adore.

683 What are these in bright array.

"We believe that we shall be saved thro the grace of the Lord Jesus in like manner as they."

7s, D. **Leyden.**

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819, 1853. *Ad. fr.* LOUIS SPOHR, 1833.



2 These thro fiery trials trod,
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Thro their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

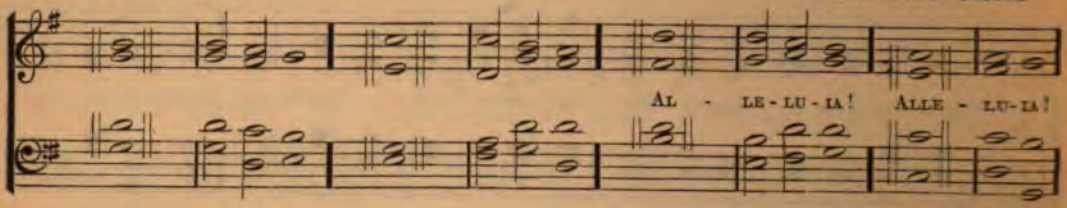
3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed.
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead.
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

684 The strain upraise of joy and praise.

Chant. Irreg. *"Everything that hath breath."* **Unison.**

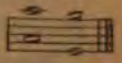
Lat. Godescalcus, *cir.* 950.
Tr. John M. Neale, 1851.

William Hayes, *d.* 1777.
Arthur H. D. Troyte.



f 1 The strain upraise of joy and *praise*, Alle- | luia! ||
To the glory of their King shall the *ran*somed | people sing, || *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia!
2 And the *choirs* that | dwell on high, || Shall re-*echo* | thro the sky, || *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia!
p 3 They in the *rest* of | Paradise who dwell, ||
The blessed ones with *joy* the | chorus swell, || *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia!
cr. 4 The planets beaming *on* their | heavenly way, ||
The shining constel*la*tions, | join and say, || *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia!
m 5 Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye *winds* on | pinions light, ||
f Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye *light*nings | wildly bright, ||
In *sweet* con- | sent unite || *your* Alle- | luia!
m 6 Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye *storms* and | winter snow, ||
cr. Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar *frost* and | summer glow, ||
f Ye groves that wave in spring, and *glo*rious | forests, sing, || *Al*le- | luia!
m 7 First let the birds, with *paint*ed | plumage gay, ||
Exalt their great Crea*tor's* | praise, and say, || *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia!
f 8 Then let the beasts of *Earth*, | with | varying strain, ||
Join in Creation's *hymn* and | cry again, | *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia!
ff 9 Here let the mountains thunder *forth* so- | norous, || *Al*le- | luia!
There let the valleys sing in *gent*ler | chorus, || *Al*le- | luia!
f 10 Thou jubilant a*byss* of | ocean, cry, || *Al*le- | luia!
m Ye tracts of Earth and *con*ti- | nents, reply || *Al*le- | luia!
f 11 To God, who *all* Cre- | ation made, ||
The frequent *hymn* be | duly paid: || *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia!
m 12 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the *Lord* Al- | mighty loves: || *Al*le- | luia!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that *Christ* Him- | self approves: || *Al*le- | luia!
cr. 13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and *voice* a- | waking, || *Al*le- | luia!
And childhood's numbers *echo*, | answer making, || *Al*le- | luia!
ff 14 Now from *all* men | be outpoured || Allelu*ia* | to the Lord; ||
The Sacred Spirit we a*dore* for- | evermore, || *with* Alle- | luia!
cr. 15 Praise be done to the | Three in One! || *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia! || *Al*le- | luia!

A - men.



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BIBLE. N.T. English.	M
AUTHOR	2130
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TITLE	1889a
1890.	

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